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George Bancroft.

SIR WILLIAM JONES KN.T

ÆTATIS 47

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE,

WRITINGS AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

BY

LORD TEIGNMOUTH.

John Shore, Lord Teignmouth

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1806.

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TO LADY JONES.

MADAM,

I HAVE the honour to present to your Ladyship, the MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Sir WILLIAM JONES; and it will afford me the sincerest pleasure to know, that the expectations which induced you to request me to undertake this work, have not been disappointed by the perusal of it.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

humble Servant,

TEIGNMOUTH.

CLAPHAM,
June 20, 1804.

PREFACE.

IN presenting the public with an account of the Life of SIR WILLIAM JONES, I feel a particular anxiety, to guard against the charge of presumption for an undertaking, which may be thought to require a more than ordinary share of learning and abilities. I hope therefore, to have credit for a declaration, that nothing but the earnest solicitation of Lady Jones, who knew my affection for her Husband when living, and my unabated regard for his memory, and who conceived that these qualifica-

qualifications might supply the deficiency of more essential talents, could have prevailed upon me, to enter upon a literary career, so foreign to the habits of a life, of which more than fifty years are now elapsed.

It may be proper to notice the materials, which I have used in this compilation, and to explain the plan which I have adopted in the arrangement of them. The first, is a single sheet written by Sir William Jones, containing short notices of his situation and occupations during every year of his life; it is indeed extended beyond the date of his existence, to the 50th year, opposite to which the words σὺν Θεῷ, *if God pleases*, are inserted; it appears to have been hastily written, a few months only before his death, and although the dates are sometimes inaccurate, and the notices too brief to supply more than a reference, it suggested enquiries which have

have sometimes terminated satisfactorily, though more frequently in disappointment. This paper however dictated the plan of the work, and I have endeavoured, as far as my materials permitted, to trace the life of Sir William Jones, year by year.

For the first twenty-two years of it, my authorities are ample and satisfactory; they consist principally of memoranda written by Sir William himself, and in describing the occurrences of this period, I have frequently availed myself of his own words. I wish indeed that I could have used them exclusively, but the paper is not altogether in a form to admit of publication.

The account of the last twelve years of his life in India, is chiefly supplied by my own recollection, assisted by information collected from his writings and correspondence.

Of the events of his life between 1768, his

his twenty-second year, and the date of his embarkation for India in 1783, my information is less complete, although I have spared no diligence in endeavouring to collect all that could be obtained. I was in hopes that the recollection of his contemporaries at Oxford, where he occasionally resided until he left England, might have supplied some material anecdotes, and that farther information might have been procured from his companions in Westminster Hall, or on the Circuit, but my researches have had little success, and I am chiefly indebted to his correspondence for the information which I have been able to communicate.

In the arrangement of these materials, it was my wish, as far as possible, to make Sir William Jones describe himself; and with this view, I have introduced his letters into the body of the Memoirs. They develop his occupations, hopes, pursuits,

suits, and feelings; and although the narrative, from the introduction of them, may lose something in point of connection, this inconvenience, I flatter myself, will be more than compensated by the letters themselves. By this mode they will excite an interest, which they might have failed to produce, if the substance or subjects of them only had been interwoven into the narrative, with a reference to the letters themselves in the Appendix.

This arrangement has however imposed upon me the necessity of translating many of the letters of Sir William Jones and his learned correspondents, from the Latin or French, and I have endeavoured to give the sense of them in a plain familiar style. But I must warn the reader, that he is to expect nothing more in these translations, and that those who are qualified to peruse the original letters of Sir William Jones, will find in them an elegance which

which I do not pretend to transfuse into my version of them. Some few sentences of the original letters have been purposely omitted in the translation, and many passages of the originals themselves have been suppressed.

The Latin letters of Sir William Jones are printed in the Appendix, and with respect to them it is further proper to observe, that in consequence of interlineations, corrections, erasures, and mutilation from time, I could not always ascertain the exact words which he ultimately adopted. In such cases I have been compelled to exercise my own judgment, and I desire the reader to notice this remark, lest any inaccuracy of mine should be imputed to a man, who was equally qualified to guide the taste of the elegant, and correct the errors of the learned.

To elucidate the life, occupations, and opinions of Sir William Jones, was the

principal object which I had in view, in the selection of the letters now presented to the public; some have been inserted, as calculated in my opinion to afford entertainment to the reader. I am very sensible that many of these letters relate to topics not generally interesting: engaged in literary pursuits from his earliest youth, extending and cultivating them with ardour during his life, and never losing sight of them under any accumulation of business, the letters of Sir William Jones necessarily refer to habits so dear to him, and so long established; and I must request the reader to carry this remark with him to the perusal of his correspondence throughout, and particularly of the letters written by him in Bengal, which frequently relate to Indian literature, as well as to subjects and occupations peculiar to that country.

The Memoirs and Appendix contain some

some original compositions of Sir William Jones, which have not hitherto been published; they are not of equal importance with those, of which the public are in possession; there are still more, which I have not ventured to print.

It would have been easy to have enlarged the size of these volumes, but having no ambition to extend them beyond their proper limits, I have confined myself as closely as I could to the object of them, that of elucidating the life and opinions of Sir William Jones. With this rule constantly in my recollection, I have avoided dissertations on the events of the times; the notice which I have taken of characters incidentally mentioned, is brief and explanatory only; and I have suppressed many observations, which would have added more to the bulk of the Memoirs, than to the information or entertainment of the reader.

I have

I have now given such explanation on the subject of the Memoirs, as appeared to me necessary; but I cannot conclude the Preface, without mentioning some information which materially affects an important passage in these Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 292, and which I received from Bengal, long after it had been printed.

The passage alluded to, is stated to be an exact translation from one of the mythological books of the Hindûs; it first appeared in a note annexed by Sir William Jones, to an *Essay on Egypt and the Nile*, in the 3d vol. of the Asiatic Researches, by Lieutenant (now Captain) Wilford, and relates to *Noah* (under the designation of *Satyavrata*) and his three sons.

Captain Wilford has since had the mortification and regret to discover, that he was imposed upon by a learned Hindû, who assisted his investigations, that the *Purana*, in which he *actually* and *carefully* read

read the passage which he communicated to Sir William Jones, as an extract from it, does *not* contain it, and that it was interpolated by the dextrous introduction of a forged sheet, discoloured, and prepared for the purpose of deception, and which having served this purpose, was afterwards withdrawn.

The uncommon anxiety of Captain Wilford to re-examine all the authorities quoted in his essay, led to the detection of the imposition, and he immediately determined to publish it to the world, in another essay which he was then preparing, and which I understand to be now printing in Bengal. To guard against the effects of any accident which might prevent the execution of this determination, he communicated the circumstance to his friends, that it might eventually be made known to the public, and in the explanation now submitted to them, I only anticipate

ticipate the solicitude of Captain Wilford, to expose the imposition which has been practised on him*.

It

* The particulars of the imposition practised upon him by the *pandit*, whom he employed in making extracts from the books of the Hindûs, are detailed by Captain Wilford, in the introduction to a work now printing in Bengal, under the title of *An* ESSAY *on the* SACRED ISLES *in the West, with other Essays connected with that Work.*

In the course of collating the Sanscrit authorities quoted or referred to, in this *Essay*, he discovered some discolorations in the manuscripts, which led to suspicions of deception, which examination fully verified. The discovery naturally excited an apprehension, that a similar imposition had been practised upon him, with respect to his former *Essay on Egypt and the Nile*, and he had the mortification to find it well grounded. His first step was to inform his friends of it, either verbally, or by letters, that he might secure at least the credit of the first disclosure.

"The forgeries of the pandit, (Captain Wilford ob-
"serves,) were of three kinds: in the first, a word or
"two only was altered. In the second, were such le-
"gends, as had undergone a more material alteration;
"and in the third, all those which he had written
"from memory.

"With regard to those of the first class, when he
"found that I was resolved to make a collation of the

 "manuscript,

In the 325th page of the Memoirs, the reader will find mention of an unsuccessful attempt

"manuscript, he began to adulterate and disfigure his "own manuscript, mine, and the manuscripts of the "college, by erasing the original name of the country, "and putting that of *Egypt* or of *Swetam* in its place.

"To prevent my detecting those of the second class, "which were not numerous, but of the greatest impor- "tance in their nature, (and as books in India are not "bound as in Europe, and every leaf is loose,) he took "out one or two leaves, and substituted others with "an adulterous legend. In books of some antiquity, it "is not uncommon to see a few new leaves inserted in "the room of others that were wanting.

"To conceal the more numerous impositions of the "third class, he had the patience to write two volumi- "nous sections, supposed to belong, one to the *Scanda-* "*Purana*, and the other to the *Bramánda*, in which he "connected all the legends together, in the usual style "of the Puranas. These two sections, as he wrote "them, consist of no less than 12,000 *slocas* or lines, "the title of which he borrowed."

The above is an extract from Mr. Wilford's Essay, and affords a remarkable though not a singular instance of industry and ingenuity in literary forgeries. I shall only add, from the same Essay, the following lines immediately applicable to the passage which has occasioned my remarks.

attempt of the Hindûs, to impose upon Sir William Jones, a forged Sanscrit book on oaths.

The same sagacity which detected the fraud in this instance, might have discovered the forgery of the pundit employed by Mr. Wilford, if the original document had been submitted to the inspection of Sir William Jones. In this country the fabrications of a Chatterton, escaped for a season, the penetration of the learned and acute.

In the Postscript to the Memoirs, I have omitted to mention in its proper place,

"A few instances of the impositions of my pandit, "will exemplify his mode of proceeding. The first is a "legend of the greatest importance, and is said to be "extracted from the *Padma*. It contains the history "of *Noah* and his three sons, and is written in a mas- "terly style. But unfortunately there is not a word of "it to be found in *that Purana*. It is however men- "tioned, though in less explicit terms, in many Pu- "ranas, and the pandit took particular care in pointing "out to me several passages, which more or less con- "firmed this interesting legend."

that a monument was erected at Oxford to the memory of Sir William Jones, by a subscription of the gentlemen residing in Bengal, who had received their education at the university there and at Cambridge. The inscription on the elegant monument executed by Flaxman, at the expense of Lady Jones, and placed in the anti-chamber to the Chapel of University College, Oxford, is annexed to the Preface.

It has frequently been remarked, that the characters of very eminent men cannot be closely examined without a considerable diminution of the respect, which their general fame has excited.

From whatever source this remark may have proceeded, or to whatever degree of truth it may be entitled, I cannot but express a solicitude, that it may derive no confirmation from the work now presented to the public. Impressed with admiration,

respect, and esteem for the memory of Sir William Jones, whether I contemplate his genius, his learning, or his virtues, I wish to transfer my own feelings to the minds of my readers; but whilst I distrust my own efforts, I am equally anxious to guard against extravagant expectations in them, and any want of discernment in myself.

TEIGNMOUTH.

M. S.

GVLIELMI . JONES . EQVITIS . AVRATI,
QVI . CLARVM . IN . LITERIS . NOMEN . A . PATRE . ACCEPTVM,
MAGNA . CVMVLAVIT . GLORIA.
INGENIVM . IN . ILLO . ERAT . SCIENTIARVM . OMNIVM . CAPAX,
DISCIPLINISQVE . OPTIMIS . DILIGENTISSIME . EXCVLTVM.
ERAT . INDOLES . AD . VIRTVTEM . EXIMIA,
ET . IN . IVSTITIA . LIBERTATE . RELIGIONE . VINDICANDA,
MAXIME . PROBATA.
QVICQVID . AVTEM . VTILE . VEL . HONESTVM
CONSILIIS . EXEMPLO . AVCTORITATE . VIVVS . PROMOVERAT,
ID . OMNE . SCRIPTIS . SVIS . IMMORTALIBVS,
ETIAM . NVNC . TVETVR . ATQVE . ORNAT.
PRÆSTANTISSIMVM . HVNC . VIRVM,
CVM . A . PROVINCIA . BENGALA,
UBI . IVDICIS . INTEGERRIMI . MVNVS
PER . DECENNIVM . OBIERAT,
REDITVM . IN . PATRIAM . MEDITARETVR,
INGRVENTIS . MORBI . VIS . OPPRESSIT,
IX . KAL . IVN . . A . C . . MDCCLXXXXIII . . ÆT . . XLVIII.
VT . QVIBVS . IN . ÆDIBVS,
IPSE . OLIM . SOCIVS . INCLARVISSET,
IN . IISDEM . MEMORIA . EIVS . POTISSIMVM . CONSERVARETVR,
HONORARIVM . HOC . MONVMENTVM,
ANNA . MARIA . FILIA . JONATHAN . SHIPLEY . EPIS . . ASAPH.
CONIVGI . SVO . B . . M.
P . . C.

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MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, AND CORRESPONDENCE,

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE origin of the family of Sir WILLIAM JONES on the maternal side, has been traced, by the industry of Lewis Morris, a learned British antiquary, to the ancient Princes and Chieftains of North Wales. With whatever delight, however, the Cambrian genealogist might pursue the line of his ancestry, a barren catalogue of uncouth names would furnish no entertainment to the reader. I shall only transcribe from the list a single and remarkable name in

one of the collateral branches, that of William o Dregaian, who died in one thousand five hundred and eighty one, at the advanced age of one hundred and five years; with the note annexed to it, that by three wives he had thirty-six children, seven more by two concubines, and that eighty of his issue, during his life, were living in the parish of Tregaian, in Anglesey.

But I insert, without apology for the anticipation, a letter addressed by Mr. Morris to the father of Sir William Jones, as an interesting memorial of an ancient custom which is daily falling into disuse, and a pleasing specimen of the mind and talents of the writer.

To William Jones, Esquire.

Sir; *January* 1, 1748.

It was a custom among the Ancient Britons (and still retained in Anglesey) for the most knowing among them in the descent

descent of families, to send their friends of the same stock or family, *a dydd calan Ionawr a calennig*, a present of their pedigree; which was in order, I presume, to keep up a friendship among relations, which these people preserved surprisingly, and do to this day among the meanest of them, to the sixth and seventh degree.

Some writers take notice that the Gauls also were noted for this affection and regard for their own people, though ever so distantly related. These things, to be sure, are trifles: but all other things in the world are trifles too.

I take men's bodies in the same sense as I take vegetables. Young trees propagated by seed or grafts, from a good old tree, certainly owe some regard to their primitive stock, provided trees could act and think; and as for my part, the very thought of those brave people, who struggled so long with a superior power for their

liberty, inspires me with such an idea of them, that I almost adore their memories. Therefore, to keep up that old laudable custom, I herewith send you a *calennig* of the same kind as that above mentioned; which I desire you will accept of.

I have reason to know, it is founded on good authority; for both my father and mother were related to your mother, and came from the same stock mentioned in the inclosed; which is the reason I am so well acquainted with your mother's descent; and on the same account, till further enquiry, an utter stranger to your father's family.

As you were young when you left the country, it cannot be supposed that you could know much of these things. I have had too much time there; I wish I had not; for I might have applied it to better use than I have. If this gives you any pleasure, I shall be glad of it; if not, commit

commit it to the flames: and believe me to be, with truth and sincerity, &c.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Leaving the genealogical splendour of the family of Sir William Jones to the contemplation of the antiquary, it may be remarked with pleasure, that its latest descendants have a claim to reputation, founded upon the honourable and unambiguous testimony of personal merit. His father was the celebrated philosopher and mathematician who so eminently distinguished himself in the commencement of the last century: and a short, but more accurate sketch of his life than has hitherto appeared, which I am enabled to give from the authority of his son, may be acceptable to the lovers of science.

Mr. William Jones was born in the year 1680, in Anglesey; his parents were yeomen, or little farmers, on that island; and he

he there received the best education which they were able to afford: but the industrious exertion of vigorous intellectual powers, supplied the defects of inadequate instruction, and laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune. From his earliest years, Mr. Jones discovered a propensity to mathematical studies, and, having cultivated them with assiduity, he began his career in life, by teaching mathematics on-board a man of war; and in this situation he attracted the notice, and obtained the friendship, of Lord Anson. In his twenty-second year, Mr. Jones published a Treatise on the Art of Navigation; which was received with great approbation. He was present at the capture of Vigo, in 1702; and, having joined his comrades in quest of pillage, he eagerly fixed upon a bookseller's shop as the object of his depredation; but finding in it no literary treasures, which were the sole

plunder

plunder that he coveted, he contented himself with a pair of scissars, which he frequently exhibited to his friends as a trophy of his military success, relating the anecdote by which he gained it. He returned with the fleet to England, and immediately afterwards established himself as a teacher of mathematics, in London; where, at the age of twenty-six, he published his *Synopsis palmariorum Matheseos*; a decisive proof of his early and consummate proficiency in his favourite science.

The private character of Mr. Jones was respectable, his manners were agreeable and inviting; and these qualities not only contributed to enlarge the circle of his friends, whom his established reputation for science had attracted, but also to secure their attachment to him.

Amongst others who honoured him with their esteem, I am authorized to mention the

the great and virtuous Lord Hardwicke. Mr. Jones attended him as a companion on the circuit when he was chief justice; and this nobleman, when he afterwards held the great seal, availed himself of the opportunity to testify his regard for the merit and character of his friend, by conferring upon him the office of secretary for the peace. He was also introduced to the friendship of Lord Parker (afterwards president of the Royal Society), which terminated only with his death; and, amongst other distinguished characters in the annals of science and literature, the names of Sir Isaac Newton, Halley, Mead, and Samuel Johnson, may be enumerated as the intimate friends of Mr. Jones. By Sir Isaac Newton, he was treated with particular regard and confidence, and prepared, with his assent, the very elegant edition of small tracts on

the

the higher mathematics, in a mode which obtained the approbation, and increased the esteem, of the author for him.

After the retirement of Lord Macclesfield to Sherborne Castle, Mr. Jones resided with his lordship as a member of his family, and instructed him in the sciences. In this situation, he had the misfortune to lose the greatest part of his property, the accumulation of industry and economy, by the failure of a banker; but the friendship of Lord Macclesfield diminished the weight of the loss, by procuring for him a sinecure place of considerable emolument. The same nobleman, who was then Teller of the Exchequer, made him an offer of a more lucrative situation; but he declined the acceptance of it, as it would have imposed on him the obligation of more official attendance, than was agreeable to his temper, or compatible with his attachment to scientific pursuits.

In

In this retreat, he became acquainted with Miss Mary Nix, the youngest daughter of George Nix, a cabinet-maker in London, who, although of low extraction, had raised himself to eminence in his profession, and, from the honest and pleasant frankness of his conversation, was admitted to the tables of the great, and to the intimacy of Lord Macclesfield. The acquaintance of Mr. Jones with Miss Nix, terminated in marriage; and, from this union, sprang three children, the last of whom, the late Sir William Jones, was born in London, on the eve of the festival of Saint Michael, in the year 1746; and a few days after his birth was baptized by the christian name of his father. The first son, George, died in his infancy; and the second child, a daughter, Mary, who was born in 1736, married Mr. Rainsford, a merchant retired from business in opulent circumstances. This lady perished miserably, during the

year

year 1802, in consequence of an accident from her clothes catching fire.

Mr. Jones survived the birth of his son William but three years; he was attacked with a disorder, which the sagacity of Dr. Mead, who attended him with the anxiety of an affectionate friend, immediately discovered to be a polypus in the heart, and wholly incurable. This alarming secret was communicated to Mrs. Jones, who, from an affectionate but mistaken motive, could never be induced to discover it to her husband; and, on one occasion, displayed a remarkable instance of self-command and address in the concealment of it.

A well-meaning friend, who knew his dangerous situation, had written to him a long letter of condolence, replete with philosophic axioms on the brevity of life; Mrs. Jones, who opened the letter, discovered the purport of it at a glance, and, being desired by her husband to read it,

composed

composed in the moment another lecture so clearly and rapidly, that he had no suspicion of the deception; and this she did in a style so cheerful and entertaining, that it greatly exhilarated him. He died soon after, in July 1749, leaving behind him a great reputation and moderate property.

The history of men of letters is too often a melancholy detail of human misery, exhibiting the unavailing struggles of genius and learning against penury, and life consumed in fruitless expectation of patronage and reward. We contemplate with satisfaction the reverse of this picture in the history of Mr. Jones, as we trace him in his progress from obscurity to distinction, and in his participation of the friendship and beneficence of the first characters of the times. Nor is it less grateful to remark that the attachment of his professed friends did not expire with his life; after a proper

interval,

interval, they visited his widow, and vied in their offers of service to her; amongst others to whom she was particularly obliged, I mention with respect, Mr. Baker, author of a Treatise on the Improved Microscope, who afforded her important assistance, in arranging the collection of shells, fossils, and other curiosities, left by her deceased husband, and in disposing of them to the best advantage. The library of Mr. Jones, by a bequest in his will, became the property of Lord Macclesfield.

The compilers of the Biographical Dictionary, in their account of Mr. Jones, have asserted, that he had completed a mathematical work of the first importance, and had sent the first sheet of it to the press, when the indisposition, which terminated in his death, obliged him to discontinue the impression; that, a few days before his demise, he entrusted the manuscript, fairly transcribed by an amanuensis, to the

care

care of Lord Macclesfield, who promised to publish it, as well for the honour of the author, as for the benefit of the family, to whom the property of the work belonged. The Earl survived his friend many years; but *The Introduction to the Mathematics* (the alleged title of the work) was forgotten, and, after his death, the manuscript was not to be found. There is no evidence in the memoranda left by Sir William Jones, to confirm or disprove these assertions. Such of the mathematical works of Mr. Jones as have been published, are much admired for neatness, brevity, and accuracy*.

The

* In Hutton's Philosophical Dictionary, we have the following enumeration of the works of Mr. Jones:—

A New Compendium of the whole Art of Navigation, small 8vo. 1702.

Synopsis palmariorum Matheseos; or a new Introduction to the Mathematics, containing the principles of arithmetic and geometry, demonstrated in a short and easy method; 8vo. 1706.

In

The care of the education of William now devolved upon his mother, who, in many

In the Philosophical Transactions :—

A Compendious Disposition of Equations for exhibiting the Relations of Geometrical Lines.

A Tract of Logarithms.

Account of a Person killed by Lightning in Tottenham-court Chapel, and its Effects on the Building.

Properties of Conic Sections, deduced by a compendious method.

He was also the editor of some mathematical works of Sir Isaac Newton, under the title of "Analysis, per quantitatum series, fluxiones, ac differentias: cum enumeratione linearum tertii ordinis."

In the library of Trinity-college, Cambridge, some letters from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes, who was at that time engaged in giving lectures at the college, are preserved. They do not contain any material information: but having, with the permission of the college, obtained copies of them, by the polite assistance of Mr. Brown, I annex them to this note, together with one from Mr. Cotes to Mr. Jones.

Letter from Mr. Jones to Mr. Cotes.

Sir; *London, September 17th*, 1711.

The paper concerning Sir Isaac Newton's method of interpolation, which you have been pleased to send me, being done so very neat, that it will be an injury

many respects, was eminently qualified for the task. Her character, as delineated by

injury to the curious in these things to be kept any longer without it; therefore must desire that you would grant me leave to publish it in the Philosophical Transactions. You may be assured that I do not move this to you without Sir Isaac's approbation, who I find is no less willing to have it done. The new edition of the *Principia* is what we wait for with great impatience, though at the same time I believe the book will be far more valuable than if it had been done in a hurry, since I find the interruptions are necessary, and such as will render it complete. We have nothing considerable in hand here at present, only Mr. Demoire's Treatise on Chances, which makes a whole transaction. He is very fond of it, and we may expect it well done. Mr. Raphson has printed off four or five sheets of his history of Fluxions, but being shewed Sir Isaac Newton's (who it seems would rather have them write against him, than have a piece done in that manner in his favour) he got a stop put to it, for some time at least. Dr. Halley has almost finished the printing of the Greenwich Observations, which will be a work of good use, especially as it is now freed from the trifles it was loaded with. Sir, I have one thing which I would trouble you with further, and that is, to let me know what lectures, or other papers of Sir Isaac Newton's, remain in your University unpublished. This may be done at your leisure. It would be a great satisfaction to me, if I could be any way

by her husband with somewhat of mathematical precision, is this: "that she was "virtuous

way serviceable to you here at London; and should readily embrace any opportunity to approve and express myself, what I am exceedingly obliged to be,

Your most affectionate friend,
And faithful servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR, *London, Oct. 25,* 1711.

The favour of your account of Sir Isaac's papers left at Cambridge, I return you my hearty thanks for; and, as you have some further considerations about the Doctrine of Differences, I am assured that they cannot but be valuable; and if a few instances of the application were given, perhaps it would not be amiss. Having tarried some time for a convenient opportunity, I was obliged to send you at last Moreton's book by the carrier, though it will only satisfy you that Dr. Gregory had but a very slender notion of the design, extent, and use of lib. 3d of the *Principia*. I hope it will not be long before you find leisure to send me what you have further done on this curious subject. No excuse must be made against the publishing of them, since with respect to reputation, I dare say it will be no way to your disadvantage. I have nothing of news to send you, only the Germans and French have in a violent manner attacked

 the

" virtuous without blemish, generous with-
" out extravagance, frugal but not nig-
" gard,

the philosophy of Sir Isaac Newton, and seem resolved to stand by Des Cartes. Mr. Keil, as a person concerned, has undertaken to defend and answer some things, as Dr. Friend and Dr. Mead do in their way, the rest. I would have sent you the whole controversy, was I not sure that you know those only are most capable of objecting against his writings, that least understand them. However, in a little time, you will see some of them in the Philosophical Transactions.

I am, Sir,
Very much your friend and servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

Answer to the foregoing, by Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR,

I have received Moreton's book. I thank you for the favour you did me in sending it. I have looked over what relates to his way of interpolation; but I find no cause from thence to make any alteration. The controversy concerning Sir Isaac's philosophy is a piece of news that I had not heard of. I think that philosophy needs no defence, especially when attacked by Cartesians. One Mr. Green, a fellow of Clare-Hall, seems to have nearly the same design with those German and French objectants, whom you mention. His book is now in our press, and almost finished I am told;

" gard, cheerful but not giddy, close but
" not sullen, ingenious but not conceited,
" of

told; he will add an Appendix, in which he undertakes also to square the circle. I need not recommend his performance any further to you.

I am, Sir, your obliged friend,
And humble servant,
R. C.

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

DEAR SIR, *London, Jan.* 11, 1711-12.

I have sent you here enclosed the copy of a letter, that I found among Mr. Collins's papers, from Sir Isaac Newton to one Mr. Smith. The contents thereof seem in a great measure to have relation to what you are about, as being the application of the Doctrine of Differences to the making of tables; and for that reason I thought it might be of use to you, so far as to see what has been done already. I shewed this to Sir Isaac: he remembers that he applied it to all sorts of tables. I have more papers of Mr. Mercator's, and others, upon this subject; though I think none so material to your purpose as this. I should be very glad to see what you have done upon this subject all published; and I must confess, that unless you design a large volume, it were much better to put them into the Philosophical Transactions, for that would sufficiently preserve them from being lost, which is the common fate of small single

" of spirit but not passionate, of her com-
" pany cautious, in her friendship trusty,
" to

tracts, and at the same time, to save the trouble and expense of printing them, since the subject is too curious to expect any profit from it; and besides now, as the Royal Society having done themselves the honour of choosing you a member, something from you cannot but be acceptable to them. Sir Isaac himself expects these things of you, that I formerly mentioned to him as your promise.

I am, Sir, your much obliged friend,
and humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

From Mr. JONES to Mr. COTES.

SIR; *London, Feb. 6th,* 1712-13.

The Royal Society having ordered one of their books for you, and another for Mr. Saunderson, also one for Trinity-College library, and one for the University library; I would not lose the opportunity of paying you my respects, by sending them. I need not tell you the occasion and design of that collection. You will see readily, that it affords such light concerning what it relates to, as could not easily have been discovered any other way; it also shews, that your great predecessor, whose illustrious example I do'nt doubt but you follow, never employed his time about things ordinary. I have no mathematical intelligence to send you. Mr. Keil thinks he has discovered a very easy and practical

"to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving, and obedient."

She

practical solution of the Keplerean problem. If Moreton's book is of no use to you, please to send it to me, though I fear it will yield me but small assistance, having occasion for variety of modern solstitial meridian altitudes of the Sun, such as may be depended upon. Helvetius, Flamstead, and the French observations, seem defective. I should be glad to be informed where I can be supplied best. I am extremely pleased to find that Sir Isaac's book is so near being finished; and it is not less agreeable to me to hear, that your own book is in such forwardness. You are much in the right of it to print your lectures and other papers, in a book by itself: it is better than to have them lie up and down among other things. What I formerly proposed as to the putting of things in the Philosophical Transactions, is only fit for a sheet or two, but not exceeding that. I very much long to see those valuable pieces, and hope you will let me know in what time I may expect them.—Do me the justice to believe, that I am, with all sincerity,

Your most humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

SIR, *London, April 29th,* 1713.

Ever since I received your very kind letter, and Moreton's book, I waited for an opportunity of sending you some old manuscripts I had by me, and

at

She had by nature a strong understanding, which was improved by his conversation and

at last am obliged to venture them by the carrier. They relate, in some measure, to the method of Differences: the folio one, I find, was written by one Nath. Torperly, a Shropshire man, who, when young, was amanuensis to Vieta, but afterwards writ against him. He was cotemporary with Briggs. The book, I think, can be of no other use to you than in what relates to the history of that method, and in having the satisfaction of seeing what has been formerly done on that subject. I am mightily pleased to see the end of the *Principia*, and return you many thanks for the instructive index, that you have taken the pains to add, and hope it will not be long before we shall see the beginning of that noble book. I shall be in some pain till I hear that you have received my old manuscript, it being a favourite purely on account of some extravagancies in it; but I shall think it safe in your hands.

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

From the SAME to the SAME.

DEAR SIR, *London, July 11th*, 1713.

It is impossible to represent to you, with what pleasure I received your inestimable present of the *Principia*, and am much concerned to find myself

SO

and instruction. Under his tuition she became a considerable proficient in Algebra, and with a view to qualify herself for the office of preceptor to her sister's son, who was destined to a maritime profession, made herself perfect in Trigonometry, and the Theory of Navigation. Mrs. Jones, after

so deeply charged with obligations to you, and such I fear as all my future endeavours will never be able to requite. This edition is indeed exceedingly beautiful, and interspersed with great variety of admirable discoveries so very natural to its great author; but it is more so from the additional advantage of your excellent preface, which I wish much to get published in some of the foreign journals; and since a better account of this book cannot be given, I suppose it will not be difficult to get it done. Now, this great task being done, I hope you will think of publishing your papers, and not let such valuable pieces lie by. As to what you mentioned in your last, concerning my old manuscripts, though for my part I know of nothing worth your notice publicly in them, but, if you do find any, the end of my sending them is the better answered; and you know that you may do as you please.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

after the death of her husband, was urgently and repeatedly solicited, by the Countess of Macclesfield, to remain at Sherborne Castle; but having formed a plan for the education of her son, with an unalterable determination to pursue it, and being apprehensive that her residence at Sherborne might interfere with the execution of it, she declined accepting the friendly invitation of the Countess, who never ceased to retain the most affectionate regard for her.

In the plan adopted by Mrs. Jones for the instruction of her son, she proposed to reject the severity of discipline, and to lead his mind insensibly to knowledge and exertion, by exciting his curiosity, and directing it to useful objects. To his incessant importunities for information on casual topics of conversation, which she watchfully stimulated, she constantly replied, *read, and you will know;* a maxim, to the observance of which he always acknowledged

ledged himself indebted for his future attainments. By this method, his desire to learn became as eager as her wish to teach; and such was her talent of instruction, and his facility of retaining it, that in his fourth year he was able to read, distinctly and rapidly, any English book. She particularly attended at the same time to the cultivation of his memory, by making him learn and repeat some of the popular speeches in Shakespeare, and the best of Gay's Fables.

If, from the subsequent eminence of Sir William Jones, any general conclusion should be eagerly drawn in favour of early tuition, we must not forget to advert to the uncommon talents both of the pupil and the teacher.

In common cases, premature instruction has often been found to retard, rather than accelerate, the progress of the intellectual faculties; and the success of it so much

much depends upon the judgment of the tutor, and the capacity of the scholar, upon the skill of the one, as well as upon the disposition and powers of the other, that it is impossible to prescribe a general rule, when instruction ought to begin, or a general mode, by which it should be conveyed; the determination in both cases must be left to the discretion of parents, who ought to be the most competent to decide.

In this year of his life, Jones providentially escaped from two accidents, one of which had nearly proved fatal to his sight, the other to his life. Being left alone in a room, in attempting to scrape some soot from the chimney, he fell into the fire, and his clothes were instantly in flames: his cries brought the servants to his assistance, and he was preserved with some difficulty; but his face, neck, and arms, were much burnt. A short time afterwards,

afterwards, when his attendants were putting on his clothes, which were imprudently fastened with hooks, he struggled, either in play, or in some childish pet, and a hook was fixed in his right eye. By due care, under the directions of Dr. Mead, whose friendship with his family continued unabated after his father's death, the wound was healed; but the eye was so much weakened, that the sight of it ever remained imperfect.

His propensity to reading, which had begun to display itself, was for a time checked by these accidents; but the habit was acquired, and after his recovery he indulged it without restraint, by perusing eagerly any books that came in his way, and with an attention proportioned to his ability to comprehend them. In his fifth year, as he was one morning turning over the leaves of a Bible in his mother's closet, his attention was forcibly arrested by the

sublime

sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression which his imagination received from it was never effaced. At a period of mature judgment, he considered the passage as equal in sublimity to any in the inspired writers, and far superior to any that could be produced from mere human compositions; and he was fond of retracing and mentioning the rapture which he felt, when he first read it. In his sixth year, by the assistance of a friend, he was initiated in the rudiments of the Latin grammar, and he committed some passages of it to memory; but the dull elements of a new language having nothing to captivate his childish attention, he made little progress in it; nor was he encouraged to perseverance by his mother, who, intending him for a public education, was unwilling to perplex his mind with the study of a dead language, before

he

he had acquired a competent knowledge of his native tongue.

At Michaelmas 1753, in the close of his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow School, of which the worthy and amiable Dr. Thackeray was then head master. The amusements and occupations of a school-boy are of little importance to the public; yet it cannot be uninteresting, or uninstructive, to trace the progress of a youth of genius and abilities, from his earliest efforts to that proficiency in universal literature which he afterwards attained. During the two first years of his residence at Harrow, he was rather remarked for diligence and application, than for the superiority of his talents, or the extent of his acquisitions; and his attention was almost equally divided between his books and a little garden, the cultivation and embellishment of which occupied all his leisure hours. His faculties however

ever necessarily gained strength by exercise; and during his school vacations, the sedulity of a fond parent was without intermission exerted to improve his knowledge of his own language. She also taught him the rudiments of drawing, in which she excelled.

In his ninth year, he had the misfortune to break his thigh-bone in a scramble with his school-fellows, and this accident detained him from school twelve months. After his relief from pain, however, the period of his confinement was not suffered to pass in indolence; his mother was his constant companion, and amused him daily with the perusal of such English books, as she deemed adapted to his taste and capacity. The juvenile poems of Pope, and Dryden's Translation of the Æneid, afforded him incessant delight, and excited his poetical talents, which displayed themselves in the composition of

verses

verses in imitation of his favourite authors. But his progress in classical learning, during this interval, was altogether suspended; for although he might have availed himself of the proffered instruction of a friend, in whose house he resided, to acquire the rudiments of Latin, he was then so unable to comprehend its utility, and had so little relish for it, that he was left unrestrained to pursue his juvenile occupations and amusements, and the little which he had gained in his two first years, was nearly lost in the third.

On his return to school, he was however placed in the same class which he would have attained, if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. He was of course far behind his fellow-labourers of the same standing, who erroneously ascribed his insufficiency to laziness or dulness, while the master who had raised him to a situation above his powers, required exertions

tions of which he was incapable, and corporal punishment and degradation were applied, for the non-performance of tasks, which he had never been instructed to furnish. But in truth he far excelled his school-fellows in general, both in diligence and quickness of apprehension; nor was he of a temper to submit to imputations, which he knew to be unmerited. Punishment failed to produce the intended effect; but his emulation was roused. He devoted himself incessantly to the perusal of various elementary treatises, which had never been explained nor even recommended to him; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with such skill and success, that in a few months he not only recovered the station from which he had been degraded, but was at the head of his class: his compositions were correct, his analysis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the best

exercise.

exercise. He voluntarily extended his studies beyond the prescribed limits, and, by solitary labour, having acquired a competent knowledge of the rules of prosody, he composed verses in imitation of Ovid; a task, which had never been required from any of the students in the lower school at Harrow.

The behaviour of the master to Jones, made an impression on his mind, which he ever remembered with abhorrence. Little doubt can be entertained, that he might have been stimulated to equal exertions, if encouragement had been substituted for severity, and instruction for disgrace. The accumulation of punishment for his inability to soar, before he had been taught to fly, (I use his own expression) might have rendered the feelings callous; and a sense of the injustice attending the infliction of it, was calculated to destroy the respect due to magisterial au-

 thority,

thority, and its influence over the scholar. It is a material and perhaps unavoidable defect in the system of education at public schools, that the necessity of regulating instruction by general rules, must often preclude that attention to the tempers and capacities of individuals, by which their attainments might be essentially promoted.

In his twelfth year, Jones was moved into the upper school. Of the retentive powers of his memory at this period, the following anecdote is a remarkable instance. His school-fellows proposed to amuse themselves with the representation of a play; and at his recommendation they fixed upon the Tempest: as it was not readily to be procured, he wrote it for them so correctly from memory, that they acted it with great satisfaction to themselves, and with considerable entertainment to the spectators. He performed the character of Prospero.

His

His diligence increased with his advancement in the school: he now entered upon the study of the Greek tongue, the characters of which he had already learned for his amusement. His genius and assiduity were also displayed in various compositions, not required by the discipline of the school. He translated into English verse several of the epistles of Ovid, all the pastorals of Virgil, and composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, which he denominated a tragedy; and it was acted, during the vacation, by some of his schoolfellows with whom he was most intimate. In his own play, he performed the part of the hero.

A copy of this little composition, inaccurately transcribed by a relation, has been preserved; and to gratify that curiosity which the mention of it may have excited, I select from it the following lines:

ATALANTA (speaks).

Still Discord raves, Bellona fiercely storms,
Mars calls, and Caledonians exclaim.
Althæa, fraught with ire, forgets her son,
And meditates fierce vengeance in her heart.
At Dian's sacred shrine a billet lies,
On which depends the life of Meleager.
This, stern Althæa spied,—then fury fir'd
Her furious mind,—she knew the fate's decree:
Thrice did she rave, and thrice repress'd her hand;
At length she threw the billet on the fire,
Which gently gather'd round its impious prey;
And now in absent flames the hero burns.
Wildly he stares; his glaring eye-balls sink
Beneath their sockets, and omit their light.
His shiver'd hair hangs dangling o'er his face;
He rends his silken vest, and wrings his hands,
And groans, possess'd with agonizing pain.

These juvenile efforts contributed to establish the influence and reputation of Jones in the school; and the success with which his studies had latterly been pursued, left him no reason to regret the disadvantages under which he had at first laboured. His improvement in the knowledge of prosody was truly extraordinary; he soon acquired a proficiency in all the varieties of

of Roman metre, so that he was able to scan the trochaic and iambic verses of Terence, before his companions even suspected that they were any thing but mere prose. He also learned to taste the elegance of that writer, and was frequently heard to repeat with particular satisfaction the rule in the Andria:

Facile omnes perferre et pati,
Nunquam præponens se aliis.

Such was the extent of his attainments, and such his facility of composition, that for two years he wrote the exercises of many boys in the two superior classes, who often obtained credit for performances to which they had no title, whilst the students in the same class with himself were happy to become his pupils. During the holidays, his studies were varied, but not relaxed; in these intervals, he learned the rudiments of French and arithmetic, and

was

was particularly gratified with an invitation to attend the meetings of learned and ingenious men, at the house of that amiable philosopher, Mr. Baker, and his friend, Mr. Pond. As an introduction to the knowledge of the subjects discussed in this literary society, by the particular recommendation of his mother, he read the *Spectacle de la Nature*: he acknowledged, however, that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales, and Shakespeare, whose poems and plays he repeatedly perused with increased delight.

In the usual recreations of his schoolfellows at Harrow, Jones was rarely a partaker; and the hours which they allotted to amusement, he generally devoted to improvement. The following anecdote strongly indicates the turn of his mind, and the impression made by his studies. He invented a political play, in which Dr. William

William Bennet*, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school-

* The Bishop of Cloyne, in a letter to the Dean of St. Asaph, dated November 1795, mentions Sir William Jones in terms of respect and affection:—"I knew him "(he writes) from the early age of eight or nine, and he "was always an *uncommon* boy. Great abilities, great "particularity of thinking, fondness for writing verses "and plays of various kinds; and a degree of integrity "and manly courage, of which I remember many in- "stances, distinguished him even at that period. I "loved him and revered him, and, though one or two "years older than he was, was always instructed by "him from my earliest age.

"In a word, I can only say of this amiable and "wonderful man, that he had more virtues, and less "faults, than I ever yet saw in any human being; and "that the goodness of his head, admirable as it was, was "exceeded by that of his heart. I have never ceased to "admire him from the moment I first saw him; and my "esteem for his great qualities, and regret for his loss, "will only end with my life."

school-fellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader: and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus;

Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei.

Dr. Thackeray retired from the superintendance of the school at Harrow, when his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. It was a singular trait in the character of this good man and respectable tutor, that he never applauded the best compositions of

of his scholars, from a notion which he had adopted, that praise only tended to make them vain or idle. But the opinion which he gave of Jones in private was, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches.

Dr. Thackeray was succeeded by Dr. Sumner; and for his information of the course of study pursued at Harrow, a plan of the lectures and exercises in the upper school was accurately delineated by Jones, at the suggestion of the principal assistant, who presented it to the new master, with many encomiums on the talents of his favourite scholar. He annexed to it a collection of his compositions, including his translation of the pastorals of Virgil. Dr. Sumner quickly distinguished him; and of the two complete years which he passed under that excellent instructor, it is sufficient

sufficient to say, that he employed them in reading and imitating the best ancient authors; nor did he confine himself merely to the compositions of Greece and Rome; he learned the Arabic characters, and studied the Hebrew language sufficiently to enable him to read some of the Psalms in the original. His ardour for knowledge was so unlimited, that he frequently devoted whole nights to study, taking coffee or tea as an antidote to drowsiness; and his improvement by these extraordinary exertions was so rapid, that he soon became the prime favourite of his master, who with an excusable partiality was heard to declare, that Jones knew more Greek than himself, and was a greater proficient in the idiom of that language. Nor was he less a favourite with his fellow-students than with his master. He acquired popularity with them, by the frequent holidays that rewarded the excellence

cellence of his compositions. His reputation at the same time was so extensive, that he was often flattered by the enquiries of strangers, under the title of the Great Scholar.

Of his juvenile compositions in prose and verse, the early fruits of rare talents and unbounded industry, some have been printed in the fragment of a work which he began at school and entitled Limon*, in imitation of Cicero. During the last months of his residence at Harrow, Dr. Sumner not only dispensed with his attendance at school, but was obliged to interdict his application, in consequence of a weakness of sight contracted by it. His compositions were not however discontinued; and he obtained the assistance of the younger students to write them from his dictation. He employed the

* Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 627.

intervals

intervals of suspended duty, which he was reluctantly compelled to admit, in learning chess, by practising the games of Philidor.

During the vacations, his application was directed to improve his knowledge of French and arithmetic, to which he also added the study of the Italian. Books he had always at command; for his mother, who contemplated with delight the progress of her son, with a wise liberality allowed him unlimited credit on her purse. But of this indulgence, as he knew that her finances were restricted, he availed himself no further than to purchase such books as were essential to his improvement.

I shall here transcribe, without alteration or omission, a letter which the young student, at the age of fourteen, wrote to his sister, to console her for the death of a friend.

DEAR

DEAR SISTER,

When I received your letter, I was very concerned to hear the death of your friend Mr. Reynolds, which I consider as a piece of affliction common to us both. For although my knowledge of his name or character is of no long date, and though I never had any personal acquaintance with him, yet (as you observe) we ought to regret the loss of every honourable man; and if I had the pleasure of your conversation, I would certainly give you any consolatory advice that lay in my power, and make it my business to convince you what a real share I take in your chagrin. And yet to reason philosophically, I cannot help thinking any grief upon a person's death very superfluous, and inconsistent with sense; for what is the cause of our sorrow? Is it because we hate the person deceased? that were to imply strange contradiction, to express

our

our joy by the common signs of sorrow. If, on the other hand, we grieve for one who was dear to us, I should reply that we should, on the contrary, rejoice at his having left a state so perilous and uncertain as life is. The common strain is; "'Tis pity so virtuous a man should die:" —but I assert the contrary; and when I hear the death of a person of merit, I cannot help reflecting, how happy he must be who now takes the reward of his excellencies, without the possibility of falling away from them and losing the virtue which he professed, on whose character death has fixed a kind of seal, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy! for death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as either good or bad. On the contrary, in life nothing is certain; whilst any one is liable to alteration, we may possibly be forced to retract our esteem for him, and some time or other he

may

may appear to us, as under a different light than what he does at present; for the life of no man can be pronounced either happy or miserable, virtuous or abandoned, before the conclusion of it. It was upon this reflection, that Solon, being asked by Crœsus, a monarch of immense riches, who was the happiest man? answered, After your death I shall be able to determine. Besides, though a man should pursue a constant and determinate course of virtue, though he were to keep a regular symmetry and uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his reputation to the last, yet (while he lives) his very virtue may incur some evil imputation, and provoke a thousand murmurs of detraction; for, believe me, my dear sister, there is no instance of any virtue, or social excellence, which has not excited the envy of innumerable assailants, whose acrimony is raised barely by seeing

others

others pleased, and by hearing commendation which another enjoys. It is not easy in this life for any man to escape censure; and infamy requires very little labour to assist its circulation. But there is a kind of sanction in the characters of the dead, which gives due force and reward to their merits, and defends them from the suggestions of calumny. But to return to the point; what reason is there to disturb yourself on this melancholy occasion? do but reflect that thousands die every moment of time, that even while we speak, some unhappy wretch or other is either pining with hunger, or pinched with poverty, sometimes giving up his life to the point of the sword, torn with convulsive agonies, and undergoing many miseries which it were superfluous to mention. We should therefore compare our afflictions with those who are more miserable, and not with those who are more happy.

I am

I am ashamed to add more, lest I should seem to mistrust your prudence; but next week, when I understand your mind is more composed, I shall write you word how all things go here. I designed to write you this letter in French, but I thought I could express my thoughts with more energy, in my own language.

I come now, after a long interval, to mention some more private circumstances. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and thank her for my shirts. They fit, in my opinion, very well; though Biddy says they are too little in the arms. You may expect a letter from me every day in the week till I come home; for Mrs. Biscoe has desired it, and has given me some franks. When you see her, you may tell her that her little boy sends his duty to her, and Mr. Biscoe his love to his sister, and desires to be remembered to Miss Cleeve: he also

sends his compliments to my Mamma and you. Upon my word I never thought our bleak air would have so good an effect upon him. His complexion is now ruddy, which before was sallow and pale, and he is indeed much grown: but I now speak of trifles, I mean in comparison of his learning; and indeed he takes that with wonderful acuteness; besides, his excessive high spirits increase mine, and give me comfort, since, after Parnell's departure, he is almost the only company I keep. As for news; the only article I know is, that Mrs. Par is dead and buried. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner are well: the latter thanks you for bringing the letter from your old acquaintance, and the former has made me an elegant present. I am now very much taken up with study; am to speak Antony's speech in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar (which play I will read to you when I come to town), and am

this

this week to make a declamation. I add no more than the sincere well-wishes of your faithful friend,

And affectionate brother,

WILLIAM JONES.

If I am not deceived by my partiality for the memory of Sir William Jones, this letter will be perused with interest by the public. The topics selected for the consolation of his sister, are not indeed of the most novel nature, nor the best adapted to afford it; and we may smile at the gravity of the young moralist, contrasted with the familiarity of the circumstances detailed in the latter part of the epistle, which I found no disposition to reject: but the letter, as it stands, will furnish no contemptible proof of his talents and fraternal affection, and may serve as a standard of comparison to parents, for estimating the abilities of their own children.

The period of tuition under Dr. Sumner passed rapidly, to the mutual satisfaction of the master and scholar, until Jones had reached his seventeenth year; when it was determined to remove him to one of the Universities. This determination was not adopted without much hesitation; for it had been strongly recommended to his mother, by Sergeant Prime, and other Lawyers, to place him, at the age of sixteen, in the office of some eminent special pleader: and they supported their recommendation by an observation, equally flattering to him and tempting to his mother, that his talents, united with such indefatigable industry, must ensure the most brilliant success, and consequently the acquisition of wealth and reputation. It is a singular proof of his curiosity to explore unusual tracks of learning, that, at this early age, he had perused the Abridgement of Coke's Institutes, by Ireland, with so much

much attention, that he frequently amused the legal friends of his mother, by reasoning with them on old cases, which were supposed to be confined to the learned in the profession. The law, however, at that time, had little attraction for him; and he felt no inclination to renounce his Demosthenes and Cicero for the pleadings in Westminster-Hall. His disgust to the study of the law had also been particularly excited, by the perusal of some old and inaccurate abridgement of law-cases in barbarous Latin. This disinclination on his part, the solicitude of Dr. Sumner, that he should devote some years to the completion of his studies at the University, and the objections of his mother, founded on reasons of economy, to a profession which could not be pursued without considerable expense, fixed her decision against the advice of her legal friends. The choice of an University was also the occasion of some discussion. Cambridge

bridge was recommended by Dr. Sumner, who had received his education there: but Dr. Glasse, who had private pupils at Harrow, and had always distinguished Jones by the kindest attention, recommended Oxford. His choice was adopted by Mrs. Jones, who, in compliance with the wishes of her son, had determined to reside at the University with him, and greatly preferred the situation of Oxford.

In the Spring of 1764, he went to the University for the purpose of being matriculated and entered at College*: but he returned to Harrow for a few months, that he might finish a course of lectures, which he had just begun, and in which he had been highly interested by the learning, eloquence, taste, and sagacity, of his ex-

* The following is the form of his admission into University College, copied from his own writing:—Ego Gulielmus Jones, filius unicus Gulielmi Jones, Armigeri, de civitate Lond. lubens subscribo sub tutamine Magistri Betts, et Magistri Coulson, annos natus septendecim.

cellent

cellent instructor. They separated soon after with mutual regret, and in the following term he fixed himself at Oxford.

The name of Jones was long remembered at Harrow, with the respect due to his superior talents and unrivalled erudition; and he was frequently quoted by Dr. Sumner, as the ornament of his school, and as an example for imitation. He had not only distinguished himself by the extent of his classical attainments, and his poetical compositions, but by the eloquence of his declamations, and the masterly manner in which they were delivered. In the varied talents which constitute an orator, Dr. Sumner himself excelled; and his pupil had equally benefited by his example and instruction. In the behaviour of Jones towards his school-fellows, he never exhibited that tyranny, which in the larger seminaries of learning is sometimes practised by the senior, over the younger students. His

disposition

disposition equally revolted at the exercise or sufferance of oppression; and he early exhibited a mind, strongly impressed with those moral distinctions which he ever retained. Of the friendships which he contracted at school, many were afterwards cultivated with reciprocal affection; and among the friends of his early years, some still survive, who remember his virtues with delight, and deplore his loss.

His friend Parnell, whose departure from school he laments in the letter to his sister, was the late Sir John Parnell, who held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, in Ireland. His testimony of the merits, capacity, and proficiency of his friend and fellow-student, at Harrow, extracted from a memorandum, which he gave to Lady Jones, will confirm my own account of him:—"The early period of "life is not usually marked by extraordi- "nary anecdote: but small circumstances

"become

"become interesting, when we can trace
" in them the first principles of virtue, and
" the first symptoms of those talents which
" afterwards so eminently distinguished
" the character of Sir William Jones. He
" gave very early proofs of his possessing
" very extraordinary abilities. His industry
" was very great, and his love of literature
" was the result of disposition, and not of
" submission to control. He excelled
" principally in his knowledge of the Greek
" language. His compositions were dis-
" tinguished by his precise application of
" every word, agreeably to the most strict
" classical authority. He imitated the
" choruses of Sophocles so successfully,
" that his writings seemed to be original
" Greek compositions; and he was atten-
" tive even in writing the Greek characters
" with great correctness. His time being
" employed in study, prevented his joining
" in those plays and amusements which

" occupied

"occupied the time of his other school-
"fellows: but it induced no other singu-
"larity in his manners; they were mild,
"conciliating, and cheerful. When I first
"knew him, about the year 1761, he
"amused himself with the study of botany,
"and in collecting fossils. In general, the
"same pursuits which gave employment
"to his mature understanding, were the
"first objects of his youthful attention.
"The same disposition formed the most
"distinguished features at an early, and at
"a late period of his life. A decision of
"mind, and a strict attachment to virtue,
"an enthusiastic love of liberty, an uni-
"form spirit of philanthropy, were the
"characteristics of his youth, and of his
"manhood: he did no act, he used no
"expression, which did not justify these
"assertions."

A collection of English poems, composed by Mr. Jones, at Harrow, was presented

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by him to his friend Parnell, in 1763. The first and longest of the collection, containing more than three hundred and thirty lines, is entitled Prolusions, and is a critique on the various styles of pastoral writers. This was written by Mr. Jones, at the age of fifteen, and is the original of the poem, which he afterwards published under the title of Arcadia*.

The variations between his first attempt and subsequent publication are very considerable. In his earliest composition, he makes Menalcas, who represents Theocritus, the father of pastoral poetry, adopt the language of Chaucer, as the only model he could take for a specimen of the English Doric. Spenser speaks in his own dialect, and, as the poet says,

Masks in the roughest veil the sweetest song.

In the original essay, Mr. Jones gives

* Works, vol. iv. p. 478.

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the prize to Tityrus, or Virgil: but, in the latter, Theocritus divides the kingdom of Arcadia between Virgil and Spenser, and assigns to them his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, by whom he understands the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned, in both which Theocritus excels.

The remaining poems in the collection, consist of translations and imitations of Horace, Sophocles, and Theocritus; Saul and David, an Ode; and a Satire on the inordinate Love of Novelty.

A manuscript of these poems, in the hand-writing of Mr. Jones, was presented to Lady Jones, by Sir John Parnell, a few weeks only before his death. I select as a specimen of Mr. Jones's poetical talents, at the age of fourteen, the shortest in the collection, in imitation of a well-known

known Ode of Horace*, and addressed to his friend Parnell:—

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, dear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; tho' an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas;
In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast;
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd;)
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of Cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

* Ode 14. lib. ii.

To

To others shall we then resign
The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir,
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

1760.

The new situation of Mr. Jones, at the University, did not at first correspond with his expectations. Under the tuition of a master, who saw with admiration his capacity and application, who was anxious to assist his exertions, and rewarded their success with unlimited applause, his ardour for learning had been raised to a degree of enthusiasm: at the University, he expected to find a Sumner or Askew, in every master of arts, and generally the same passion for literature, which he had himself imbibed. It was evident that such extravagant expectations must be disappointed; and from the public lectures, he derived little gratification or instruction; they were much below the standard of his attainments,

ments, and, in fact, were considered as merely formal; and, instead of pure principles on subjects of taste, on rhetoric, poetry, and practical morals, *he complained* that he was required to attend dull comments on artificial ethics, and logic detailed in such barbarous Latin, that he professed to know as little of it as he then knew of Arabic. The only logic then in fashion was that of the schools; and in a memorandum written by himself, which is my authority for these remarks, I find an anecdote related of one of the fellows, who was reading Locke with his own pupils, that he carefully passed over every passage in which that great metaphysician derides the whole system.

With the advice of Dr. Sumner, he was preparing for the press his Greek and Latin compositions, including a Comedy, written in the language and measures of Aristophanes. But his solicitude to appear as an

author,

author, was perhaps prudently checked by the advice of other friends; and the proposed publication from which he expected an increase of reputation, was reluctantly postponed. This comedy, which bears the title of Mormo, still exists, but in a state of such mutilation, from the depredations of worms and time, that it cannot be published without very copious conjectural emendations.

After the residence of a few months at the University, on the 31st of October, 1764, Mr. Jones was unanimously elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett, to whose munificence he was ever proud to acknowledge his obligations. The prospect of a fellowship, to which he looked with natural impatience, was however remote, as he had three seniors.

His partiality for Oriental literature now began to display itself in the study of the Arabic,

Arabic, to which he was strongly incited by the example and encouragement of a fellow-student, of great worth and abilities, who had acquired some knowledge in that celebrated language, and offered him the use of the best books, with which he was well provided. In acquiring the pronunciation, he was assisted by a native of Aleppo, who spoke and wrote the vulgar Arabic fluently, but was without any pretensions to the character of a scholar. Mr. Jones accidentally discovered him in London, where he usually passed his vacations, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to Oxford, under a promise of maintaining him there. This promise he was obliged exclusively to fulfil for several months, at an expense which his finances could ill afford, being disappointed in the hopes which he had entertained, that some of his brother collegians might be inclined to avail themselves of the assistance of the

Syrian, and participate with him in the expense of his maintenance.

The disgust expressed by Mr. Jones after his first introduction into the University soon subsided, and his time now passed with great satisfaction to himself. He found in it, all the means and opportunity of instruction which he could wish; and adopted that respectful attachment to it, which he ever after retained. His college tutors, who saw that all his hours were devoted to improvement, dispensed with his attendance on their lectures, alleging with equal truth and civility, that he could employ his time to more advantage. Their expectations were not disappointed: he perused with great assiduity all the Greek poets and historians of note, and the entire works of Plato and Lucian, with a vast apparatus of commentaries on them; constantly reading with a pen in his hand, making remarks, and composing in imitation

tion of his favourite authors. Some portion of every morning he allotted to Mirza, whom he employed in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, writing himself the translation from the mouth of the Syrian. He afterwards corrected the grammatical inaccuracies of the version, by the help of Erpenius and Golius.

In the course of his application to this ancient language, he discovered, what he never before suspected, a near connection between the modern Persic and Arabic, and he immediately determined to acquire the former. He accordingly studied it with attention in the only Persian grammar then extant; and having laboured diligently at the Gulistan of Sadi, assisted by the accurate but inelegant version of Gentius, and at the well chosen praxis at the close of Meninski's grammar, he found his exertions rewarded with rapid success.

His vacations were passed in London, where he daily attended the schools of Angelo, for the purpose of acquiring the elegant accomplishments of riding and fencing. He was always a strenuous advocate for the practice of bodily exercises, as no less useful to invigorate his frame, than as a necessary qualification for any active exertions to which he might eventually be called. At home, his attention was directed to the modern languages; and he read the best authors in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, following in all respects the plan of education recommended by Milton, which he had by heart; and thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.

If the literary acquisitions of Mr. Jones at this period be compared with his years, few instances will be found, in the annals

of

of biography, of a more successful application of time and talents, than he exhibits; and it is worthy of observation, that he was no less indebted to his uncommon industry and method for his attainments, than to his superior capacity.

A mind thus occupied in the pursuit of universal literature, was little susceptible of the passions of avarice or ambition: but, as he was sensible that the charges attending his education, notwithstanding his habitual attention to economy, must occasion a considerable deduction from the moderate income which his mother possessed, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might relieve her from a burden which she could ill support. If the prospect of acquiring that advantage had not been remote, no temptation would have seduced him from the University; but at the period when he began to despair of obtaining it, he received through Mr. Arden, whose sister

sister was married to his friend Sumner, an offer to be the private tutor of Lord Althorpe, now Earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the family of this nobleman by Dr. Shipley, to whom he was not then personally known, but who had seen and approved his compositions at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praise of Lyon, an honest yeoman, who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth. The proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones; and in his nineteenth year he went to London, and was so delighted with the manners of his pupil, then just seven years old, that he abandoned all thoughts of a profession, and resolved to devote himself to the faithful discharge of the important duties of his new situation. He had the satisfaction to find that this determination would probably restore him to the society of his best and most respected friend, Dr. Sumner,

as

as he understood from Mr. Arden, that his pupil, after some preliminary instruction, would be fixed at Harrow.

He returned for the present to Oxford, where he remained for a few months, and, in the summer of 1765, went for the first time, as had been proposed, to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his pupil's education.

He was now placed in a sphere perfectly new to him.—If he quitted the University with a regret proportioned to his increasing attachment to it, his change of situation offered other advantages, amongst which he justly esteemed his introduction into the first ranks of society, and a residence in one of the most agreeable places in the kingdom. He had new objects to engage his observation, and an interesting occupation, from the discharge of which he derived great satisfaction; his application to literature was pursued without intermission,

sion, for, although he resided at Wimbledon until the approach of the winter only, he found sufficient leisure to compose many of his English poems, and to read the greatest part of the Old Testament in Hebrew, particularly the Book of Job, and the Prophets, which he studied with great attention.

In the course of the following summer, by an unexpected concurrence of circumstances, a fellowship, which, in his estimation, gave him absolute independence, was bestowed upon him, and he went for a short time to Oxford, that he might go through the regular forms of election and admission. He was accordingly elected fellow on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennet, on the 7th of August, 1766.

The idea of deriving an absolute independence from an annual income, not exceeding, upon an average, one hundred pounds, may appear ridiculous when

when contrasted with the enlarged estimate of a competence in these times. But this sum, in fact, was more than the wise economy of a college life then made necessary for a single man, whose habits of prudence were formed, and Mr. Jones considered his fellowship as a freehold, in a place for which he had now contracted an enthusiastic fondness, where he had access to extensive libraries, rare manuscripts, the company of learned men, and all, as he expressed himself, that his heart could wish; and if he had obtained it a year sooner, he would probably have been induced to decline the delicate and responsible task of education.

On his return to Wimbledon, he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, then at the head of the Treasury, of the place of Interpreter for Eastern languages: but, although the acceptance of it might not have interfered with his other pursuits,

pursuits, or engagements, he declined it politely, but without hesitation, earnestly requesting that it might be conferred upon Mirza, whose character he wrote. This disinterested solicitation was unnoticed; and his disappointment made him regret his ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, under a resolution to consign the entire emoluments of it to his Syrian friend.

During his summer residence at Wimbledon, he formed an acquaintance to which he owed the future happiness of his life. He there saw, for the first time Anna Maria, the eldest daughter of Dr. Shipley, then Dean of Winchester: but whatever impressions her person and conversation made upon the heart of Mr. Jones, *his fixed ideas of an honourable independence*, and a determined resolution never to owe his fortune to a wife, or her kindred, excluded all ideas of a matrimonial

nial connection. In different circumstances, he might perhaps have then solicited an alliance, which he afterwards courted and obtained.

The family of Lord Spencer removed late in Autumn to London; and Mr. Jones, with his usual avidity to acquire the accomplishments of a gentleman, as well as those of a scholar, privately arranged a plan with Gallini, who attended the younger part of the family, for receiving instructions from him in dancing; at the same time he continued his morning attendance, without intermission, at the two schools of Angelo, with whose manners he was extremely pleased. Before he left London, he had an opportunity, which he did not neglect, of learning the use of the broad-sword, from an old pensioner at Chelsea, who had been active, as his scars proved, in many engagements, and whose narrative

narrative propensity frequently amused him.

The acquisition of his new accomplishment, by Gallini's assistance, had been made with secrecy; and the display of it enabled him to participate with much satisfaction, in the evening amusements at Althorpe, where he passed the winter with his pupil. But his greatest delight was furnished by an excellent library, in which he found intellectual treasures of the highest value in his estimation; scarcely a single book escaped his inspection; and some of the most rare he perused with indefatigable application. It was at this period, in the twenty-first year of his age, that he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews.

The summer of 1767, opened a new scene

scene to him; the indisposition of Lord Spencer rendered a journey to Spa advisable for the restoration of his health, and Mr. Jones attended the family: but his residence on the Continent was too short to gratify his curiosity. At Spa he remained only three weeks, part of which he dedicated to the lessons of Janson, of Aix-la-Chapelle, a most incomparable dancing-master, and part to the acquisition of the German language, in which he so far succeeded, as to be able to read Gesner with delight, assisted only by an excellent German Grammar and Dictionary; the pronunciation he had formerly learnt from a fellow collegian, who had passed some years at Brunswick. He would gladly have availed himself of the instruction of a German master; but none was to be found at Spa, and his finances were unequal to the expense of procuring that assistance

assistance from Aix-la-Chapelle. Notwithstanding these occupations, he found leisure to participate in all the amusements of the place.

In the winter of 1767, Mr. Jones resided with his pupil at Althorpe: the attention of Lord Spencer's family was then much occupied in the contested election at Northampton; but as he had neither inclination nor inducement to take any part in it, he confined himself chiefly to the library, which never failed to supply him with increasing sources of entertainment and improvement. His excursions into the regions of literature were unlimited, and as his application was directed with his usual perseverance, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Arabic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, borrowed from Dr. Russel, and copied the keys of the Chinese

nese language, which he wished to learn.

The close of this year is marked with an occurrence, which probably had a material influence on the determination of his future pursuits. From a motive of mere curiosity, he was prompted to peruse the little treatise of Fortescue, in praise of the Laws of England; and, although he was more diverted with the simplicity of the Latin style, than attracted by the subject, he felt so much interest in the work, as to study it with considerable attention. In the course of the reflections which it excited, he was naturally led to a comparison of the laws of England with those of other countries, and he marked with delight their uncontroverted claim to superiority over the laws of every other state, ancient or modern. Of this fact he acknowledged that he had never before entertained an idea. He was now qualified

count of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance would be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him; and, above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript into France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish Majesty, who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious,

and

and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected, by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the Secretary's office, that it was expected with great impatience by the Court of Denmark. The translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen; one of them, bound with uncommon elegance, for the king himself; and the others, as presents to his courtiers.

Such were the circumstances which induced him, (as he modestly observed,) against his inclinations, to describe the life of a conqueror; and to appear in public as an author, before a maturity of

judgment had made him see the danger of the step. If, (to quote his own words) he had reflected on the little solid glory which a man reaps from acquiring a name in literature, on the jealousy and envy which attend such an acquisition, on the distant reserve which a writer is sure to meet with from the generality of mankind, and on the obstruction which a contemplative habit gives to our hopes of being distinguished in active life; if all, or any of these reflections had occurred to him, he would not have been tempted by any consideration to enter upon so invidious and thankless a career: *but*, as Tully says, *he would have considered, before he embarked, the nature and extent of his voyage; now, since the sails are spread, the vessel must take its course.*

What marks of distinction he received, or what fruits he reaped from his labours, he thought it would ill become him to mention

mention at the head of a work, in which he professed to be the historian of others, and not of himself: but, to repel the false assertions which appeared in an advertisement on this subject in the public papers, containing a most unjust reflection on the King of Denmark, he considered it a duty imposed upon him, by the laws of justice and gratitude, to print, at the beginning of his translation, the honourable testimony of regard which his Majesty Christian VII. sent publicly to London, a few months after the receipt of the work, together with the letter of thanks which he returned for so signal a token of his favour*. From these documents, it appears that his Danish Majesty sent to him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him, in

* See Works, vol. v. Preface.

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the strongest terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign.

To the history of Nadir Shah, he added a Treatise on Oriental Poetry, in the language of the translation: and I may venture to assert, that Mr. Jones was the only person in England, at that time, capable of producing a work, which required a critical knowledge of two foreign languages, one of which was scarcely known in Europe. Indeed, when we consider the accuracy of the translation, which has been acknowledged by the most competent judges; the extreme difficulty attending a literal version of Oriental imagery and idioms; the errors common to all manuscripts, which he had no means of amending by the collation of different copies; and the elegance and correctness of his French style; we cannot but express our astonishment at the perfection of his performance, and the rapidity with which

which it was completed. The annexed treatise on Oriental poetry is instructive and elegant, interesting from its novelty, and entertaining from its subject and variety, and exhibits the combined powers of taste and erudition. This work was executed by a young man in his twenty-third year; and the motives which induced him to undertake it, had an equal influence on his exertions to render it as perfect as possible.

In detailing the circumstances attending the first publication of Mr. Jones, I have carried the narrative to its conclusion, with some anticipation of the order of time. Part of the summer of 1768 he passed at Tunbridge, where his private studies formed his chief occupation, and the winter of that year in London. He availed himself of the opportunity, which his situation there afforded, of beginning to learn music; and, having made choice of the Welch harp,

harp, for which he had a national partiality, he received lessons from Evans, as long as he remained in town; but, as he was then ignorant of the theory of music, the mere practice, without a knowledge of the principles of the art, gave him little delight. I know not that he ever afterwards resumed the practice of the harp, nor is it to be regretted that he employed the time, which must have been dedicated to the attainment of any degree of perfection on this instrument, in more important pursuits.

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Jones formed an acquaintance with Reviczki, afterwards the Imperial minister at Warsaw, and Ambassador at the Court of England, with the title of Count. This learned and accomplished nobleman was deeply captivated with the charms of Oriental literature; and the reputation of Mr. Jones as an Oriental scholar attracted his advances towards

wards an intimacy, which were eagerly received.

After their separation, they commenced a correspondence, which was cultivated with attention for many years. Of this correspondence, much has been lost, and many of the remaining letters are defaced and mutilated. They generally wrote in Latin, occasionally in French, on literary subjects chiefly, but more particularly on Oriental literature. From that part of the correspondence, which took place in 1768, I select such letters as seem to fall within my plan, and now present a familiar translation of them to my readers.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

How pleasing was that half hour to me, in which we conversed on Persian poetry, our mutual delight. I considered it the commencement of a most agreeable

* Appendix, No. 1.

friendship

friendship and intercourse between us; but my expectations are disappointed by the circumstances in which we are unavoidably placed; for, my business will confine me to the country longer than I wish; and you, as I am informed, are preparing to return immediately to Germany. I have, therefore, to lament that our intimacy is, as it were, nipped in the bud. I am not, however, without this consolation, that if I cannot personally converse with you, I can at least correspond with you, and thus enjoy the satisfaction arising from a communication of our sentiments and studies. In mentioning *our friendship*, I shall not, I trust, be deemed guilty of an improper freedom. Similarity of studies, fondness for polite literature, congenial pursuits, and conformity of sentiments, are the great bonds of intimacy amongst mankind. Our studies and pursuits are the same, with this difference indeed, that you are already deeply

deeply versed in Oriental learning, whilst I am incessantly labouring with all my might to obtain a proficiency in it. But I will not allow you to excel me in partiality for those studies, since nothing can exceed my delight in them. From my earliest years, I was charmed with the poetry of the Greeks; nothing, I then thought, could be more sublime than the Odes of Pindar, nothing sweeter than Anacreon, nothing more polished or elegant than the golden remains of Sappho, Archilochus, Alcæus, and Simonides: but when I had tasted the poetry of the Arabs and Persians * * * * * * * *

The remainder of this letter is lost: but from the context, and the answer of Rewiczki, we may conclude that it contained an elaborate panegyric on Eastern poetry, expressed with all the rapture which novelty inspires, and in terms degrading to the Muses of Greece and Rome.

C. RE-

C. REVICZKI to W. JONES, Esquire.*

London, Feb. 19, 1768.

SIR,

I am highly gratified by your recollection of me, as well as by the repeated compliments which you pay me, in your letters to Madame de Vaucluse. I must acknowledge, that I feel not a little proud of them; but still more, that an interview of a quarter of an hour has procured me the honour of your friendship. I should be most happy to cultivate it, if my plans allowed me to remain longer in this country, or if I could at least see you at Oxford, which I purpose visiting before I leave England. I hear, with pleasure, that you have undertaken to publish a Treatise on Oriental Prosody. As I am convinced that you will perform this task

* Appendix, No. 4.

most

most ably and successfully, I anticipate with satisfaction the mortification of all our European Poets, who must blush at the poverty of their prosaic language, when they find that the Oriental dialects (independently of rhyme, which is of their invention) have true syllabic quantities as well as the Greek, and a greater variety of feet, and consequently the true science of metre and prosody.

I take the liberty of sending you a rough sketch of one of my latest translations from Hafez, with whom I sometimes amuse myself in a leisure hour. You are too well acquainted with the genius of the Persian language, not to perceive the rashness of my attempt; I do not indeed pretend to give the beauty of the original, but merely its sense, simple and unornamented. I have added to it a very free paraphrase in verse, in which, however, the greatest deviation from the text consists in the occasional

occasional substitution of *mistress* for *mignon*, either to give a connection to the stanzas, which in this kind of composition is never preserved, or to make it more conformable to our European taste. The Persian poet indeed speaks of his mistress in the first verse.

You will find in the margin several quotations from the Greek and Latin Poets, which occurred to my recollection, whilst I was reading Hafez, expressing the same sentiments with the Persian. I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you here before I leave England, assuring you with truth, that I consider the honour of your acquaintance among the greatest advantages attending my visit to this country.

I am, &c.——

C. RE-

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, Feb. 24, 1768.

SIR,

I received your learned and obliging letter on the same day on which I wrote to you; and I read it with the greatest pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been more just to your own merit, and less flattering to me. I will not however take your expressions literally; and notwithstanding your declarations, the taste and judgment which you have displayed in the passages quoted by you, evidently prove that you have advanced far in Oriental literature. I must however beg quarter for the Greek and Latin; for, admitting, what I am not disposed to deny, the perfection, and even the superiority of the Orientals, particularly the Persians in some species of poetry, I would without hesitation renounce all knowledge of the

* Appendix, No 3.

three

three Eastern languages for that of the Greek alone. I rejoice that you have made so much progress in your work, and that I may hope soon to see it published; but how to assist you with my advice I know not, as I have not with me a single treatise upon the subject of Oriental prosody. It is in truth an ocean; and such are the abundance and variety of measures used by the Orientals, that no memory can retain them.

I am very anxious to learn under what head you class the Kasidah, a species of composition highly admired by the Arabs, and very successfully cultivated by them; it has a nearer resemblance than any other kind of poetry to the Latin elegy, but its construction partakes of that of the *Gazel**, with this difference, that the latter

* Amatory Poem; it is not restricted to thirteen couplets, as Reviczki writes, but to seventeen, and generally contains about seven or eight.

is restricted to thirteen couplets, whilst the number of those in the *Kasidah* is unlimited; and secondly, that in each distich of the *Gazel*, the sense must be complete and finished, whilst in the *Kasidah*, the sentiment is continued through successive lines.

Of this species of composition, I do not know a more perfect specimen, than the poem on the death of Mohammed, so celebrated throughout the East, that every man of letters can repeat it. It is one continued allegory, but admirable and pathetic, and begins, if I rightly remember, thus:

Does memory recall the blissful bowers
Of Solyma, the seat of many a friend;
That thus, thy grief pours forth such copious showers,
And bursting sighs thy lab'ring bosom rend?

With respect to your doubts on the supposed allegory of Hafez, much may be

said. I am rather inclined to believe, that the mystical exposition of this great poet, by the Mohammedans, may be imputed to their veneration and respect for his memory, and that their object in it is to justify his conduct as a poet, by representing him equally irreproachable in his morals and compositions. Most of the commentators, as Shemy, Surury, and others, labour to give a mystical interpretation of his verses on wine, youths, pleasures, and a contempt for religion, so discreditable to a good mussulman; but the ablest of them all, the learned Sadi, disclaims this mode of illustration, and professes to give a literal exposition of the text of Hafez, in opposition to the opinions of other commentators, and without questioning the purity of their intentions. It may not be amiss to communicate to you an anecdote, which I have read somewhere respect-

respecting Hafez*. After the death of this great man, some of the religious were disposed to deny his body the right of sepulture, alleging in objection, the licentiousness of his poetry; after a long

* This anecdote is quoted by Sir William Jones, in the ninth chapter of his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, where he states the respective arguments in support of a *literal* or *mystical* interpretation of it. Without pronouncing a positive decision, he gives an opinion in favour of a literal interpretation as the most probable.

In an essay on the mystical poetry of the Persians and Hindus, composed some years afterwards in India, (Works, vol. i. p. 445.) he thus expresses himself on the subject: "It has been made a question, whether "the poems of Hafez must be taken in a literal or figu- "rative sense: but the question does not admit of a "general and direct answer; for, even the most enthu- "siastic of his commentators allow, that some of them "are to be taken literally, and his editors ought to have "distinguished them.——Hafez never pretended to more "than human virtues, and it is known that he had human "propensities;—after his juvenile passions had subsided, "we may suppose, that his mind took that religious bent, "which appears in most of his compositions; for there "can be no doubt that the following distichs, collected "from different odes, relate to the mystical theology "of the Sufis;" &c.

 dispute,

dispute, they left the decision to a divination in use amongst them, by opening his book at random, and taking the first couplet which occurred: It happened to be this:

> Turn not away from Hafez' bier,
> Nor scornful check the pitying tear;
> For tho' immers'd in sin he lies,
> His soul forgiv'n to Heaven shall rise.

This passage was deemed a divine decision; the religious withdrew their objections, and he was buried in Mosella, a place rendered famous by his own verses. This anecdote, I think, is related by Kaleb Celebi. As to myself, although I am disposed to believe, that when Hafez speaks of love and wine, he has no recondite meaning, I am equally willing to declare, that his writings are not disgraced by those obscenities, nor those gross and filthy expressions, which so frequently occur in Sad*i*.

Nor

Nor can I avoid considering him a free thinker; and a hundred passages might be quoted, in which the poet ridicules the Prophet and his Coran; as for instance, when he says,

> Wine, that our sober Seer proclaims
> Parent of sin, and foul misnames,
> With purer joy my soul beguiles,
> Than beauty's bloom, or beauty's smiles.

As to the Turkish poets, I confess I do not read them with the same pleasure, although I am willing to allow that some of them have merit. In my opinion, Ruhi, of Bagdat, is the most agreeable of them all; he has written some admirable satires. Perhaps you are not acquainted with him. The Turkish poets in general, are no better than slavish imitators of the Persians, and often deficient in taste and harmony.

I cannot comprehend how you have discovered an indelicate meaning in these beautiful lines of Mesihi:

Send me not, O God, to the tomb, before I have embraced my friend:———

unless you annex an idea of obscenity to the expression of embracing a youth; a subject which perpetually occurs not only in Oriental poetry, but in Greek and Latin. I send you a recent translation, with a request that you will return it when you are tired with it, as I have no copy.

I am, with the greatest esteem
and veneration,
Sir, &c.

* REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 7, 1768.

I am at a loss to determine whether your letter has afforded me most pleasure or instruction; it is indeed so admirable, that I must point out the only fault which I find in it, that of brevity, although you seem apprehensive of being thought tedious. I suspect that I am in-

* Appendix, No. 4.

debted

debted to your partiality and politeness only, for the excessive encomiums which you have bestowed upon my translation of the two odes which I sent to you, as well as for the favourable opinion which you entertain of my trifles. I am, however, seriously obliged to you for your animadversions upon my inaccuracies, though when I consider their number, I must impute it to your indulgence that you have been so sparing in your corrections. Without wishing to lessen my obligations to your kindness, I cannot avoid mentioning by way of apology, that it is only three months since I resumed the task of writing verses, which I renounced when I left school; and not from any motive of vanity, or desire of reputation, but merely as an amusement of my leisure hours. My relapse has produced the translation of about fifty odes of our learned Hafez,

For

For whom, each hour a growing fondness brings,†
As by degrees the vernal alder springs.

But observing, in the progress of the work, the immense inferiority of my version to the original, I began to be disgusted with it.

I recollect to have read somewhere with great pleasure, the Prelections of the Bishop of Oxford, of which you speak so highly, and which you propose to imitate, but I remember nothing more of this work, than that I thought both the style and arrangement of it, equally admirable. The Grecian and Oriental flowers scattered throughout your letter, delighted me exceedingly, and your selection of them shews your judgment. I also approve your idea of visiting the East; but previously to your undertaking it, I would recommend to you, to make yourself master of the common

† These lines are taken from a juvenile translation of Sir William Jones.

language

language of the Turks, or of the vulgar Arabic, not only as indispensably necessary to your communications with the Mohammedans, but as a means of deriving pleasure and profit from the journey.

I do not mean to apply my censures on the servile imitations of Turkish authors to every species of imitation; for in some instances the imitation, as in the case of Virgil with respect to Hesiod, has surpassed the original. Nor can Hafez himself deny the imputation of plagiarism, having actually transcribed whole lines from other poets; his collection of poems begins with an instance of this kind, for the very first hemistich is transcribed from one of Yezid*, the son of Mowavea, with an

* Yezid was the son of Mowavea, the first Caliph of the race of Ommiah, and being reproached by his father for excessive drinking, replied as follows:

Does this thy wrath inspire, because I quaff'd
The grape's rich juice?—then doubly sweet the draught.
Rage—I will drink unmoved, for to my soul,
Sweet is thy wrath, and sweet the flowing bowl.

alteration

alteration only in the collocation of the words, not to mention nearly a complete ode in another place; but I am disgusted with the flat and perpetual imitation of the many Turkish poets, to whom we may aptly apply the words of Horace:

O servile herd of imitators!——

Do you wish to know my opinion respecting the other Persian poets, and whether I think Hafez alone elegant? far from it; for who can read without ecstasy the first page of Sadi? Indeed, my passion for Oriental literature was first excited by hearing the following lines of Sadi accidentally repeated by my teacher at Constantinople, who explained them to me:

All-bounteous Lord! whose providential care
E'en on thy proud rebellious sons descends;
How canst thou bid thy votaries despair,
Whose boundless mercy to thy foes extends?

But who can suppress his indignation, when he reads the wretched translation of this

this elegant writer, by Gentius? I acknowledge however, that I am more delighted with Hafez, who unites fine morality with cheerfulness. With respect to Jami, whose works I do not at present possess, I remember enough of what I read at Constantinople to venture to assert, that he is the most successful of the Persian poets. In the judgment of Sadi, Hafez is unequal; some of his odes are excellent, others very inferior, and some very tame, whilst Jami preserves an equality throughout. I have not translated the ode of Hafez, "If that fair maid," &c.* into Latin verse, as the sense is so unconnected: but a prose translation of it with notes, if you wish to have it, is at your service. In the mean time, I send you my latest production, not complete indeed, but a mere embryo. Farewel.

* See a poetical translation of this ode, in Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

P. S. It

P. S. It is little to say, I approve your Arabic verses; I really admire them, but dare not in this instance attempt to imitate you.

REVICZKI.

* REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 17th, 1768.

I was highly delighted with your letter, particularly with your various translations, imitations, and compositions; they not only prove you have

> Made the Greek authors your supreme delight,
> Read them by day, and studied them by night:
> (FRANCIS:)

but that you have attained all the peculiar elevation, as well as elegance of that language. Your Ode to Venus is as beautiful as Venus herself; and you have imitated with wonderful success so divine an original.

* Appendix, No. 5.

Is

Is it not melancholy to reflect, that not only so much of the compositions of this elegant writer should be lost, but that the little which remains is so mutilated and corrupted?

That the text of the ode selected by you, and even that preserved by Dionysius, and published by Upton, is preferable to that of Stephens, or whoever made the emendations (such as they are), I freely admit; for the rules of dialect are not only better observed, but it contains stronger marks of being genuine: yet, after all, it is impossible to deny, that there are many chasms in it, as well as errors, which cannot be satisfactorily amended by any explanation or twisting of the sense.

That Sappho wrote in the dialect of her own country, which cannot at this time be perfectly understood, is sufficiently probable; but it would be absurd to suppose

pose the Æolic dialect irreconcileable to metre and prosody; not to mention the evident corruption of the sense in some passages.

* * * * * *

Your translation of the Epigram on the Kiss of Agatho, is very elegant, and the idea in it resembles that of Hafez in the following lines:

Anxious thy blooming charms to see,
Quick to my lips my soul ascends;
Must it expire or live?—decree;—
For on thy voice my fate depends.

I send you, as I promised, a prose translation of the Persian ode, together with an attempt at a poetical version of it, which I will hereafter improve. Pray inform me, whether there is any translation of Hafez, printed or manuscript, in Latin, or any other European language; for I know of no other attempt at a translation of this poet, than that of the first ode, lately published

published in the Analecta of Professor Hyde.

I request likewise to be informed, where I am likely to find the first book of the Iliad of Homer, with an analysis and notes, for the use of scholars, printed in England, which a friend of mine wishes to procure for his son.

The ode, of which you praise the concluding verse, is elegant; I remember only the first couplet:—

> Bring wine, and scatter flow'rs around,
> Nor seek the depths of fate to sound:—
> Such was the morning rose's tale;—
> What say'st thou, warbler of the vale?

Although I have begun the preparations for my departure, and have packed up my books, if you wish to have a translation of this ode, or if it will be of any use to you, I will undertake it before I go. I wait your commands. Farewel.

C. RE-

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

London, March 29th, 1768.

That I have deferred longer than usually my reply to your obliging letter, you must impute to the novel, and strange appearance of things here. You will not, I trust, be disposed to blame a delay, occasioned by the attention of a foreigner to customs which are peculiar to your country, and which I never observed in any other; for I confess to you that I never saw any thing similar to the mode here pursued of electing members of parliament, the novelty of it at first amused me, but the increasing tumult sickened and disgusted me, and, by compelling me to remain at home, afforded me an opportunity of writing to you. I rejoice that my version of the Persian ode pleases you, and that it has induced you to think me equal

* Appendix, No. 6.

to

to the translation of the whole collection. But highly as I am honoured by your opinion, I cannot but think your advice somewhat unmerciful, for what mortal, unless

> Or oak, or brass, with triple fold,
> Around his daring bosom roll'd,
>
> (Francis,)

would undertake a translation in prose and verse of six hundred odes? The attempt would not only require many years, but an entire exemption from all other occupations; which is not my case; I can only make these studies my occasional amusement. I mean, however, some time or other, to publish as much as I can.

The person who applied to me for the first book of the Iliad, with a verbal analysis, already possesses the key to Homer; but he thinks the other work better adapted to the use of boys, because the notes in it are subjoined to the text, which is

not the plan of the Clavis. If you have one at hand, oblige me by just looking into it; for, if my memory does not fail me, there is a catalogue prefixed, mentioning the work which I want, and the name of the printer.

Although your politeness has excused any further efforts, I nevertheless send the ode which you requested in your last letter but one, as I think it will please you. It is by no means one of the easiest, either to understand, or translate; and indeed, the force of the peculiar idioms of a foreign language cannot be well conveyed by any circumlocution.

You ask my opinion of the affinity between the Hebrew and Arabic, and of an idiom common to both, of using the future for the past. Though I seldom read Hebrew, or, to say the truth, though I consider this sacred language rather as an object of veneration than of delight,

(for,

(for, excepting the Old Testament itself, and some rabbinical dreams about it, there is nothing in it worth perusal,) I well remember, from the little of it which I have read, having remarked a close connection between the grammar of the Hebrew and Arabic, the moods and tenses in both are so few, as to require the frequent substitution of one for another; the Greek, however, which is so redundant in moods and tenses, sometimes does the same; for instance, when it uses the infinitive for the imperative. With respect to the measures used in the two languages, I am of a different opinion, for I consider the metrical art of the Arabs of much later invention, and to have assumed its present form only a short time before Mohammed, there being no trace whatever among them of a more ancient poetry. If the Hebrew poetry had a similar construction, which may indeed be suspected from a similar use of

the vowels, we might by this time have traced, without difficulty, the laws of Hebrew metre by the rules of analogy*.

If the text of the ode, which you mention to have read in the miscellaneous works of some anonymous author, had been correct, you would not have wanted my humble assistance: but it is so full of errors, that I must be an Œdipus to interpret it. Every one knows, that the mere irregularity of the diacritical points occasions infinite difficulty in the Oriental languages; but this is doubly increased by the casual omission or alteration of the letters themselves. It is therefore abso-

* The probability that the metrical compositions of the Hebrews and Arabs were founded on the same rules of prosody, is intimated by Sir W. Jones, in his Commentaries on Asiatic poetry, and proposed to the investigation of the learned. This opinion is suggested, by the close affinity of the languages of those ancient people, whence he argues to a presumption that their poets used the same numbers, feet, and measures, in their compositions.

lutely-

lutely necessary in my opinion, as it is impossible to find manuscripts without errors, to possess two copies of every one which you read, that the faults of the one may be corrected by the other; and this is my method.

* * * * *

I have only to conclude by thanking you for your Italian sonnet, and expressing the commendation to which it is entitled.—Farewel.

† Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

April 1768.

Nothing can afford a stronger proof of your polite attention to me, than your last very friendly letter, which you contrived to write in the midst of city bustle, during the noise of riotous mobs, and the tumult of a parliamentary election, and to accompany it with a most beau-

† Appendix, No. 7.

tiful

tiful Persian Ode, and a Latin translation. Our favourite Hafez deserves indeed to be fed with ambrosia, and I daily discover, with increasing delight, new beauties and elegances in him. The principal difficulty attending the translation and publication of his poems as you have begun, consists in giving them a poetical dress; but this will prove easier than you imagine; for there are many of his odes, which I conclude you will not attempt to translate, as containing expressions wholly foreign to our manners, lofty and daring figures, or abrupt unconnected lines; and this will in some measure alleviate the Herculean labour of the task.

* * * * *

If I were not a sincere lover of truth, and averse from all dissimulation, I should lament that our capital has fallen under your inspection in these times of turbulence and distraction, when

when the liberty of my country, so universally celebrated, has degenerated into unbridled licentiousness, not to say outrage. The original form of our constitution is almost divine;—to such a degree, that no state of Rome or Greece could ever boast one superior to it; nor could Plato, Aristotle, nor any legislator, even conceive a more perfect model of a state. The three parts which compose it are so harmoniously blended and incorporated, that neither the flute of Aristoxenus, nor the lyre of Timotheus, ever produced more perfect concord. What can be more difficult than to devise a constitution, which, while it guards the dignity of the sovereign, and liberty of the people, from any encroachment by the influence and power of the nobility, preserves the force and majesty of the laws from violation, by the popular liberty? This was the case formerly in our island, and would be so still,

if

if the folly of some had not prompted them to spur on the populace, instead of holding them in. I cannot therefore restrain my indignation against *Wilkes*, a bold and able, but turbulent man, the very torch and firebrand of sedition: but what can be said in defence of the honour and consistency of some of our nobility, who, after having given him their countenance and support, shamefully deserted and betrayed him?

If you wish to obtain more accurate information respecting our laws and customs, I recommend to your perusal Smith's Treatise on the English Constitution, and the Dialogue of Fortescue in praise of the Laws of England. Thomas Smith was the English ambassador in France in the reign of Elizabeth, and his work is in Latin, and not inelegantly written. To Fortescue's little tract, we may apply the words of Xenophon to the Teleboas; "it is not

"large,

"large, but beautiful." He was Chancellor of England under Henry the Sixth, and was compelled by the distractions of the times, to take refuge with his pupil Prince Edward in France, where, in an advanced age, he composed his little golden dialogue. These books will convince you that our laws are framed with the greatest wisdom, and that as Pindar, quoted by Plato in his Gorgias, says,

> Sov'reign o'er all, eternal law
> On Gods and Men imposes awe,
> And justice, strengthen'd by her hand,
> O'er all exerts supreme command.

When I reflect on our constitution, I seem as it were to contemplate a game at chess, a recreation in which we both delight. For we have a king whose dignity we strenuously defend, but whose power is very limited; the knights, and rooks, and other pieces, have some kind of resemblance to the orders of nobility, who are employed

employed in war, and in the management of public affairs; but the principal strength is in the pawns, or people; if these are firmly united, they are sure of victory, but if divided and separated, the battle is lost. The motions of all, as in the game of chess, are regulated by fixed laws: lastly, when I consider myself, I seem like a spectator, contemplating for his mere amusement the two parties at the game; but if it ever should be my lot to be concerned in the administration of affairs, I will renounce gain and popularity, and pursue one object, and one only, to preserve our beautiful constitution inviolate.

Contrary to my intention, I find I have been prolix; I will, therefore, turn to another subject. I read your last letter with an apprehension, that it might communicate the intelligence of your speedy departure from England; but as you are silent on this head, as my business here

here will soon be concluded, and as I know the uncertainty of all human affairs, I am determined to embrace an opportunity, which, if I now neglect, may not again occur, of paying you a visit in London about the middle of the month.—Farewel.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—No Date.—1768.

I have received your two letters replete with taste and erudition: your kindness towards me is as conspicuous in them, as the brilliancy of your genius. I now reply to both.

Your approbation of my intention to publish my work, gives me, as it ought, great pleasure; for I cannot but rejoice, as Hector in the tragedy says, "in the "praise of one, who is himself entitled to "praise." The perusal of the two odes of

* Appendix, No. 8.

the

the divine poet, afforded me infinite delight; they are very beautiful, but their beauties are more conspicuous from your luminous interpretation. Your metrical imitation of them is elegant, and if you will allow me to publish it in my work, you will equally oblige me and my readers, who will be glad to hear the Persian poet speak Latin; if you object to this, copies of them shall be deposited with my treasures, and the originals restored to you as soon as possible. You bid me return the verses to you when I am tired with them: this is as much as to say keep them for ever, for it is impossible that I can ever be tired with the perusal.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, November 1768.

I cannot resist the temptation of writing to you, although I fear

* Appendix, No. 9.

you

you may have quitted this country before my letter arrives.

I have received your obliging letter, with an elegant ode of Hafez, which I read with the greatest pleasure, or rather devoured.

But what necessity is there to say more, since it is possible that what I write, may never reach you? Let me, again and again, intreat and beseech your remembrance of me wherever you go, and that you will write to me as speedily, and at as great a length as possible. Be assured that nothing has, or ever can, afford me greater pleasure than your friendship.

* * * * * *

These letters strongly mark the enthusiasm of Mr. Jones, and his learned friend Reviczki, for Oriental literature; nor am I surprised to find that the former should have been led by it, to entertain an intention of visiting the East: no one, however, will regret that it was at that period abandoned.

doned. Every reader will peruse with pleasure, the enthusiastic veneration expressed by Mr. Jones for the British constitution, and the ardour with which he pronounces himself its champion; they will also remark that his attachment to it was indelible, and acquired strength from his increasing knowledge of its laws and principles.

For an account of his occupations at Wimbledon, where he passed the Spring of 1769, I shall transcribe part of a letter which he wrote to an intimate friend, John Wilmot, Esquire.

" My life is one unvaried scene of wri-
" ting letters, and attending the donzelle
" vezzose e tenerolle, by whose beauties I
" confess myself easily overcome.

" I have just read Robertson's Life of
" Charles the Fifth, the narrative of which
" is amusing and instructive, and the style
" flowing and elegant: but the former

" wants

" wants that spirit and fire of genius, that " alone can make a history animated, and " leave great impressions on the mind; and " the latter has too great a sameness in the " turn of the sentences, and abounds with " too many affected words.

" I have also given my favourite Petrarch " a second reading, and was so much pleas- " ed with his lamentations over Laura, that " I selected the most beautiful passages, " and threw them all together in the form " of an Elegy*, which I send you inclosed, " but beg you will return it as soon as you " can, as I have no other copy. I fear I " shall not be at Oxford this Spring, but " am not certain. Give my compliments " to Poore, and tell him, if he will descend " from the starry temple of philosophy, and " write to a very idle fellow, I shall be " glad to hear from him, especially as I

* Works, vol. iv. p. 459.

" am

"am desirous of knowing his sentiments "about my Treatise De Poësi Asiaticâ."

* * * * *

In the Summer of this year, Lord Althorpe was settled at Harrow, and Mr. Jones, who accompanied him there, had the satisfaction of seeing himself restored to the society of Dr. Sumner. Their enthusiasm for literature was equal: the master contemplated, with delight unmixed with envy, a rival of his own erudition in his scholar, who acknowledged with gratitude his obligations to his preceptor. Their intercourse, although interrupted, had never been discontinued; and Mr. Jones seldom suffered any considerable time to elapse without visiting Harrow. During his residence there at this period, he transcribed a Persian Grammar, which he had three years before composed for the use of a school-fellow who had been destined for India,

India, but had since relinquished that object for a commission in the army.

I find also from his correspondence, that he had begun a Dictionary of the Persian Language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East: but he expressed at the same time his determination not to continue the work, unless the India Company would purchase it at a considerable expense.

The serious reader has probably remarked, that, amidst the attention of Mr. Jones to general literature, Religion has not been mentioned as an object of his study, and he may be solicitous to know his opinions on this important subject, and whether he had made any, and what, progress in that knowledge, in comparison of which all erudition is trifling, and human science vain. Notwithstanding the anxiety of Mrs. Jones for the improvement of her son, and her indefatigable exertions to promote it in his

early years, she had initiated him no further in the principles of our holy faith, than to teach him the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed. During his residence at Harrow, at the earnest recommendation of Dr. Glasse, whose name I mention with reverence, Mr. Jones was induced to peruse a work, intitled, "Private Thoughts on Religion," by Bishop Beveridge, with considerable attention; and he was particularly struck with a passage, in which the pious author argues, that a profession of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid enquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith, than the Mohammedans have for theirs. The observation readily suggested to his recollection a famous couplet in Zayre, which he did not hesitate to apply to himself:

J'eusse été près du Gange, esclave des faux dieux,
Chrétienne dans Paris, Mussulmane en ces lieux.

I wish

I wish for my own satisfaction, as well as that of my reader, that I were able to pronounce what impression the perusal of this work made upon the mind of Mr. Jones. It is probable, and the presumption is not advanced without reason, that it induced him to reflect with more seriousness than he had ever before entertained on the subject of religion, and to investigate the grounds on which the Old and New Testament had been received, during so many ages, as the Word of God. It is evident however, from a conversation with two of his clerical friends at Harrow at this time, when he was in his twenty-fourth year, that his belief in Christianity was not unmixed with doubts. These doubts were stated by him, in hopes of obtaining a solution of them; but being disappointed, he declared his determination to peruse the whole of the Scriptures in the original uninterruptedly, that he might be enabled to form a

correct judgment of the connection between the two parts, and of their evidence both internal and external. The exposition of his doubts to those whom he thought qualified to solve them, was a proof of his anxiety to know the truth; and the determination which he formed in consequence of his disappointment, is no less a proof of his sincerity in the search of it. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of anticipating the conclusion to which his investigation led, a firm belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.

In a Hebrew copy of the book of Hosea, I find a series of Propositions in the handwriting of Mr. Jones, containing the sketch of a demonstration of the divine authority of the Christian Religion. These Propositions appear to have been written near the period of the preceding conversation at Harrow. They are not expressed with such accuracy or elegance, as to justify a supposition

sition that they were intended to be made public; but as I know that he always considered the demonstration contained in them satisfactory, I exhibit them as evidence of his early conviction of the truth and completion of the prophecies respecting our Saviour.

PROPOSITION I.

There is *as much* reason to believe, that the writings of Isaiah and the Hebrew Prophets, as that those of Homer and the Greek Poets, are *more ancient* than the time of Jesus.

Objection. Some men might have an interest in forging Isaiah.

Answer. Forged writings would have been more *in point.* Those of Isaiah bear no marks of forgery; and the Jews themselves, who were puzzled by them, acknowledged their *antiquity.*

PROPOSITION II.

These ancient writings, especially Isaiah, allude to some great event, and to some real extraordinary person, "who was put "to death, and complained not;" &c. Isaiah, chap. liii.

PROPOSITION III.

The life and death of Jesus, his virtues and doctrines, though not his miracles, are as much to be believed, as the life and death of Socrates, his virtues, and his doctrine.

PROPOSITION IV.

No person in the history of the Jews, before or after Jesus, coincides with this account, except Jesus.

Therefore Jesus was the subject of their writings, which are consequently inspired, and he a person of an extraordinary nature, that is, the Messiah.

If

If this be just reasoning, we may believe his miracles, and *must* obey his law.

If difficulties occur, and we are asked, "how they can be solved," we may safely answer, "We do not know;" yet we may truly be, and justly be called Christians.

To these Propositions, the following note is subjoined:—"What must be the im-"portance of a book," of which it may be truly said, "if this book be not true, the "religion which we profess is false?"

Mr. Jones returned with his pupil from Harrow, in the Autumnal vacation of 1769, and availed himself of this opportunity to visit his friends at Oxford. During his residence there, he made an excursion to Forest Hill, the occasional habitation of Milton; for whose genius and learning, he early and ever entertained the highest veneration. The public will read with pleasure his own relation of what he

saw

saw and felt on this occasion, in an animated letter which he wrote to Lady Spencer.

To Lady SPENCER.

7th Sept. 1769.

The necessary trouble of correcting the first printed sheets of my history, prevented me to-day from paying a proper respect to the memory of Shakespeare, by attending his jubilee. But I was resolved to do all the honour in my power to as great a poet, and set out in the morning in company with a friend to visit a place, where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first

first marriage, and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his L'Allegro:

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.
* * * * * *
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe;
And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.
* * * * * *
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks. &c.

It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned

tioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milk-maid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot, whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images; it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides: the distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them, the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour,

where

where the sheep were feeding at large, in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church, the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains, belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them shewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber,

ber, and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Pensieroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

> Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglantine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

If I ever pass a month or six weeks at Oxford in the Summer, I shall be inclined

to

to hire and repair this venerable mansion, and to make a festival for a circle of friends, in honour of Milton, the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country ever produced. Such an honour will be less splendid, but more sincere and respectful, than all the pomp and ceremony on the banks of the Avon.

I have the honour, &c.

Towards the end of this year, Mr. Jones accompanied the family of Lord Spencer in a journey to the Continent. I cannot better describe his occupations and reflections during this excursion, than in his own words:

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, 4th Feb. 1770.

The date of my letter will not fail to surprize you; for I do not write from the plains, through which the Thames

* Appendix, No. 11.

or

or Isis, so justly dear to me, glides, but from the foot of the Alps, and in front of the Ligurian sea.

I have resided in this delightful little spot nearly three months; it was not possible therefore for me to receive your two most acceptable letters, dated in September and January, before my departure from England: I have read them with singular pleasure, to which their length did not a little contribute. You cannot conceive my anxiety to peruse your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks; it is, I understand, deposited in Lord Spencer's house in London, but I expect to receive a copy by the first vessel which sails from England for this port, and I will take care that the three remaining copies shall be safely and expeditiously delivered to your friends, and if yours, mine also, although I do not even know them by sight.

The

The approbation which your work has received in Germany, delights, without surprizing me. It was first mentioned to me by a nobleman of that country, apparently a man of taste and amiable manners, who holds, I believe, a public office at Milan; and he promised not only to send it to me, but to inform me of your health, and where to address you; a promise which gave me the greatest satisfaction: for I suspected (forgive the injustice of the suspicion) that I no longer retained a place in your remembrance, and in consequence despaired of hearing from you, unless I first wrote to you. In this suspense, I received your two most welcome letters with fourteen odes: they are not only worthy of the lyre, but the lyre to which they are sung, ought to be of gold. I am indeed proud of your condescension in asking my opinion of them, as I can by no means think myself entitled to such an honour. I will however make my remarks upon

them as well as I can, and return them to you when I receive an answer to this letter; for I should be sorry to trust such precious writings to the uncertain conveyance of the post.

This letter will probably reach you in a fortnight, and I beg you to gratify me by an early acknowledgment of it; for I assure you with great truth, that nothing can give me more pleasure than a letter from you, however hasty. You perhaps wish to know how I employed my time after your departure from England; a short explanation will suffice. Amongst other occupations, I revised and corrected my Commentaries on Oriental Poetry, and when I was preparing an accurate transcription of the manuscript for your perusal, I was unexpectedly interrupted by a business of more importance*.

* * * * * *

I had

* The business here alluded to, is the translation of the life of Nadir Shah, the circumstances of which have

I had scarcely brought this work to a conclusion, when, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the younger sister of my pupil, (who frequently talks of you) her father determined to pass the winter with his family in Italy, or the South of France. I was therefore under the necessity of entrusting my history (as the King of Denmark was anxious for its publication) to a Frenchman, upon whose accuracy I could depend, for correcting the errors of the press. I have just learned from him, that the work is printed; and I will take care that not even his Danish Majesty shall receive a copy of it before you. Having thus left England, we repaired to Paris, and after rather a tedious residence there, we proceeded with great rapidity by the Rhone to Lyons, and from

have been already detailed, and are repeated in another letter; the particular mention made of them in the letter before the reader, is therefore untranslated.

that place continued our journey by Marseilles, Frejus, and Antibes, to Nice,

> Where Spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,
> And banish'd Winter flies the blooming plains.

Even here we shall remain longer than I wish; but I hope to return to England by the beginning of June. I propose, however, if I should have an opportunity, to cross the sea about the middle of this month, and visit Florence, that celebrated colony of the Triumviri, and the cradle of reviving literature, as well as Rome, the nurse of all elegant arts, and perhaps Naples; but on this plan you shall hereafter know my determination. You may perhaps enquire, what are my occupations at this place: I will tell you in few words; music, with all its sweetness and feeling; difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics; the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting; these occupy all my senses and thoughts; nor do I neglect the

study

study of the military art, which it would be the greatest disgrace to an English gentleman, not to be acquainted with. I have written much in my native language, and amongst other things a little Tract on Education, in the manner of Aristotle, that is, the analytic manner. I have moreover begun a tragedy, to which I have given the title of Soliman, whose most amiable son perished miserably, as you know, by the treachery of a step-mother. The story is full of the most affecting incidents, and has more sublimity even than the tragedies of Æschylus, as it abounds with Oriental images. I send you translations of two odes, one from Hafez, the other from the very ancient Arabic poet; but I have adapted the images of the latter to the Roman manners, and I fill the remainder of the paper with a Greek epigram, in imitation of a little English song. Farewell. You shall have your papers as

soon as I am informed that you have received this letter.

* Mr. JONES to N. B. HALHED.

Nice, March 1, 1770.

I received your short letter with great pleasure, as it convinced me, that you were not insensible of my esteem for you, and such as resemble you. I wrote immediately to my friends, as you desired, most earnestly requesting them to promote your views, as if my own interest were concerned; if they accede to my wishes in this respect, they will oblige me and themselves too; for doubtless I shall be ready to make them every return that I can. I think however that I shall have it in my power to serve you more effectually, after my return to England; and I beg you to believe, that no inclination or efforts on my part, shall ever be wanting to promote your wishes.

* Appendix, No. 12.

My

My health is good; but I long for those enjoyments, of which I know not well how to bear the privation. When I first arrived here, I was delighted with a variety of objects, rarely, if ever, seen in my own country,—olives, myrtles, pomegranates, palms, vineyards, aromatic plants, and a surprising variety of the sweetest flowers, blooming in the midst of winter. But the attraction of novelty has ceased; I am now satiated, and begin to feel somewhat of disgust. The windows of our inn are scarcely thirty paces from the sea, and, as Ovid beautifully says—

Tired, on the uniform expanse I gaze.

I have therefore no other resource than, with Cicero, to count the waves, or, with Archimedes and Archytas, to measure the sands. I cannot describe to you how weary I am of this place, nor my anxiety to be again at Oxford, where I might jest with you, or philosophize with Poore. If

it

it be not inconvenient, I wish you would write to me often, for I long to know how you and our friends are: but write if you please in Latin, and with gaiety, for it grieves me to observe the uneasiness under which you appear to labour. Let me ever retain a place in your affection, as you do in mine; continue to cultivate polite literature; woo the muses; reverence philosophy; and give your days and nights to composition, with a due regard however to the preservation of your health.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Nice, April 1770.

It is impossible to describe my vexation at not hearing from you, and I can only conclude that you have not received my letter of February, or, what would be more unpleasant, that your letter has miscarried, or finally, what I dread

* Appendix, No. 13.

even

even to suspect, that I no longer retain a place in your remembrance. I have written to you from this place, not (as Cicero says to Lucceius) a very fine epistle, but one that I cannot but think would be acceptable to you, because it was very long, and contained, besides, much information respecting myself. After a sufficient time for the receipt of an answer, which I most anxiously expected, I daily enquired if there were any letters from Vienna;—none, none, was the reply day after day. My anxiety and uneasiness at this disappointment daily increased, and nearly two months are now elapsed without a line from you. What can I do? or what shall I devise? I fear to trust your papers, which you desired me to return, to a conveyance so hazardous as the post; although I am persuaded it will be inconvenient for you to be so long without them; but although I cannot venture to send them before

before I hear from you, I inclose my remarks, which you may throw into the fire, if you do not like them:—they are, as you seemed to wish, somewhat hypercritical, and perhaps too severe.

Your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, delighted me exceedingly; nothing can be more useful or opportune. As I cannot depend upon this letter reaching you, I write but little, having no wish to talk to the winds, and risk the loss of time, which I can better employ. I expect to leave this town about the middle of the month. My proposed Italian expedition is deferred to a future period. Farewell, my Charles, and remember me, as I do you. After my return to England, I will write to you frequently, and my letters shall be longer and more cheerful.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.—

Date erased.

Although I cannot possibly receive an answer to my letter before I leave this place, I will not have to reproach myself for neglecting an opportunity of writing to you. I concur most heartily in your sentiments on the pleasures of travelling, as on all other subjects; nothing, in my opinion, can be more useful or more delightful. How much more agreeable would my journey be, if I could make Vienna a part of it, where I might enjoy your conversation, philosophize with you, trifle away an idle hour, or explore with you the hidden treasures of poetry. As I am deprived of this happiness, I shall take the liberty of saying something not so favourable of the pleasures, which I ac-

* Appendix, No. 14.

tually

tually enjoy. I am disgusted with the odious rattle of French gaiety; and the calm serenity of an Italian sky has something gloomy in it. I am so much in love with myself, *i. e.* so much beside myself, that, in my own eyes, I appear more worthy of your friendship than ever. You cannot conceive how different I am from what you knew me in England. I was then young and thoughtless; now I devote myself wholly to polite literature, and the great objects of my ambition are virtue, fame, and, above all, your friendship; objects than which nothing can be more divine, estimable, or dear to me. That I may not altogether write an *unlettered letter*, I send you a Greek version of an English epigram. It was composed in a calm night, by a friend of mine, and I translated it at his request. I think it will please you, as it appears to have an affinity to

the style of Meleager, and other poets in the Anthologia*.

To Lady SPENCER.

Nice, April 14th, 1770.

It is with great pleasure, that I acquaint your Ladyship, that Mrs. Poyntz, Lady Harriet, and her brother, are perfectly well; Mrs. Poyntz goes this morning to Villa Franca; I am to be her knight, and am just equipped to mount my Rosinantè; Mademoiselle Annette is to go upon Lady Mary Somerset's ass; so we shall make a formidable procession. It is a delightful morning, and I hope Mrs. Poyntz will be pleased with her jaunt. We have had very bad weather, violent rains, and storms of thunder in the night, a close, sultry heat all day, and a very

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 133.—In the original, Mr. Jones indulges himself with a play on words, which cannot be imitated in the translation.

sharp

sharp cold every evening; but the spring seems now to be pretty well settled; and I fancy we shall have a continually clear sky, and a mild air, as long as we stay. We all promise ourselves great pleasure in our journey homewards; and we have great reason to believe it will be enchantingly pleasant. I have every day more and more reason to be pleased with the unfolding of my pupil's disposition: your Ladyship will perhaps think these to be words of course, and what you might naturally expect from any other person in my situation; but, believe me, I say them upon no other motive than their truth; for if it were my nature to speak to any one what I do not think, I should at least speak truly to your Ladyship, of whom I am, with the greatest truth,

The obliged and grateful
humble servant,
WILLIAM JONES.

To

To Lady SPENCER.

Paris, 4th June, 1770.

Your Ladyship will be surprised at receiving such a parcel of papers from me; but I am willing to make amends for not writing all last month. The truth is, I had nothing particular to say at that time; but on my arrival at Paris, I found a letter from my friend Reviczki, with a very spirited ode composed by him upon the marriage of the Archduchess. I dare say Lord Spencer will like it, and I therefore take the liberty to inclose it for him. I have marked in this manner ⊙ two or three passages that are faulty; and I have put this sign ⌒ to one stanza that I do not quite understand. I have also sent with it the Baron's letter to me, which will serve as a comment upon many parts of the ode. You will have heard of the shocking accidents that happened here the night

night of the fire-works. Above one hundred and thirty people were killed; and several people of fashion were crushed to death in their carriages. We had the good fortune to arrive here two days after this dreadful catastrophe; which perhaps has saved some of us, if not from real danger, at least from the apprehension of it. We shall not be sorry to see England again, and hope to have that pleasure very soon. Soon after my return, I think of going to Oxford for a short time: but if Lord Althorpe goes back to school this summer, as I sincerely hope he will, I shall not go to College till August; for I am convinced that a public school has already been, and will continue to be, of the highest advantage to him in every respect. While Mrs. Poyntz staid at Lyons, I made an excursion to Geneva, in hopes of seeing Voltaire, but was disappointed. I sent him a note with a few verses, implying that the muse

of

of tragedy had left her ancient seat in Greece and Italy, and had fixed her abode on the borders of a lake, &c. He returned this answer: "The worst of French poets "and philosophers is almost dying; age "and sickness have brought him to his last "day; he can converse with nobody, and "entreats Mr. Jones to excuse and pity "him. He presents him with his humble "respects." But he was not so ill as he imagined; for he had been walking in his court, and went into his house just as I came to it. The servants shewed me somebody at a window, who they said was he; but I had scarce a glimpse of him. I am inclined to think that Voltaire begins to be rather serious, when he finds himself upon the brink of eternity; and that he refuses to see company, because he cannot display his former wit and sprightliness. I find my book* is published; I am not at all

* Translation of the Life of Nadir Shah.

solicitous

solicitous about its success: as I did not choose the subject myself, I am not answerable for the wild extravagance of the style, nor for the faults of the original; but if your Ladyship takes the trouble to read the dissertation at the end, you may perhaps find some new and pleasing images. The work has one advantage, it is certainly authentic. Lady Georgiana is so good as to enquire how Soliman goes on; pray tell her he is in great affliction, as he begins to suspect the innocence of Mustafa, who is just slain. To be serious; my tragedy is just finished; and I hope to shew it to your Ladyship in a short time.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

De La Fontaine is with us; he seems very well, but is still weak and complaining. I must add a little stroke of French courage, which I have just heard. In the midst

midst of all the disasters of the fire-works, the Mareschal de Richlieu was in such a panic, that he got out of his carriage, and screamed out, Est-ce qu'on veut laisser perir un Mareschal de France? N'y a-t-il personne pour secourir un Mareschal de France?—This will be an eternal joke against him!—

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Spa, July 1770.

What an idle, unsettled fellow I am! I fly over Europe, scarcely stopping any-where. We passed the winter at Nice, enjoyed the spring in France, and I am now spending the summer (if this rainy season may be so called) on the borders of Germany. I certainly can without any risk send your manuscripts from this place, and I advise you by all means to publish them. They are worthy

* Appendix, No. 15.

of your acknowledged talents, and will ensure you the applause of all the learned. I say this without flattery, which is indeed foreign to my character. The criticisms which I sent to you, are full of errors, and you must receive them with great allowance; for during my residence at Nice, I was wholly without ancient books, or other aids, to which I am in the habit of applying, nor do I now possess them.

I have received your French letter, with an incomparable ode: I was particularly charmed with that happy transition in it;

> O'er kindred, or o'er friendship's bier
> Affection pours a transient tear:—
> Soon flies the cloud; the solar rays
> Disperse the gloom, and brighter blaze.

Believe me, when I read these lines, I could scarely restrain my tears; for nature has that power over me, that I am more affected by the beauties of a tender simplicity,

plicity, than by the loftiest figures of poetry; and hence I am more delighted with a passage in the first Pythian ode of the divine Pindar concerning the Muses, than by his elaborate description of the Eagle and Ætna*.

What shall I send in return for your present? Accept the accompanying ode, which is at least valuable for its antiquity. You will perhaps smile; it is not an epithalamium on the marriage of Antoinette the Dauphiness, but contains the eulogium of a very ancient Chinese monarch, whose name, though a monosyllable only, I have forgotten. When I read the works of Confucius, translated by Couplet and others, I was struck with admiration at the venerable dignity of the sentiments,

* But they on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horror hear the heav'nly strain,
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the muse.
West's Translation.

as well as at the poetical fragments, which adorn the discourses of that philosopher. They are selected from the most ancient records of Chinese poetry, and particularly from a work, entitled Shi-king, of which there is a fine copy in the royal library at Paris. I immediately determined to examine the original; and, referring to the volume, after a long study, I succeeded in comparing one of the odes with the version of Couplet, and analysed every word, or, more properly, every figure in it. Of this ode, I now send you a literal translation*: it is a composition of a wonderful dignity and brevity; each verse contains four words only, hence the ellipsis is frequent in it, and the obscurity of the style adds to its sublimity. I have annexed a poetical version, making every verse correspond with the sense of Confucius; you will judge

* Sir William Jones's Works, vol. ii. p. 351.

whether

whether I have succeeded or not, it will be sufficient for me if it please you. You know that this philosopher, whom I may venture to call the Plato of China, lived about six hundred years before the Christian æra, and he quotes this ode, as very ancient in his time. It may therefore be considered as a most precious gem of antiquity, which proves, that poetry has been the admiration of all people in all ages, and that it every-where adopts the same images. I must say a few words upon another work, lest my long letter of February, containing a particular account of it from first to last, should have miscarried. I allude to the translation of the life of Nadir Shah, from Persian into French, a most disagreeable task, which I undertook at the request of my Augustus, the King of Denmark, who, I doubt not, will verify the high expectations entertained of him in Europe.

Europe. It was his special injunction, that the translation should be strictly literal, that I should supply such notes as might be necessary, and finally, that I should add a short dissertation on the poetry of the Persians. I finished this tiresome work to the best of my ability, and with such expedition, in compliance with the importunities of his Majesty, that the whole book, and more particularly the dissertation, is full of errors. In the latter, I ventured to insert a translation of ten odes of Hafez, from a very splendid but incorrect manuscript, and without the aid of any commentary. I have written to the Under-Secretary of State, requesting him to send you a copy of it as expeditiously as possible; and I trust he will not disappoint me. Excuse those errors which I could not perhaps have avoided, if I had possessed the greatest leisure, and which the total want

of

of it made almost inevitable. Excuse also the insertion of the two odes, which you sent to me with a French translation only; and lastly, I must beg your excuse for the liberty which I could not avoid taking of mentioning my friend; for I could not resist the desire of letting the King know, how highly I valued you. You will greatly add to the other proofs I have experienced of your kindness towards me, by noticing the errors of the work, and particularly of the dissertation, which I mean to publish in a separate volume.

The King of Denmark, as I am informed, approves my work much, and has some honours in view for me; but of what nature I know not. When he was considering what recompence he should bestow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his Majesty, that I neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious

anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation.

I have directed a copy of your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks, to be sent to his Majesty, because it is worthy his perusal, and because you are the author of it. Do not suppose that I now conclude, because I have nothing more to say; my mind, in truth, overflows with matter, and I have more difficulty in restraining my pen, than to find topics for writing. But I will not abuse and exhaust your patience with my loquacity. For my sake, take care of your health.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, August 9, 1770.

Indeed, my dear Sir, I cannot think you much to be pitied, for having past a year in travelling through various cli-

* Appendix, No. 16.

mates

mates and regions; on the contrary, I think it extremely fortunate that you have had an opportunity which you are well qualified to improve. You have escaped the severity of winter in the mild and temperate climate of Italy, you have enjoyed the spring in France and England, and you are now spending the summer on the confines of Germany, in a place, which is the general rendezvous of Europe; and where you may see, at a glance, an assemblage of various nations. Is not this delightful? Is not the great advantage of travelling, to explore the characters of different people? I can however easily conceive the inconvenience which a man of letters must suffer from the want of means and opportunity to pursue his studies, and this alone is sufficient to diminish the pleasure of it.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the extraordinary composition with which you

you favoured me; it is indeed a literary curiosity. But pray inform me, when you learned the Chinese language; I did not suspect that this was one of your accomplishments, but there are no bounds to your acquisitions as a linguist. I am the more delighted with this little performance, as I can rely upon it as a faithful translation from the Chinese language, of which the few things we have translated, appear very suspicious; it has not only the merit of being very ancient, but in your version appears even elegant. I impatiently expect your life of Nadir Shah; and I beg you to accept my thanks for your attention, in requesting the Under-Secretary of State to forward a copy of it to me; nor am I less anxious to peruse the essay, which you have annexed to it, on Oriental poetry. I admire your condescension in submitting this work to my criticism; you must be sensible

that

that you incur little risk by it, and that you are sure of my approbation. I shall however be obliged to point out one fault, which is no trifle,—your mentioning me in such honourable terms. I have no claim to this distinction, although, if I had foreseen your intention, I would have at least exerted myself to deserve it. There are several of our Vienna ladies and gentlemen now at Spa, who are all well worthy of your acquaintance. I am informed that Lady Spencer is an intimate friend of the Princess Ezterhazy; she can introduce you to the acquaintance of an amiable and respectable lady, who knows how to estimate the value of persons of merit. I have nothing at present worth troubling you with. I reserve this pleasure for a future opportunity, and in the mean time am, with great respect and veneration,

Your very humble servant,

REVICZKI.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 16th, 1770.

Although your last letter gives me no information of your intended destination after your departure from Spa, I conclude from your very silence, that you are now in London. This opinion is confirmed by the late receipt of your letter. I was deprived of the pleasure of hearing from you during my excursion into Hungary; nor did your letter reach me till after my return to Vienna, long subsequent to its date, and when the subject of it was in fact obsolete. Most sincerely do I hope that your wishes may be gratified, and that after so much travelling, I may have the pleasure of seeing you at Vienna.

The French are light and frivolous, the Italians effeminate and enervate, and the Germans may perhaps be dull and morose;

* Appendix, No. 17.

yet

yet they are not on this account to be despised, for if nature has not endowed them with the more elegant qualities, they possess what is more valuable, and win the affections of strangers by plain dealing and simplicity of manners.

I give this testimony to the character of the Germans, without partiality, for I am as much a stranger in Germany, as I lately was in England; and no one, at all acquainted with the character and country of the Germans and Hungarians, can possibly consider them the same, for they are not only dissimilar in disposition, language, and manners, but in their very nature. I will not however dissemble, but candidly confess the truth, that my way of life here is extremely pleasant; nor have I any doubt that you, who are so accurate a judge of mankind, will one day readily subscribe to my opinion of this nation.

I smile

I smile at your declaration that you are changed, and that you hope to be more agreeable to me, from having renounced youthful gratifications, and devoted yourself to the cultivation of literature and the pursuit of virtue; for my own part, I only wish to find you again precisely the same as when I knew and admired you in England, faultless and irreproachable. I confess indeed, that what I particularly valued in you, was the happy talent of blending pleasure and recreation, with the most intense study and thirst for literature.

Take care however, that you do not suffer the ardour of application to deprive you of the gratifications of life, sufficiently brief in their own nature; they are indeed so connected with literature, that the wise and the learned only are qualified for the true enjoyment of them. Take care also, that you have not hereafter reason to complain, in the words of Horace:

Ah

Ah why, while slighted joys I vainly mourn,—
Why will not youth, with youthful thoughts, return?

The chastity of the Muses, and their enmity to Venus, is a mere fable adapted to fiction; *for poetry delights to repose on downy pillows.* I now turn to another subject. I have not yet received your translation of the Persian manuscript which you promised me, and which indeed you seem to have sent; what has delayed its arrival I know not, and will trouble you to enquire about it.

I have read again and again the beautiful English song, with your elegant translation of it in two languages, and I am delighted with it. I wonder however that you are so little satisfied with the Latin version of it, with which I am highly pleased.

* * * * * *

The last letter was received by Mr. Jones, after his return to England. I

may be regretted that his correspondence during his excursion to the Continent, should have been confined chiefly to literary topics, and that his letters contain no observations of a particular nature, on the characters and manners of the French, Italians, and Germans, amongst whom he so long resided. They exhibit however what may be more interesting to those who are anxious to explore his mind and feelings, an undisguised picture of them; and for this reason, I more particularly regret that so few of his letters should have been preserved. The account which he gives of his success in deciphering an ode of Confucius, is a remarkable proof of his ardour for universal literature, and of his invincible application in the pursuit of it. He had before acquired the keys of the Chinese language, and having accidentally discovered, through the medium of an inelegant translation, a treasure locked up in

it,

it, he applies them skilfully, and, with great perseverance, obtains access to it.

Nothing remains of the Treatise on Education, mentioned by Mr. Jones, except the plan; as it is short, I present it to the reader in this place. He will probably regret with me, that the Treatise, if it ever were completed, no longer exists. In the culture of his own talents, Mr. Jones appears strictly to have pursued the objects which he points out as the end of education in general, and to have attempted the attainment of them, by the means which he recommends to others. This little sketch was written in his twenty-third year.

PLAN OF AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

A celebrated Eastern philosopher begins his first dissertation with the following period. The perfect education of a great man, consists in three points: in cultivating and improving his understanding; in assist-

ing and reforming his countrymen; and in procuring to himself the chief good, or a fixed and unalterable habit of virtue.

I have chosen the words of this sublime author, as my subject for a series of essays, in which I design to discourse on education in its fullest extent, tracing it from its beginning with the elementary parts of language, to the great end proposed by it, that is, the ability to benefit mankind and ourselves, either in war or in peace, by action or by speculation. I shall, however, make a slight deviation from the definition of the philosopher, by fixing the good of ourselves and our fellow-creatures, as the primary end proposed by a liberal education; and by considering the cultivation of our understanding, and the acquisition of knowledge, as the secondary objects of it. For knowledge must certainly be acquired before it can be conveyed to others; the consequence of

actions

actions must be known, before the good can be selected from the evil; and the mind must be enlightened by an improvement of our natural reason, before a proper distinction can be made between the real and the apparent good. Now, as neither this knowledge can be perfectly obtained, nor the reason completely improved, in the short duration of human life, unless the accumulated experience and wisdom of all ages and all nations, be added to that which we can gain by our own researches, it is necessary to understand the *languages* of those people who have been, in any period of the world, distinguished for their superior knowledge; and that our own attainments may be made generally beneficial, we must be able to convey them to *other nations*, either in their respective dialects, or in some language, which, from its peculiar excellence and utility, may be in a manner universal.

It follows, therefore, that the more immediate object of education is, to learn the languages of celebrated nations both ancient and modern. But as these cannot, consistently with reason and propriety, be taught before our native tongue, our first step must be to make ourselves perfect masters of the language of the country in which we are born.

In consequence of this analysis, I intend to distribute my dissertation into several distinct treatises; on *language*, on the *understanding*, on *knowledge*, on the *good of mankind*, and on the *good of ourselves*, or *private happiness*.

But there are other acquisitions which must go, as it were, hand in hand with those above mentioned. I mean those which refresh and enliven the mind, and those which improve and adorn the body. For as the human mind, by reason of its earthly impediments, cannot at all times support

support with equal advantage its attention to abstracted subjects, but requires many intervals of relaxation, it is necessary that some state be found between labour and rest, to prevent the faculties from lying totally inactive. Hence proceeds the use of polite literature, and of the liberal arts, of poetry, of painting, and of music, which relieve the mind after any violent exertion of its powers, and prepare it for the reception of fresh knowledge with greater alacrity. And as the mind can neither attend to instruction nor receive refreshment, unless the body enjoy at least a moderate share of health, those exercises are essentially necessary, which tend to procure or preserve it, and which have the double advantage, of strengthening the constitution, by promoting a free and regular circulation, and of giving grace to the body, by forming it to easy and elegant motions. Hence arises the great advantage

vantage of manly sports, of dancing, of swimming, of managing the horse, and of using every sort of weapon; to which must be added, the habit of declaiming with an oratorical voice and gesture, an exercise by no means general, but perhaps more useful and more ornamental than any of the others. Consistently with this division of necessary accomplishments, I shall add two discourses, on the polite arts, and on exercise.

* * * * * *

From the terms in which Mr. Jones speaks of the tragedy of Soliman, in one of his letters, it appears, that he was considerably advanced towards its completion; and from the mention which he afterwards makes of it, in another to Reviczki, it would seem that it was actually finished, but I have in vain attempted to discover any traces of it. The preface to Soliman, written by Mr. Jones, has been

communicated to me, but does not appear sufficiently correct for publication. He notices in it the custom of poets to send abroad their pieces with prefatory discourses calculated to mislead the taste or judgment of their readers, and exemplifies the remark, by reference to Dryden, La Motte, and Corneille. Of Dryden, he observes, that, having composed tragedies in rhyme, he thought it necessary to prepare the public for so novel an attempt by telling them in his advertisements, that every tragedy should be written in rhyme; that La Motte purposely violated the unities of the Drama while Corneille preserved them with an exactness approaching to affectation; and that each endeavoured in a prefatory discourse to prove himself alone in the right. He disclaims all idea of imitating a conduct, which he pronounces absurd and useless, and contents himself with a few hints on the principles

ciples which had directed him in the composition of the tragedy.

The object of theatrical representation, he remarks, is to convey pleasure, and the hope of receiving it, is the inducement which carries people to the theatre; observing that Shakespeare delights and transports him, while Corneille lulls him to sleep; and judging of the feelings of others by his own, he concludes, that all who understand both authors perfectly, must be affected in the same manner. He determines therefore to take Shakespeare for his model, not by adopting his sentiments, or borrowing his expressions, but by aiming at his manner, and by striving to write as he supposes he would have written himself, if he had lived in the eighteenth century.

Mustapha, upon whose story the tragedy is founded, was put to death by his father, Soliman the Magnificent, about the year 1553.

1553. The history of this unnatural murder is pathetically related by Knolles, in his General History of the Turks, who styles Mustapha "the mirror of courtesie, and rare hope of the Turkish nation." In the representation of his tragedy, Mr. Jones intended to observe closely the costume of the Turks, which he had attentively studied.

Mr. Jones now determined to enter upon a new career of life. Whatever satisfaction he might derive from his connection with the noble family, in which he had undertaken the office of tutor, or whatever recompence he might ultimately hope to receive from their gratitude or friendship, the situation did not altogether correspond with his feelings, nor the extent of his views. To a spirit of independence, which from his earliest years strongly marked his character, he united the laudable desire of acquiring public distinction,

tinction, and of making his fortune by his own efforts; above all, he was animated with the noble ambition of being useful to his country. In the capacity of private tutor, his expectations were bounded by a narrow prospect, and his exertions circumscribed; whilst in the profession of the law, he saw an ample scope for the gratification of all his wishes; and from his extensive knowledge, studious habits, and indefatigable industry, he had every reason to expect the most brilliant success. The advice and importunity of his friends confirmed the suggestions of his own reflection, and he resolved to resign his charge in Lord Spencer's family, and to devote himself in future to the study and practice of the law. In consequence of this determination, which he immediately executed, he was admitted into the Temple on the nineteenth of September 1770.

His

His attention, however, was not at first exclusively confined to his professional studies, nor was it indeed to be expected, that he would at once renounce his attachment to Oriental learning and literature in general. It would have required more than ordinary resolution to abandon at once, what had cost him so much pains to acquire; the attainment of which had been the source both of pleasure and distinction to him. But as his letters and those of his friends, during the two following years, contain all that I can say of him, I refer the reader to them for information, rather than to a narrative of my own.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

March 1771.

A plague on our men in office, who for six months have amused me with idle promises, which I see no prospect of

* Appendix, No. 18.

their

their fulfilling, that they would forward my books and a letter to you! They say, that they have not yet had an opportunity; and that the apprehension of a Spanish war (which is now no more) furnishes them with incessant occupation. I have however so much to say to you, that I can no longer delay writing; I wish indeed I could communicate it in person. On my late return to England, I found myself entangled, as it were, in a variety of important considerations. My friends, companions, relations, all attacked me with urgent solicitations to banish poetry and Oriental literature for a time, and apply myself to oratory and the study of the law; in other words, to become a barrister, and pursue the track of ambition. Their advice in truth was conformable to my own inclinations; for the only road to the highest stations in this country is that of the law, and I need not add, how ambitious and laborious I

am.

am. Behold me then become a lawyer, and expect in future, that my correspondence will have somewhat more of public business in it. But if it ever should be my fortune to have any share in administration, you shall be my Atticus, the partner of my plans, the confidant of my secrets. Do not however suppose, that I have altogether renounced polite literature. I intend shortly to publish my English poems, and I mean to bring my tragedy of Soliman on the stage, when I can find proper actors for the performance of it. I intend also composing an epic poem, on a noble subject, under the title of Britanneis: but this I must defer until I have more leisure, with some degree of independence. In the mean time, I amuse myself with the choicest of the Persian poets; and I have the good fortune to possess many manuscripts, which I have either purchased or borrowed from my friends, on various subjects,

jects, including history, philosophy, and some of the most celebrated poetry of Persia.

I am highly delighted with Jami's poem of Yusef and Zuleika; it contains somewhat more than four thousand couplets, each of which is a star of the first brilliance. We have six copies of this work at Oxford, one of which is correct; it has the vowel points, and is illustrated with the notes of Golius. I also possess a copy, which, as soon as I have leisure, I will print. Let me ask in the mean time how you are employed? Do you continue your occupation of elucidating your favourite Hafez? I will most willingly give all the assistance in my power to the publication of your work, if you will have it printed in London; but I scarcely think that any printer will undertake it at his own expense, unless the poems are accompanied with an English or French translation, for you cannot

cannot conceive how few English gentlemen understand Latin. Let me recommend to you therefore to give a literal version of Hafez in French, with annotations in the same language; and this I think will be more acceptable even to your own countrymen, than a Latin translation; though indeed you may annex to your work such odes as you have translated into that language. The new edition of Meninski goes on tolerably well. I inclose a specimen of the new Arabic types, and earnestly beg your opinion upon them, that any defects may be corrected as soon as possible. I have had a copper-plate engraving made of one of the odes of Hafez, and may perhaps, when my circumstances afford it, print an edition of Jami's whole poem in the same manner. A work of this kind on silken paper, would I doubt not be very acceptable to the Governor of Bengal, and the other principal persons in India.

India. I cannot conceive what is become of the book which I sent to you, but I will take the first opportunity of transmitting a fairer and more correct copy, together with my little Treatise on the Literature of Asia, and my Grammar of the Persian Language, which is printed with some degree of elegance; and I earnestly entreat you to tell me, if any thing is wrong in it, or any thing omitted, that the next edition may be more perfect. I only wait for leisure to publish my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry.

Do not however imagine that I despise the usual enjoyments of youth; no one can take more delight in singing and dancing than I do, nor in the moderate use of wine, nor in the exquisite beauty of the ladies, of whom London affords an enchanting variety; but I prefer glory, my supreme delight, to all other gratifications, and I will pursue it through fire and water, by

day

day and by night. Oh! my Charles, (for I renounce all ceremony, and address you with ancient simplicity) what a boundless scene opens to my view! if I had two lives, I should scarcely find time for the due execution of all the public and private projects which I have in mind!

Mr. BATES to W. JONES, Esq.

SIR; *March 27th*, 1771.

Last night, I received from Mr. Williams your most ingenious and satisfactory letter, for which my heartiest thanks are due. If you have no objection to it, as I think you cannot, I propose to embellish my MS. with it, by sticking it into the book, in like manner as I have done my own account of it. It will be no small addition to the curiosity of the book; for I can easily foresee, that in times to come, a piece of your hand-writing will be

looked upon as a curiosity by virtuosi yet unborn.

In the mean time, I hope this letter does not preclude your fulfilling your promise of obliging me with another visit (and I hope still more) after your return from Oxford, at the end of the holidays. I assure you, I wait for the end of those holidays, as impatiently as most schoolboys dread and abhor it. Therefore I beg you would favour me with a line to apprise me of your return back to town, that in case I should, in the dialect of Deptford, be moored head and stern by the gout, I may let you know as much, to save you the trouble of a visit, that will answer no end; but if I keep clear from that malady, as I am at present, I shall beg you to take a nightcap here, that we may spend one entire morning in Oriental speculation, without the interruption of other company. For

I have

I have still many queries which you must resolve. I heartily wish you a pleasant journey; and hope that, for the good of the Literati, you'll be blessed with life and health to go on with the noble undertaking you are engaged in, and that you'll meet with the merited success.

I am, Sir, &c.

JAMES BATES.

* Mr. JONES to D. B.

London, April 1771.

Your Persian book is more valuable than the costliest jewel. Meninski, that universal scholar, has a copy exactly like yours, and he describes it in his usual manner, that is, inelegantly, and in miserable Latin. From his description, you may however estimate the real excellence of your book. I shall beg leave to say something more about it myself, and as a

* Appendix, No. 19.

poet, venture to affirm, that the six most beautiful poems in the volume are far more valuable for their intrinsic merit, than for the elegance of the characters in which they are written, or for the glowing tints of the pictures which adorn them.

The author of these poems was the very celebrated Nezami, who assumed the name of Kenjavi; he flourished towards the close of the twelfth century, and was the favourite of that illustrious warrior, and patron of literature, Togrul, the son of Erslan.

The book comprises five poems, the last of which is divided into two parts; the first, which is entitled *The Treasury of Secrets*, contains many fables, and various discourses on moral duties and human affairs; Nushirovan, King of Persia, who, towards the end of the sixth century, waged a successful war against the first Justin, and Justinian are frequently introduced

troduced in it; Mohammed, the legislator of Arabia, was born during his reign, and praises him for his justice, in the Coran. The Persian poets Sadi, Hafez, Jami, and others, frequently extol his virtues, and one of them has this couplet:

For ages mingled with his parent dust,
Fame still records Nushirovan the Just.

The second poem commemorates the lives of a most amiable youth, (named Mujnoon, or the Frantic, from his mad passion) and his mistress, the beautiful Leili. The loves of Khosro and the adorable Sherin, form the subject of the third poem. Khosro was the twenty-third in descent from Sassan, and the grandson of Nushirovan. The fourth poem has the title of *The Seven Figures*, and recites the history of King Beharam, whom the Greeks, with their usual inaccuracy, call Varanes: but it more particularly describes his seven palaces, each of which

is

is said to have been distinguished by a particular colour. In the fifth, we have the life and actions of Alexander; it is however to be remarked, that the Asiatics perpetually confound the Macedonian monarch with another and very ancient king of the same name, and blend their actions most ridiculously. Thus much about your book, and you may depend upon what I say, as certain and not conjectural. I sincerely rejoice, that St. John's College, at Cambridge, will possess this treasure by your gift; and I no less sincerely hope, that your own University will boast some future scholar, capable of thoroughly understanding the elegance of the charming Nezami. If any one wishes to obtain further information respecting this poet, let him consult the pleasing work of Dowlat Shah of Samercand, on the lives of the Persian poets. I saw a beautiful manuscript of it at Paris.—Farewell.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to J. WILMOT, Esq.

Univ. Coll. Oxford, 3d of June, 1771.

MY DEAR WILMOT,

It makes me very happy to hear that my Lord Chief Justice does not retire on account of ill health, but from a motive which does him the highest honour. He will now enjoy the greatest happiness of human life, ease with dignity, after having passed through the most honourable labour without danger. I should think myself highly blessed, if I could pursue a similar course in my small sphere, and, after having raised a competency at the bar, could retire to the bowers of learning and the arts.

I have just begun to contemplate the stately edifice of the laws of England,—

"The gather'd wisdom of a thousand years,"—

if you will allow me to parody a line of Pope. I do not see why the study of the law

law is called dry and unpleasant; and I very much suspect that it seems so to those only, who would think any study unpleasant, which required a great application of the mind, and exertion of the memory. I have read most attentively the two first volumes of Blackstone's Commentaries, and the two others will require much less attention. I am much pleased with the care he takes to quote his authorities in the margin, which not only give a sanction to what he asserts, but point out the sources to which the student may apply for more diffusive knowledge. I have opened two common-place books, the one of the law, the other of oratory, which is surely too much neglected by our modern speakers. I do not mean the popular eloquence, which cannot be tolerated at the bar, but that correctness of style, and elegance of method, which at once pleases and persuades the hearer. But I must lay aside

my

my studies for about six weeks, while I am printing my Grammar, from which a good deal is expected; and which I must endeavour to make as perfect as a human work can be. When that is finished, I shall attend the Court of King's Bench very constantly, and shall either take a lodging in Westminster, or accept the invitation of a friend, in Duke Street, who has made me an obliging offer of apartments.

I am sorry the characters you sent me are not Persian but Chinese, which I cannot decipher without a book, which I have not at present, but tous Chinois qu'ils sont, I shall be able to make them out, when the weather will permit me to sit in the Bodleian. In the mean time, I would advise you to enquire after a native of China, who is now in London; I cannot recollect where he lodges, but shall know when I come to town, which will be to-morrow or Saturday. I shall be at Richardson's till

my

my Grammar is finished, unless I can buy a set of chambers in the Temple, which I fear will be difficult. I will certainly call upon you in a day or two. On one of the Indian pictures at your house, there was a beautiful copy of Persian verses, which I will beg leave to transcribe, and should be glad to print it, with a translation, in the Appendix to my Grammar. I have not yet had my Persian proposals engraved, but when you write to your brother, you would much oblige me by desiring him to send me a little Persian manuscript, if he can procure it without much trouble. It is a small poem which I intend to print; we have six or seven copies of it at Oxford, but if I had one in my possession, it would save me the trouble of transcribing it. I have inclosed its title in Persian and English. I am very glad that your family are well. I wish them joy upon every occasion; my mother and sister desire their compli-

compliments to you, and I am, with great regard,

Yours, most affectionately,

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Nov. 5, 1771.

I shall ever gratefully acknowledge, dear Sir, my obligation to you for the trouble you take in inspecting my trifles. Had Dryden and other poets met with such a friend, their poems would have been more polished, and consequently more fit to see the light. Your observations are so judicious, that I wish you had not been so sparing of them. I entirely approve of all your corrections, &c.

As to the years, in which the poems were written, they are certainly of no consequence to the public; but (unless it be very absurd) I would wish to specify them, for it would hurt me as a student at

the

the bar, to have it thought that I continue to apply myself to poetry; and I mean to insinuate that I have given it up for several years, which I must explain more fully in the preface. For a man who wishes to rise in the law, must be supposed to have no other object.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Vienna, Oct. 13, 1771.

I have waited nearly twelve months to no purpose, for an opportunity of sending you my last work, which at your recommendation has been published; the politeness of one of the secretaries of the English embassy, who is returning to England, has at last supplied it, by kindly offering to take charge of this production of mine (unless you will call it yours) and deliver it to you. It is my wish to avail myself of the same opportunity to thank

* Appendix, No. 20.

you

you for your present, but it is not in my power to make you the due acknowledgements: it is sufficient to proclaim your deeds. I admire your wonderful labour and learning, and more particularly your diligence in the triple work, with which you have favoured me; but I blush at the extravagant encomiums which you have bestowed upon me. If you persevere as you have begun in cultivating Oriental literature, the republic of letters will be greatly obliged to you. I am extremely anxious to know what recompence his Danish Majesty, or your own Sovereign, at his recommendation, has conferred upon your learned labours. I should rejoice to have it in my power to congratulate you, and those who esteem you as much as I do, on your distinguished merit having been honourably rewarded.—Farewell.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

Oxford, Dec. 1771.

Thirteen months, or rather I may say years, have elapsed, without a line from my friend! I have however written to you twice, once and very fully in Latin, last March, and again in July, in a great hurry, in French. These letters contained a detailed account of my occupations and views, of the profession which I had adopted, and of the splendid objects to which I ambitiously looked forward. You have, I trust, received my four books, which Mr. Whitchurch, Chaplain to our Ambassador, at my request promised to deliver to you at Vienna. I recommend him to your particular attention, as a young man of an excellent disposition, and very fond of literature. This will be presented

* Appendix, No. 21.—This letter must have been written before the receipt of the last from Reviczki.

to

to you by Mr. Drummond, a man of letters, who proceeds to Vienna for the purpose of studying physic. You know that the medical profession is held in the highest estimation with us, and, as Homer says,

A wise Physician, high distinction claims,

your reception of them both will, I hope, do credit to my recommendation.

I beg your acceptance also of a little Philippic*, which I wrote against an obscure coxcomb, who had the audacity to abuse our University, not with impunity, I trust, if the edge of my discourse have any effect upon the senseless knave. "*I have* "*disquieted,*" (as Cicero says of his Commentaries) "*the French nation.*" How goes on Hafez, our mutual delight? Shall we never see your translation of his charming odes? Tell me, if you like my English version of the second ode†? it has been

* Works, vol. iv. p. 183. † Works, vol. ii. p. 244.

favourably

favourably received by my own countrymen. I should like to translate several more of his odes, but I want leisure.

I have not yet found any translator capable of doing justice to your Treatise on the Military Art of the Turks. All agree that your preface is both learned and elegant; but they urge, as you yourself remark in the introduction, that the book does not correspond with its title, *The Principles of the Science of Government.*

The original of this work in the Turkish language, with many others printed at Constantinople, including a most beautiful copy of the Odes of Mesihi, are deposited in the library of our Royal Society. I beg to be informed if all the works published by Ibrahim, which you so much commend, are to be purchased in Germany, Hungary, or the Eastern parts of Turkey; as in that case, I should wish to procure them.

What

What news from Turkey? no mention of Peace? Whenever the war with Russia is at an end, I propose making an open and direct application for the office of Minister at Constantinople; at present, I can only privately whisper my wishes. The King is very well disposed towards me; so perhaps are the men in power; and the Turkish Company wish much to oblige me; all that I have to apprehend, is the appearance of some powerful competitor who may drive me off the stage. If I should succeed in my wishes, how shall I bound for joy! First, I shall enjoy your company at Vienna, then I shall drink deep of Asiatic literature, and I shall explore the Turkish manners in their most hidden sources. If I am disappointed, philosophy remains; the bar is open, and I shall not, I trust, want employment; for the harvest of litigation is always abundant. I shall apply to the study of eloquence, to poetry, history,

tory, and philosophy, each of which, if properly cultivated, would occupy a complete life of

"Such men as live in these degenerate days."

I could say much more, but I yield to the imperious summons (not of Proserpine I hope, but) of the goddess, if there be one, who presides over our tribunals. You may expect longer letters in future from me: and in the mean time I hope to hear very fully from you.—Farewell, my dear friend.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HAWKINS.

Westminster, Jan. 16, 1772.

As I have a frank directed to you, I take the liberty to inclose a letter for my mother, which I beg you will be so kind as to send to her. I have nothing at present to say on the subject of my publication, except that you will be so good as to send me the sheets of the Essays, under cover, to Mr. Brudenell, lest there should

should be any thing that may be altered. I entreat you also to criticise my prose, as you have done my verse, and to reprimand me severely, where you find it stiff, forced, or obscure. I forgot to mention another respectable scholar, who saw and approved my poems, I mean the present Bishop of St. Asaph, whose learning, to say a great deal, is as extensive as his virtues are amiable. Dr. Warton, of Winchester, is another excellent critic, through whose hands my trifles shall pass before they see the light. I have dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, where he paid me a compliment before the whole company, which I cannot write without blushing: he said, my Greek poems which he had seen in manuscript, were worthy of ancient Greece. I dare say this learned and ingenious man, will suffer me to send to him a copy of the poems at Winchester; and that he will make his remarks very sincerely.

When I have collected the criticisms of these gentlemen, I will compare them, and add my corrections at the end, under the title of emendations, as Pope has inserted his alterations in the text of his poems, and set down the variations, or first readings, in the margin. I think it will be better (as we must not lose the season for publication) to send the copies to my friends, as soon as the trifle on Chess is printed, and to shew them the prose afterwards.

My Turkish History will go to the press on Monday. Lord Radnor has given me leave, in the most flattering terms, to inscribe it to him.

I have a notion I shall be a great talker when I am at the bar; for I cannot take up my pen without filling three sides of paper, though I have nothing to say when I sit down.

I am, &c.

Mr.

*Mr. JONES to ROBERT ORME, Esq.

April 1772.

It is impossible for me to describe the delight and admiration I have felt, from the perusal of your History of the War in India. The plans, circumstances, and events of it, are so clearly described by you, that I felt an interest in them rather as an actor than a reader. I was particularly pleased with your delineation of the lives and characters of those, who had distinguished themselves by their actions or wisdom; nor was I less delighted with the elegance of your topographical descriptions; that of the Ganges particularly pleased me; it is absolutely a picture. I have remarked, that the more polished historians of all ages, as well as the poets, have been fond of displaying their talents in describing rivers. Thus Thucydides de-

* Appendix, No. 22.

scribes

scribes the Achelöus, and Xenophon the Teleboas, and both admirably, though in a different manner; the latter with his usual brevity and elegance, the former with a degree of roughness and magnificence not uncommon to him. With respect to your style, if elegance consist in the choice and collocation of words, you have a most indubitable title to it; for you have on all occasions selected the most appropriate expressions, and have given to them the most beautiful arrangement; and this is almost the greatest praise, which a composition can claim.

The publication of the second part of your History, which has been so long and earnestly looked for, will be highly acceptable to those whose opinions you respect; and I need not say that it will add to your reputation. Indeed it is not just, that the Coromandel coast only should receive the ornament of your pen, to the neglect of

Bengal,

Bengal, which an Indian monarch pronounced *the delight of the world.*

* * * * * *

If the reader should complain that the correspondence presented to him, is not always important or interesting, I can only plead in excuse, my inability to make any selection that would obviate this remark, without being liable to the weightier objection of exhibiting an imperfect picture of the character of Mr. Jones. To me it is pleasing to trace him in his closet, unfold his meditations, develop his projects, and follow him in his familiar intercourse with his friends; and whilst my admiration is excited by the ardour of his mind, embracing in idea excellence unattainable even by him, and conceiving works impracticable from their extent, I participate with equal pleasure in his relaxations and amusements.

The plan of the Epic Poem, which he mentions

mentions in his letters to his Polish friend, was sketched during his residence at Spa, in July 1770. The original manuscript has been preserved; and I am enabled to communicate it to the public*. The subject of the poem was the supposed discovery of our island by Tyrian adventurers, and he proposed to exhibit under the character of the prince of Tyre, that of a perfect king of this country; a character which he pronounces the most glorious and beneficial of any that the warmest imagination can form. It represents (to quote his own words) the dangers to which a King of England is necessarily exposed, the vices which he must avoid, and the virtues, and great qualities, with which he must be adorned. On the whole, "Britain discovered" is intended as a poetical panegyric on our excellent Constitution, and as a pledge of the author's attachment to

* Appendix, A.

it;

it; as a national epic poem, like those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Camoëns, designed to celebrate the honours of his country, to display in a striking light the most important principles of politics and morality, and to inculcate these grand maxims, that nothing can shake our state, while the true liberty of the subject remains united with the dignity of the sovereign; and that in all states, virtue is the only sure basis of private and public happiness.

He reserved the completion of the poem to a period of leisure and independence which never arrived; and although after an interval of some years, he resumed the idea of composing an Epic Poem on the same subject, but with considerable alterations, he never extended the execution of it beyond a few lines.

Whether the Turkish History, which Mr. Jones mentions as ready for the press, was ever

ever finished, I am not informed; part of the original manuscript still remains; the introduction* to it was printed, but not published, and will form a number in the Appendix.

The anticipation of future prospects suggested by the fervour of youthful imagination, is too common to all, but particularly to men of genius, to excite much surprise; and of them it has been generally and justly remarked, that what has been performed by them, bears little proportion to what was projected. In their progress through life, impediments occur to the execution of their plans, which the mind at first eagerly overlooks; whilst time, imperceptibly advancing, deprives them of the power and even of the inclination to complete what has been designed with so much ardour. They find what experience daily proves, that the duties of life can

* Appendix, B.

only

only be properly performed, when they are the primary objects of our regard and attention.

The little discourse, to which Mr. Jones humourously alludes in his letter to Reviczki, was a letter in French, addressed to Monsieur Anquetil du Perron, and printed in 1771. The Frenchman had published, in three quarto volumes, an account of his travels in India, the life of Zoröaster, and some supposed works of that philosopher. To this publication he prefixed a discourse, in which he treated the University of Oxford, and some of its learned members and friends of Mr. Jones, with ridicule and disrespect. From the perusal of his works, Mr. Jones was little disposed to agree with Monsieur du Perron, in the boasted importance of his communications; he was disgusted with his vanity and petulance, and particularly offended

offended by his illiberal attack upon the University, which he respected, and upon the persons whom he esteemed and admired. The letter which he addressed to M. du Perron was anonymous; it was written with great force, and expresses his indignation and contempt with a degree of asperity, which the judgment of maturer years would have disapproved. Professor Biorn Sthal, a Swedish Orientalist, says of it, that he had known many Frenchmen so far mistaken in the writer, as to ascribe it to some *bel esprit* of Paris. Such in their opinion was the brilliancy and correctness of its style. Dr. Hunt, the Laudian Professor of Arabic, at Oxford, who had been contemptuously mentioned by du Perron, addressed the two following letters to Mr. Jones on this occasion:

DEAR

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Oct. 25, 1771.*

I have now found the translation of all the remains of Zoröaster, mentioned in your last, and think, upon an attentive perusal of it, that the account which Dr. Fraser has given of it is true.

I never told Perron, that I understood the ancient Persic language; and I am authorized by Mr. Swinton, who was present all the time Perron was with me, to say, that he never heard me tell him so. I might perhaps say, that I knew the old Persic *character*, as given by Dr. Hyde; but to a further knowledge of the language I never pretended, nor could I tell him that I did. But for a proof of the veracity of this fellow, I beg leave to refer you to page 461. of his preliminary discourse, where he says, that he made me a present of a fine *Sanskirrit*, (or, as he calls it, Sanskrotan) alphabet, and that he promised Dr. Barton and Mr. Swinton, to send them

them alphabets of the several Asiatic languages; whereas he neither made me the present, nor performed the promise to them. Mr. Swinton says, he can furnish us with other instances of this Frenchman's veracity, which he has promised to do in a few days. In the mean time,

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, Nov.* 28, 1771.

I received the welcome present of your excellent pamphlet against Perron* in due time, and yesterday I was favoured with your kind letter; for both which I return you my hearty thanks. I should have thanked you for your pamphlet sooner, but have been out of town. I have read it over and over again, and think the whole nation, as well as the University and its members, are much

* Works, vol. iv. p. 583.

obliged

obliged to you for this able and spirited defence. I acknowledge myself to be so in a particular manner, and so does Mr. Swinton, who desires his compliments and thanks. But there is one thing which Mr. Swinton seems to doubt of, which is, whether there has been such a general destruction of the writings of the ancient Persians as you imagine there has been. For my own part, till some better proof can be given of the authenticity of those books, which have been produced as the genuine compositions of that ancient people, than what I have yet seen given, I am inclined to be of your opinion. At least, this I am sure of, that if the books, which Alexander, Omar, &c. destroyed, were no better than those which have been published, the world has had no great loss; witness the insufferable jargon which you have given from their writings in the 38th and 41st, &c. pages of your letter; to

which, as this bulky performance of Perron* will be but in few hands, it may not perhaps

* Mons. Anquetil du Perron made a voyage to India, in 1755, for the purpose of acquiring the ancient language of Persia, and that of the Bramins. His ardour for this undertaking was so great, that he engaged himself to the French East-India Company as a private soldier, as affording the speediest means of accomplishing the voyage, but some friends procured his discharge, and a small pension for him from the Crown of France. He arrived at Pondicherry, in 1755, and, after travelling over various parts of India, by the assistance of the Government of Bombay, was enabled to return to Europe in an English vessel, and landed at Portsmouth, in November 1761. He brought with him many Oriental manuscripts, which he afterwards carried to France, and in 1771 published three quarto volumes, containing an account of his travels, and the information which he had obtained in the course of them, under the general title of *Zind-Avesta*, Ouvrage de Zoroaster.

In a discourse addressed to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, in 1789, Sir William Jones speaks of him, as "having had the merit of undertaking a voyage to India "in his earliest youth, with no other view than to re"cover the writings of Zeratus (Zoroaster) and who "would have acquired a brilliant reputation in France, "if he had not sullied it by his immoderate vanity and "virulence of temper, which alienated the good-will "even of his own countrymen." In the same discourse, he

haps be amiss to add some others. But, as Mr. Swinton has suggested, that he has some doubts about the fate of the writings of the old Persians, I think you would do well to consult him, before you publish your English translation.

I am glad you intend to oblige the world with an English translation of your letter; and if, among the anecdotes which Mr. Swinton sent you, you will be so good as to insert that, wherein he says, that he was

he affirms, that M. Anquetil most certainly had no knowledge of Sanscrit.

In 1798, M. Anquetil published a work, entitled, L'Inde en rapport avec l'Europe, which is more remarkable for the virulence of its invectives against the English, and for its numerous misrepresentations, than for the information which it contains, or the soundness of the reflections which it conveys. In the summary of its contents, stated in the title-page, he professes to give a detailed, accurate, and terrific picture of the English Machiavelism in India, and he addresses his work in a ranting bombast dedication to the manes of Dupleix and Labourdonnais. It does not appear that the temper of Mr. A. has been meliorated, although he had then nearly attained his 70th year.

present all the time that Perron was with me, but does not remember that I ever told him that I understood the ancient Persian language, I shall be much obliged to you. I am sure I never pretended, nor could pretend, to any further knowledge of it, than that of the alphabet, as given by Dr. Hyde.

I am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

The small volume of poems*, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic languages, with two prose dissertations annexed, was published in 1772. We may be allowed to smile at the solicitude, which Mr. Jones expresses in his correspondence on the subject of this publication, to avoid the imputation of devoting that time to the Muses, which belonged to his professional studies, whilst we participate with

* Works, vol. iv. p. 399.

pleasure

pleasure the effects of his devotion to the objects of his admiration; but his anxiety for his literary reputation, in deferring the publication of his poems until they had received all the improvements which care and attention, assisted by the criticisms of his friends, could bestow, is highly praiseworthy.

On the 30th of April, 1772, Mr. Jones was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and admitted on May the 14th of the same year. He does not appear to have communicated any paper for the Philosophical Transactions.

From the first entrance of Mr. Jones into the University, until Michaelmas 1768, when he took the degree of A. B., he had kept the terms regularly; from that period to 1773, only occasionally. In the Easter term of that year, during the Encænia, he took his master's degree. It was on this occasion, that he composed an oration

with an intention, which he did not execute, of speaking it in the Theatre. The speech was published ten years after, and exhibits a striking memorial of independent principles, and well-cultivated abilities:—to vindicate learning from the malevolent aspersion of being destructive of manly spirit, unfavourable to freedom, and introductive to slavish obsequiousness; to support the honour and independence of learned men, to display the transcendant advantages of the University of Oxford,—were the topics, which he had proposed to discuss; but on which the limits prescribed to his oration, forbad him to expatiate.

The animation of his language shews, that these topics were ever near his heart: an ardent love of liberty, an enthusiastic veneration for the University, a warm and discriminate eulogium on learned men, who devoted their talents and labours to the cause of religion, science, and freedom, characterise

characterise his discourse; of which, part has been lately quoted with applause by Dr. Parr*.

The kindness of a contemporary student has communicated an anecdote in proof of his particular aversion to the logic of the schools, that, in an oration which he pronounced in University-Hall, he declaimed violently against Burgersdiscius, Cracanthorpius, and the whole body of logicians in the College of Queen Philippa, his opposite neighbour. Of his uncommon industry, many proofs might be enumerated, and among others the copying of several Arabic manuscripts, of which one was the entertaining romance of *Bedreddin Hassan, or, Aladdin's Lamp*, from a most elegant specimen of Arabian calligraphy.

Nor was he less remarked for an affectionate attention to his mother and sister, who resided at Oxford; such portion of

* Notes to Spital Sermon, p. 136.

his

his time as he could spare from his studies was given to their society, and during his occasional absence from the University, he was regular in his correspondence with his mother.

We may conceive and participate the delight of a fond parent, contemplating the increasing reputation of her son; she now found her maternal care and anxiety repaid in a degree equal to her most sanguine expectations, and her affection rewarded by a full measure of filial duty and gratitude. The progress of the virtues is not always in proportion to literary improvement; and learning, which ought to meliorate the affections, and strengthen the principles of duty, has been known to distort the mind by pride, and engender arrogance. In Mr. Jones, we have the pleasure to see every moral principle promoted and invigorated by his literary attainments.

In

In the commencement of 1774, he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry. This work was received with admiration and applause by the Oriental scholars of Europe in general, as well as by the learned of his own country. It was perhaps the first publication on Eastern literature, which had an equal claim to elegance and erudition. This work was begun by Mr. Jones in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was in his twenty-third year: but with the same solicitude which he had exhibited on other occasions, to lay his compositions before the public in the greatest possible perfection, he had repeatedly submitted the manuscript to the examination and critical remarks of his learned friends. Their approbation of it was liberal and general: but the opinion of Dr. Parr on any subject of literature is decisive, and I select from a letter, which he wrote to Mr. Jones in 1769,

1769, some passages, in which he expresses his admiration of the work.

" I have read your book De Poësi Asia-
" ticâ with all the attention that is due to
" a work so studiously designed, and so
" happily executed. The observations are
" just and curious, and equally free from
" indiscriminate approbation, licentious
" censure, and excessive refinement.
" Through the hurry of the first composi-
" tion, the same expression frequently oc-
" curs, and sentences begin in the same
" manner, and now and then two words are
" improperly combined.

" These inaccuracies are very rare, and
" very trifling. On the whole, there is a
" purity, an ease, an elegance in the style,
" which shew an accurate and most perfect
" knowledge of the Latin tongue. Your
" Latin translations in verse gave me great
" satisfaction. I am uncommonly charmed
" with

" with the idyllium, called Chrysis. The " flow of the verses, the poetic style of " the words, and the elegant turn of the " whole poem, are admirable.

" On the whole, I have received infi- " nite entertainment from this curious and " learned performance, and I look forward " with pleasure, to the great honour such " a publication will do our country."

It will readily be supposed, that in the interval between the date of the letter and the publication of the Commentaries, Mr. Jones had not neglected to make the corrections suggested by the criticisms of his learned correspondent; and that such further emendations were adopted, as the growing maturity of his own judgment pointed out.

In the preface to the Commentaries, Mr. Jones mentions and laments the death of Dr. Sumner, in terms which strongly mark his affection for the memory of his respected

respected friend and instructor, who died in September 1771:—

"There never was a man more worthy "of being remembered, for his talents, "integrity, admirable disposition, amiable "manners, and exquisite learning; in the "art of instructing, I never knew any "master equal to him; and his cheerful- "ness and sweetness were such, that it is "difficult to say, whether he was most "agreeable to his friends or his pupils. In "Greek and Latin literature he was deeply "versed: and although, like Socrates, he "wrote little himself, no one had more "acuteness or precision in correcting the "faults, or in pointing out the beauties of "others; so that if fortune or the course "of events, instead of confining his talents "to a school, had placed him at the bar, "or in the senate, he would have con- "tested the prize of eloquence with the "ablest orators of his own country, where

"only

" only this art is successfully cultivated.
" For if he did not possess all the qualities
" of an orator in perfection, he had each of
" them in a great degree. His voice was
" clear and distinct, his style polished, his
" expression fluent, his wit playful, and
" his memory tenacious; his eyes, his
" countenance, his action, in short, were
" rather those of a Demosthenes than of
" an ordinary speaker; in short, we may
" say of him what Cicero said of Roscius,
" that whilst he seemed the only master
" qualified for the education of youth, he
" seemed at the same time, the only orator
" capable of discharging the most impor-
" tant functions of the state."

Those who had the good fortune to receive their tuition under Dr. Sumner, will not think this eulogium exaggerated, and must read with pleasure a testimony, which their own recollection confirms*.

The

* The following epitaph, said to be composed by Dr. Parr,

The dedication of his Commentaries to the University of Oxford, which he pronounced

Parr, is inscribed on the monument of Dr. Sumner, at Harrow on the Hill:

H. S. E.
ROBERTUS SUMNER, S. T. P.
Coll. Regal. apud Cantab. olim socius;
Scholæ Harroviensis, haud ita pridem,
Archididascalus.
Fuit huic præstantissimo viro
Ingenium naturâ peracre, optimarum
disciplinis artium sedulò excultum,
Usu diuturno confirmatum, et quodam
modo subactum.
Nemo enim
Aut in reconditis sapientiæ studiis illo
subtilior extitit,
Aut humanioribus literis limatior.
Egregiis cum dotibus naturæ, tum
doctrinæ præditus.
Insuper accedebant
In sententiis, vera ac perfecta elo-
quentia;
In sermone, facetiarum lepos, planè
Atticus,
Et gravitate insuper aspersa urbanitas;
In moribus, singularis quædam
integritas et fides;
Vitæ denique ratio constans sibi, et ad
virtutis

nounced "would be the most illustrious "of all universities, as long as she remained "the most free," was a pleasing proof of his gratitude to his *alma mater*; and he concludes the preface with some animated thoughts, which I shall endeavour to convey, with the full consciousness, at the same time, of the imperfection of my attempt.

"Whether this work will please the "French, or their admirers, is to me of "little concern, provided it prove accept-"able to my country, and to that re-"nowned University, in which I received

virtutis normam diligenter
severèque exacta,
Omnibus qui vel amico essent eo,
vel magistro usi,
Doctrinæ, ingenii, virtutis justum
reliquit desiderium.
Subitâ, eheu! atque immaturâ morte
correptus,
Prid. Id. Septemb.
Anno Domini M,DCC,LXXI.
Ætat. suæ 41.

"my

" my education; with a view to the honour " of both, these Commentaries were un- " dertaken and completed; nor is there " any wish so near to my heart, as that all " my labours, past or future, may be use- " ful and agreeable to them. I lament, " indeed, the necessity which compels me " to renounce the pursuit of polite litera- " ture: but why do I say, lament? let me " rather rejoice, that I am now entering " upon a career, which will supply ampler " and better opportunities of relieving the " oppressed, of assisting the miserable, and " of checking the despotic and tyrannical.

" If I am asked, who is the *greatest* " *man?* I answer the *best:* and if I am re- " quired to say, who is the best? I reply, " he that has deserved most of his fellow- " creatures. Whether we deserve better " of mankind by the cultivation of letters, " by obscure and inglorious attainments, " by intellectual pursuits calculated rather

" to

" to amuse than inform, than by strenuous
" exertions in speaking and acting, let
" those consider who bury themselves in
" studies unproductive of any benefit to
" their country or fellow-citizens. I think
" not. I have been long enough engaged
" in preparatory exercises, and I am now
" called to the field. What my fortune
" may be, I know not; this, however, I
" know, that the most anxious object of
" my heart is, after having run my career,
" to retire, in advanced life, to the ever-
" beloved retreat of the University; not
" with a view to indulge myself in indo-
" lence which my disposition abhors,
" but to enjoy a dignified leisure in
" the uninterrupted cultivation of letters,
" which the profession I am preparing to
" embrace, no longer suffers me to pur-
" sue."

At the conclusion of the Commentaries, we find an elegant address to the

Muse, in which Mr. Jones expresses his determination to renounce polite literature, and devote himself entirely to the study of the law. He was called to the Bar, in January 1774, and had discovered, as he writes to an intimate friend, that the law was a jealous science, and would admit no partnership with the Eastern muses. To this determination he appears to have inflexibly adhered for some years, notwithstanding the friendly remonstrances and flattering invitations of his learned correspondents. He had about this time an intention of publishing the mathematical works of his father, and with this view circulated proposals; but, for what reason I know not, he abandoned it.

I now revert to his correspondence, of which I repeat my regret that so little remains.

Dr.

Dr. HUNT to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Ch. Church, March 2, 1774.*

I return you my hearty thanks for your most acceptable present of your excellent book on the Asiatic poetry. I should have made you my acknowledgements for this great favour before, but I have been so entirely engaged in reading the book (which I have done from the beginning to the end) that I have not had time to think of its worthy author any otherwise, than by tacitly admiring, as I went along, his exquisitely fine parts, and wonderful learning. Indeed, so engaging is the beautiful style of this admirable performance, and so striking the observations it contains, that it is next to impossible for a person, who has any taste for this branch of literature, when he has once taken it into his hand, to lay

it aside again without giving it a thorough perusal. I find you have enriched this work with a great variety of curious quotations, and judicious criticisms, as well as with the addition of several valuable new pieces, since you favoured me with the sight of it before, and the pleasure which I have now had in reading it has been in proportion. I hope this new key to the Asiatic poetry, with which you have obliged the world, will not be suffered to rust for want of use; but that it will prove, what you intended it to be, an happy instrument in the hands of learned and inquisitive men, for unlocking the rich treasures of wisdom and knowledge which have been preserved in the Hebrew, Arabic, Persic, and the other Oriental languages, and especially the Hebrew, that venerable channel, through which the sacred compositions of the di-

vinely inspired poets have been conveyed down to us.

I hope this will find you well,

and am, &c.

THOMAS HUNT.

P.S. I have seen your proposals for printing the mathematical works of my worthy friend, your late father, and beg to be of the number of your subscribers.

* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

March 1774.

I have received a most elegant copy of your Treatise on the Phœnician Language and Colonies, and I am at a loss to decide whether it is most learned or entertaining. Although I fear, like Diomede, that I shall give you brass in exchange for your gold; yet I send you, as a proof of my gratitude and esteem, my Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry; and it

* Appendix, No. 23.

will afford me great satisfaction to learn that they please you.—Farewell.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1774.

This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Campbell, a young gentleman of great modesty and worth, and I recommend him to your particular attention. He intends going to India as a merchant, but, previous to his embarkation, wishes to give some time to the study of foreign languages, European and Asiatic, and particularly the Persian. Any assistance which you may afford him in his studies, or other little affairs, I shall esteem a favour done to myself, and he will consider it a great obligation.

How goes on our Hariri? Will it ever be published with your elucidations? My time is employed in the courts; and what-

* Appendix, No. 24.

ever

ever leisure I can command is exclusively devoted to the study of law and history. I hope you have received my Commentaries, which I sent you.—Farewell.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES,

The phœnix of his time, and the ornament of the age—Health!

Amsterdam, Sept. 1774.

When I reflect, my dear Jones, upon the fortunate period, which I passed in your happy island, I feel the most exquisite delight at the recollection of the pleasure and improvement, which I derived from your society; at the same time, my anxiety for your company excites the most lively regret at our separation. If I cannot altogether conquer it, I can at least alleviate it by corresponding with you.

Nothing but a variety of unusual occu-

* Appendix, No. 25.

pations

pations could have delayed my writing to you so long after my return to Amsterdam; I was moreover apprehensive of interrupting your studies by my intrusion. The receipt of the obliging present of your Commentaries, has removed all my fear on this account, and affords me a most agreeable proof of your remembrance. Accept my sincerest thanks for your finished and most elegant work, which I have eagerly read again and again with admiration and astonishment.

As sincere a lover as yourself of the Muses, how much I regret their unhappy lot, that whilst they have so few admirers, one of their most distinguished votaries should be seduced from their service by the discordant broils of the bar! Do they not then possess such charms and graces as to merit a preference to others, who have no portion but wealth and honour? Is not their beauty so attractive, their dress

so

so elegant and enchanting, as to fascinate their admirers to a degree, which makes them despise all others, and feel no delight but in their society? Forgive, my dear Jones, this friendly expostulation.

Two or three copies only of your work have reached us; I beg you will not suffer the inattention of booksellers to deprive us of a larger supply. You will receive shortly a little inaugural discourse which I pronounced here, *On extending the limits of Oriental literature.* It was done too much in haste to be as perfect as it ought to have been, and as I could have made it with more leisure. The office which I hold here is most agreeable to me, but is attended with this inconvenience, that the duties of it allow me no time for the pursuit of other studies; and the attention which I am forced to bestow on grammatical institutions, on explanatory lectures on the Old Testament, and in disquisitions on the

Jewish

Jewish antiquities, precludes the perusal of Arabic, and still more of Persian authors. But I submit the more cheerfully to this restraint, as the assiduity of my present exertions will produce more leisure in future; and when I have once committed to paper the mass of lectures which I have annually to repeat, I shall then be at full liberty to employ myself as I please. I have absolutely determined to publish Meidani, but it will require the labour of ten years: you well know, that without a competent knowledge, not only of the language of the East, but of Oriental history, ceremonies, and manners, it would be madness to attempt it. Whether my labours will ever have the assistance of a midwife, time must shew. Professor Scheidius is employed in publishing Giewhari: the expense of the undertaking far exceeds his means, but he hopes to provide against this difficulty, by publishing one, or more

numbers

numbers annually, according to alphabetical arrangement, by which means the sale of each may furnish the expense of the succeeding.

I have nothing further to communicate to you, but I most anxiously long to see you. If you have the ambition of your countryman, Banks, to expose yourself to the inclemency of winter by visiting me here, all my fear of the cold will be lost in the hope, that a long and intense frost may detain you. Nothing however can give me more pleasure, either in winter or summer, than to have you for my guest. My wife, whom I married about five months since, is equally anxious to see a man, of whom she hears her husband perpetually talking; she, as well as my father, who received inexpressible delight in the perusal of your Commentaries, desires to be remembered to you; he entertains the highest respect and esteem for you. Let

me

me know how you are, and whether your mother and sister are well. Do me the favour also to inform them, that I shall ever remember with gratitude the obligations which I owe to their great politeness and attention to me. Consider me ever as the humble servant of yourself and friends.—Farewell, and love me ever.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention our Damascene prince; his name, I think, is Joseph Abas. I regret that during his residence at this place, he only called upon me two days before his departure for Brussels. I was highly delighted with his liberal, manly, and truly Arabian spirit; neither did he appear deficient in polite literature, but of this you are a better judge than I am. For my own part, I must ever retain a regard for a man, whose conversation so entertained and interested me, under the attack of a fever, that it absolutely prevented the return of it.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

October 1774.

I have had the pleasure to receive your letter dated in September, which did not however reach me, till after my return to London, from a summer excursion to the Kentish coast.

I am highly gratified by your father's and your approbation of my Commentaries, and I acknowledge the kindness of your friendly and polite expostulation in telling me that you cannot bear to see me desert the cause of literature. But, my friend, the die is cast, and I have no longer a choice; all my books and manuscripts, with an exception of those only which relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford, and I have determined, for the next twenty years at least, to renounce all studies but those which are connected

* Appendix, No. 26.

with

with my profession. It is needless to trouble you with my reasons at length for this determination; I will only say, that if I had lived at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens, connected as they were with banishment and even death, to the groves of the poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The Constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens; this is my fixed opinion, which I formed in my earliest years, and shall ever retain. Although I sincerely acknowledge the charms of polite literature, I must at the same time adopt the sentiment of Neoptolemus in the tragedy, that we can philosophize with a few only; and no less the axiom of Hippocrates, that life is short, art long, and time swift. But I will also maintain the excellence and the delight of

other

other studies. What! shall we deny that there is pleasure in mathematics, when we recollect Archimedes, the prince of geometricians, who was so intensely absorbed in the demonstration of a problem, that he did not discover Syracuse was taken? Can we conceive any study more important, than the single one of the laws of our own country? Let me recall to your recollection the observations of L. Crassus and Q. Scævola on this subject, in the treatise of Cicero de Oratore. What! do you imagine the goddess of eloquence to possess less attractions than Thalia or Polyhymnia, or have you forgotten the epithets which Ennius bestows on Cethegus, the quintessence of eloquence, and the flower of the people? Is there a man existing who would not rather resemble Cicero, (whom I wish absolutely to make my model, both in the course of his life and studies,) than be like Varro, however learned,

learned, or Lucretius, however ingenious as a poet? If the study of the law were really unpleasant and disgusting, which is far from the truth, the example of the wisest of the antients, and of Minerva herself, the goddess of wisdom and protectress of Athens, would justify me in preferring the fruitful and useful olive to the barren laurel.

To tell you my mind freely, I am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of men of rank, to which poets and men of letters are so often obliged to submit. Accept this friendly reply to your friendly expostulation, and believe my assurances, that I entertain the highest value for your esteem, of which I have received so many proofs. I most anxiously expect your dissertation. May the Almighty prosper your labours, and particularly your laborious task of Meidani! May the most learned Scheidius persevere with resolution in completing

pleting the gigantic work, which he meditates! I admire his most laudable industry; but after the fate of Meninski, (I do not speak of his works, but of his fortunes) no prudent man (for he that is not wise to himself, is wise to no end) will venture to expose his vessel to the perils of shipwreck in so uncertain a sea. The work is worthy of a king, but the expense of it will require the revenue of a king.

My mother and sister cordially unite with me in congratulations on your marriage, and I beg you to make my compliments to your amiable consort, and most respectable father. I thank you for your invitation to Amsterdam, and assure you that I should be most happy to avail myself of it. In your society, I should prefer a winter in Holland to the gardens of the Hesperides, nor indulge a wish for the vales of Tempè, but my legal occupations make the summer more convenient for travelling.

travelling. I promise you therefore to pass some time with you in the July, or August, of the next or following year.

I rejoice to find you pleased with Joseph the Syrian, and equally so that he means to travel through Germany. His history is somewhat long. If I had not exerted myself in my application to some men of rank in London, who have access to the King, he must have passed a life of misery here, or have died most wretchedly.

The bookseller keeps for you the books which you desired to purchase. You cannot as yet have received a short letter which I wrote to you in July, and sent by a young gentleman of the name of Campbell. The son of the king of Spain, Prince Gabriel, did me the honour to send me a most splendid copy of his Sallust, for which I returned my grateful acknowledgments.

You

You have doubtless heard of the travels of Mr. Bruce, a native of Scotland, into Syria, Arabia, Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt. He is as well acquainted with the coast of the Red Sea, and the sources of the Nile, as with his own house. He has brought with him some Æthiopic manuscripts, and amongst them the Prophecies of Enoch, an ancient book, but to be ranked only with the Sibylline oracles.

Whilst I was writing this letter, a person called upon me with a manuscript, which he had received at Venice from Mr. Montague, a man of family. I immediately perceived it to be a most beautiful and correct copy of Motanabbi, with a letter addressed to myself in Arabic verse, from some person named Abdurrahman, whom Mr. Montague had probably seen in Asia. I owe great obligations to the politeness of the learned Arab, but I by no means think

myself worthy of his exaggerated encomiums;—but you know the pompous style of the Orientals. Do not suppose that I have any present intention of reading the poems of Motanabbi; that must be reserved for Oxford, when I have leisure to attend to this, and my other treasures of the same kind. Believe my assurance, that I entertain the highest esteem for you, and that nothing will give me greater pleasure than to hear from you frequently and at length. Take care of your health, and continue your regard for me.

Mr. HOWARD to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Paris, September* 13, 1774.

As my stay here may be considerably longer than I at first proposed, it is a duty incumbent on me to acquit myself of a charge committed to my care in the month of June last by Mr. Montague, at

at Venice, by transmitting to you the manuscript which accompanies this letter. I should indeed have sent it to you much sooner, but the hopes I had of an earlier return to England, was the cause of my postponing it, that I might myself have had the pleasure of delivering it, which I flattered myself might have served as an introduction to the honour of your acquaintance, a happiness which, without compliment, I have long been very ambitious of. But as my affairs are likely to detain me some time longer in this city, I cannot with any propriety prefer my own interest to a more material one; nor ought I longer to injure the public, by depriving them of the pleasure and advantage they may reap from this manuscript's coming to your hands. Mr. Montague loaded me with compliments to you, meant as real testimonies of the esteem he has for you, which

I am very unfortunate in not having the pleasure of delivering.

I have the honour to be, &c.

MID. HOWARD.

Mr. JONES to Mr. HOWARD.

SIR, *Oct.* 4, 1774.

I cannot express how much I am flattered by the kind attention, with which you honour me. I have just received your most obliging letter, with a fine Arabic manuscript, containing the works of a celebrated poet, with whom I have been long acquainted; this testimony of Mr. Montague's regard is extremely pleasing to me, and I have a most grateful sense of his kindness. I am conscious how little I have deserved the many honours I have lately received from the learned in Europe and Asia; I can ascribe their politeness to nothing but

their candour and benevolence. I fear they will think me still less deserving, when they know that I have *deserted*, or rather *suspended*, all literary pursuits whatever, and am wholly engaged in the study of a profession, for which I was always intended. As the law is a jealous science, and will not have any partnership with the Eastern muses, I must absolutely renounce their acquaintance for ten or twelve years to come. This manuscript however is highly acceptable to me, and shall be preserved among my choicest treasures, till I have leisure to give it an attentive perusal. There is a compliment to me written in Arabic verse in the first leaf of the book, and signed Abdurrahman Beg; the verses are very fine, but so full of Oriental panegyric, that I could not read them without blushing. The present seems to come from the learned Arabian; but as he has not inserted my name in his verses,

ses, and speaks of Oxford, he must have heard me mentioned by Mr. Montague, to whom therefore I am equally indebted for the present. If I knew Mr. Montague's direction, I would send him a letter of thanks for his indulgence to me, and would also return my compliments in Arabic to his Asiatic friend, who seems to have sent the book. Before your return to England, I shall probably be removed to the Temple, where I shall wait impatiently for the pleasure of seeing you.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Mr. WADDILOVE to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *St. Ildefonso, Aug.* 1, 1774.

Upon my arrival at Madrid, I delivered your present of your Asiatic Commentaries to my friend Dr. Fco Perez Bayer; he desires me to return you his compliments and thanks for your politeness

ness to him, and begs your acceptance of a copy of the Infant Don Gabriel's Sallust, which he accordingly sent to me the night before we left Madrid. As we shall not be there again till next Christmas, I shall have no opportunity of forwarding it to you very soon; whenever any one offers, you may depend upon receiving it, but as this probably will not be before next spring, I hope you will not defer acknowledging the favour till then. If you should wish to see the Sallust before you write again to Mr. Bayer, you will find a copy in the Museum. If you have had any time to examine the Dissertation upon the Phœnician Language, &c., Dr. F. P. Bayer will be glad of any remarks upon it, as a new edition of it in Latin will soon be printed. He has a curious collection of Samaritan coins, and is now employed upon that subject; and if he could be prevailed upon to publish more of his enquiries

ries into the antiquities of this and other countries, the learned world would be much indebted to him. Casiri is engaged at present in deciphering Moorish inscriptions, which have been found in different parts of Spain. Some are already engraved, but not yet published. He reduces first the characters to the modern Arabic, and then gives a translation and comment in Latin. Your Sallust is unbound, and you have already the dissertation to add to it.

I am, &c.

R. D. WADDILOVE.

* Mr. JONES to F. P. BAYER.

Oct. 4, 1774.

I can scarcely find words to express my thanks for your obliging present of a most beautiful and splendid copy of Sallust, with an elegant Spanish translation. You have bestowed upon me, a

* Appendix, No. 27.

private

private untitled individual, an honour which heretofore has only been conferred upon great monarchs, and illustrious universities. I really was at a loss to decide, whether I should begin my letter by congratulating you on having so excellent a translator, or by thanking you for this agreeable proof of your remembrance. I look forward to the increasing splendour, which the arts and sciences must attain in a country, where the son of the king possesses genius and erudition, capable of translating and illustrating with learned notes, the first of the Roman historians; how few youths amongst the nobility in other countries possess the requisite ability or inclination for such a task! The history of Sallust is a performance of great depth, wisdom, and dignity: to understand it well, is no small praise; to explain it properly, is still more commendable; but to translate it elegantly,

excites

excites admiration. If all this had been accomplished by a private individual, he would have merited applause; if by a youth, he would have had a claim to literary honours; but when to the title of youth, that of prince is added, we cannot too highly extol, or too loudly applaud, his distinguished merit.

Many years are elapsed since I applied myself to the study of your learned language, but I well remember to have read in it with great delight the heroic poem of Alonzo, the odes of Garcilasso, and the humorous stories of Cervantes: but I most sincerely declare, that I never perused a more elegant or polished composition than the translation of Sallust, and I readily subscribe to the opinion of the learned author in his preface, that the Spanish language approaches very nearly to the dignity of the Latin.

May the accomplished youth continue

to

to deserve well of his country and mankind, and establish his claim to distinction above all the princes of the age! If I may be allowed to offer my sentiments, I would advise him to study most diligently the divine works of Cicero, which no man, in my opinion, ever perused without improving in eloquence and wisdom. The epistle which he wrote to his brother Quintus, on the government of a province, deserves to be daily repeated by every sovereign in the world; his books on offices, on moral ends, and the Tusculan questions, merit a hundred perusals; and his orations, nearly sixty in number, deserve to be translated into every European language; nor do I scruple to affirm, that his sixteen books of letters to Atticus, are superior to almost all histories, that of Sallust excepted. With respect to your own compositions, I have read with great attention, and will again read, your most agreeable book.

book. I am informed that you propose giving a Latin translation of it, and I hope you will do it for the benefit of foreigners. I see nothing in it which requires alteration, —nothing which is not entitled to praise. I much wish that you would publish more of your treatises on the antiquities of Asia and Africa. I am confident they would be most acceptable to such as study those subjects. I have only for the present to conclude by bidding you farewell in my own name, and that of the republic of letters.—Farewell.

* Mr. JONES to G. S. MICHAELIS.

November 1774.

I beg you will do me the justice to believe that I have read your books with great attention. I neither entirely admit, nor reject your opinion on the fables of the Hebrews; but until the subject be

* Appendix, No. 28.

better

better known and explored, I am unwilling to depart from the received opinions concerning them. Your approbation of my Commentaries gives me sincere pleasure. Nothing is more true than that I have renounced the Asiatic muses and polite literature, and that for twenty years at least I have determined neither to write nor think about them. The Forum is my lot, and the Law engrosses all my attention. Be assured, however, that I shall ever retain my esteem both for yourself and your works.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Duke Street.*

I take the liberty to present your Ladyship with a copy of my poems, and cannot refrain from acquainting you with a plain truth, that the first of them, called Solima, would never have been written,

written, if I had never had the honour of knowing your Ladyship.

* * *

I am just come from Harrow, where it gave me inexpressible happiness to see Lord Althorpe perfectly well, extremely improved, and deservedly beloved by all, as much as by his real friend, and

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient and faithful servant,

WILLIAM JONES.

Lady SPENCER to Mr. JONES.

SIR, *Althorpe, Jan.* 10, 1775.

The continual hurry occasioned by having a house full of company, added to my not having been quite well, has prevented my thanking you sooner for your letter; you cannot doubt of my being much flattered, at your thinking you find any resemblance between my character

and

and that of Solima, and still more at your telling the world you do: I shall always look upon that poem, as a model you have set up for my imitation, and shall only be sorry I do not approach nearer to it, especially after you have called upon me in so public a manner, to improve myself in the ways of virtue and benevolence. I must decline your second request, of criticising, as I have neither time nor talents for such an office, nor do I think your works require it.

I am delighted with your invention of the Andrometer, and wish every body would form one for themselves; it would be of infinite use to numbers of people, who, from indolence and dissipation, rather go backwards than forwards in every useful attainment.

I am, Sir, with great esteem,

Your faithful friend and

humble servant,

G. SPENCER.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Amsterdam, Jan. 6, 1775.

Although the incessant and extraordinary occupations in which I am at this time engaged, do not allow me to think even of writing to my friends, I cannot refuse a few lines to the most learned Bjornstahl, both for the purpose of introducing him to you, and to shew that I have not forgotten you. You will find our Philarabic Swede, a most agreeable companion; he has not only travelled much, but is deeply versed in Oriental literature, of which he is very fond. I think I may venture to promise that the society of a person, who loves what you *still* delight in, (for I will not with you say, what you once delighted in) will be most acceptable to you. * * * * * *

* Appendix, No. 20.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to C. REVICZKI.

London, February 1775.

Do not suppose that I have forgotten you, because I write to you so seldom; I have not met with any person to whom I could entrust my packet, and I have no inclination to risk my familiar letters by the post. I doubt if this will ever reach you, and I fear therefore to write to you on any subject with my usual freedom, as your last letter of January, from Warsaw, was delivered to me opened; it is probable that you will receive this in the same manner. I am so constantly occupied with law and politics, that I have no leisure for literature. I have published two books, and only want a safe opportunity to send them to you. Write to me, I beseech you, for your friendship is my greatest delight. How

* Appendix, No. 30.

much I wish that you were in England, or I in Germany, that we might live together!

After all, I could not think of accepting the Turkish embassy. I will live in my own country, which cannot easily spare good subjects: it is scarcely yet free from commotion.—Oh! how I should rejoice if I could see you here in a diplomatic character: I should not then envy the monarchs of Europe or Asia.—Farewell again and again.

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

If you are fully sensible of the very great regard I entertain for you, you will then conceive how much pleasure I felt at the receipt of your highly valued letter. Incessantly occupied for a long time, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure of corresponding with you,

* Appendix, No. 31.

and

and I the more readily acknowledge your kindness in writing to me, when I could have no expectation of hearing from you. Though I think it more prudent not to say any thing, the disclosure of which might be attended with unpleasant consequences, I impute the opening of my letter which you mention, rather to accident than design. Your business as a lawyer must necessarily engage your closest attention; I cannot therefore ask you to write to me often, but thus much I wish you to know, that I shall soon have more leisure for corresponding with you, as the late close of the Diet, which lasted for two years (in my estimation a century) has almost left me at liberty. So much for the affairs of this part of the world. Of what is doing in your country, your letter gives me no information; but I hear from other quarters, of the agitations amongst you, in consequence of the commotions in the colonies, which I

consider worse than a foreign war. For my own part, I confess to you that I am tired both of my situation and my office, not so much on account of their difficulty as their unpleasantness, and all the consolation I feel arises from the hope that my present troublesome occupation will not last more than a year.

I heartily wish I were in London, and at liberty to sit seriously down to the composition of some political work on the subject of our republic; the task would be no less useful than agreeable, indeed I can conceive nothing more pleasant than such an employment.

If, contrary to my expectations, my wish should be gratified, I hope to find you there, and to enjoy as formerly your society and conversation. I am anxious to have your last publication, (the subject of which you do not mention,) and doubt not that the perusal of it will afford me great plea-

sure.

sure. Farewell, and think of me always with affection.

* * * * * *

The preceding correspondence proves the high degree of estimation in which the learning and abilities of Mr. Jones were holden by the literati of Europe; and we find that his reputation had extended into Asia. From the manner in which he mentions his renunciation of the embassy to Constantinople, it is evident that his attention was strongly fixed upon the political state of his own country.

The *Andrometer*, mentioned by Lady Spencer to have been invented by Mr. Jones, affords a striking specimen of the extent of his views, in the acquisition of intellectual excellence. It may be defined, *A scale of human attainments and enjoyment;* he assumes seventy years, as the limit of exertion or enjoyment; and with a view to progressive improvement, each year is appropriated

propriated to a particular study or occupation. The arrangement of what was to be learned, or practised, during this period, admits of a fourfold division.

The first, comprising thirty years, is assigned to the acquisition of knowledge as preparatory to active occupation.

The second, of twenty years, is dedicated principally to public and professional employment.

Of the third, which contains ten years, the first five are allotted to literary and scientific composition, and the remainder to the continuation of former pursuits.

The last ten, constituting the fourth division, which begins with the sixty-first year, are devoted to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours; and the conclusion of the whole is specified to be a *preparation for eternity.*

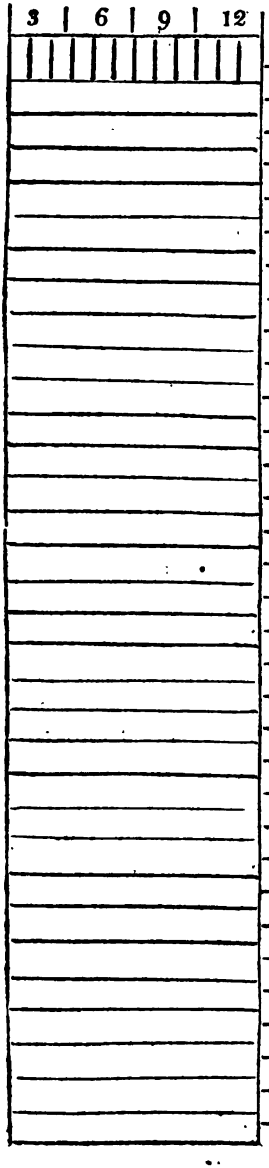
The Andrometer, is to be considered as a mere sketch, never intended for publication.

tion. In the construction of it, Mr. Jones probably had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he then meditated. We are not to conclude, that the preparation for eternity, which stands at the top of the scale, was to be deferred until the seventieth year; it is rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was *exclusively* to engross the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence, to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare, on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew moreover too well the power of habit, to admit a supposition, that it could be effectually resisted or changed at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose, that moral and religious lessons which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they are not afterwards

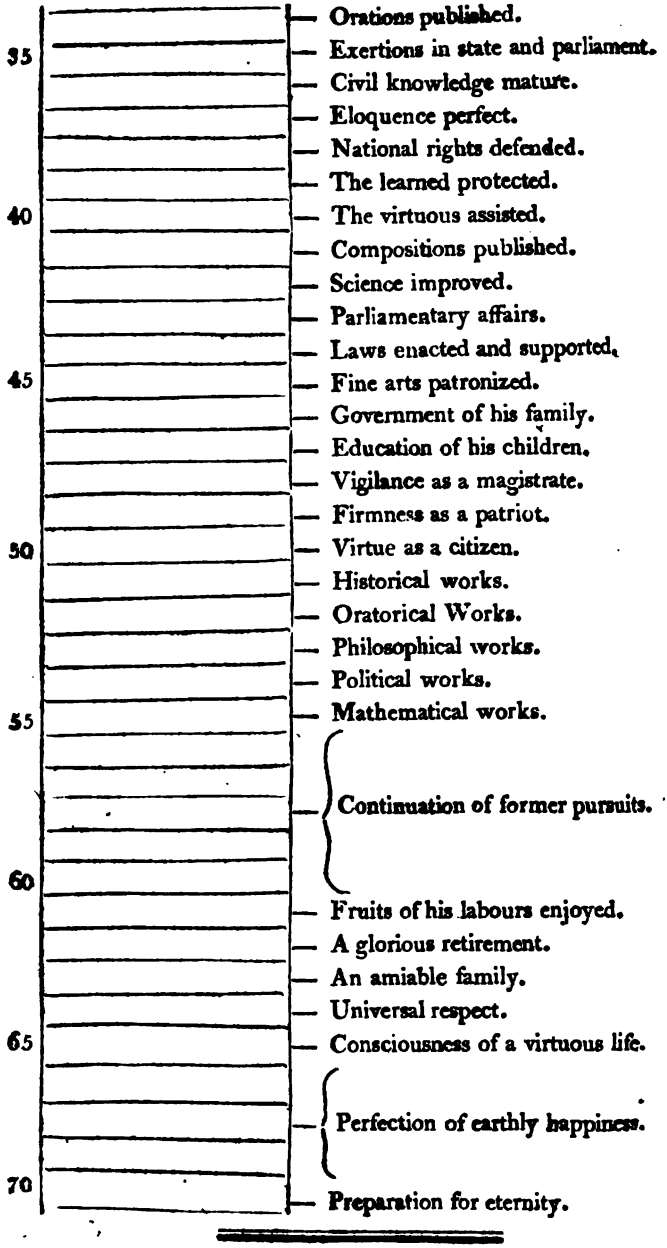
afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of Mr. Jones probably was, that they should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age, when the intellectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer, could never be strictly adhered to in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents (if it were intended) is evident; but to those who from their situation are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for their progress. With respect to Mr. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions in his thirtieth year, when he constructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a higher degree in the scale.

With these explanations, I present it to the reader; reversing, for the sake of convenience, the order of the scale.

ANDROMETER.



Orations


Orations published.
Exertions in state and parliament.
Civil knowledge mature.
Eloquence perfect.
National rights defended.
The learned protected.
The virtuous assisted.
Compositions published.
Science improved.
Parliamentary affairs.
Laws enacted and supported.
Fine arts patronized.
Government of his family.
Education of his children.
Vigilance as a magistrate.
Firmness as a patriot.
Virtue as a citizen.
Historical works.
Oratorical Works.
Philosophical works.
Political works.
Mathematical works.
Continuation of former pursuits.
Fruits of his labours enjoyed.
A glorious retirement.
An amiable family.
Universal respect.
Consciousness of a virtuous life.
Perfection of earthly happiness.
Preparation for eternity.
35
40
45
50
55
60
65
70

I HAVE mentioned that Mr. Jones was called to the bar in 1774, but he declined practice; from this period however he seems to have been fully sensible of the necessity of devoting himself exclusively to his legal studies. The ambition of obtaining distinction in his profession could not fail to animate a mind always ardent in the pursuit of the objects which it had in view, nor was he of a temper to be satisfied with mediocrity, where perfection was attainable. His researches and studies were not confined to any one branch of jurisprudence, but embraced the whole in its fullest extent. He compared the doctrines and principles of ancient legislators with the later improvements in the science of law; he collated the various codes of the different states of Europe, and collected professional knowledge wherever it was to be found. If the reader recollects the enthusiasm displayed by Mr. Jones in the prosecution

secution of his Oriental studies, the extent and depth of his attainments in the literature of Asia, and the high reputation which he had acquired from them, he will readily applaud his resolution and perseverance in renouncing his favourite pursuits. That he acted wisely, will be admitted, but the sacrifice of inclination to duty, affords an example of too great use and importance to pass without particular observation.

In 1775, for the first time, he attended the spring circuit and sessions at Oxford, but whether as a spectator, or actor, on that occasion, I am not informed. In the following year, he was regular in his attendance at Westminster-Hall.

The only part of his correspondence of this year which I possess, is a letter to his friend Schultens, and I insert it as a memorial of an incident in his life.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

December 1776.

Behold me now no longer a free man; me, who ever considered perfect liberty superior to every thing! Under the impression of the most eager desire to see you, I promised to visit Amsterdam this year, but I am detained in London by various and important occupations. The fact is, that I am appointed one of the sixty commissioners of bankrupts. It is an office of great use, but little emolument; it confines me however to London during the greatest part of the year. Add to this, my necessary studies, my practice at the bar, and the duty of giving opinions on legal cases submitted by clients. However, I read the Grecian orators again and again, and have translated into English the most useful orations of Isæus. How go

* Appendix, No. 32.

on

on Meidani and Hariri? Continue, I beseech you, your labours upon them, with due regard however to your health.

* * * * * *

Notwithstanding the increasing application of Mr. Jones to the duties and studies of his profession, and his attention to political transactions, the philosophical discoveries of the times did not escape his observation. The hopes and fears of the nation were at this period anxiously engaged in the event of the unfortunate contest, which had taken place between the mother country and her colonies, and whilst the justice of the war, and the expectation of a successful conclusion of it, were maintained by one party, by another their sentiments were opposed, and their measures arraigned and condemned. But it is no part of my plan to invade the province of the historian by discussing the questions of those times. These cursory remarks are

chiefly

chiefly introduced as preliminary to the insertion of two letters from Mr. Jones to Lord Althorpe, with whom he continued to cultivate that friendship which had so naturally been formed between the tutor and the pupil. I add also a short letter to Schultens, in answer to one which Mr. Jones had received from him, requesting him to assist by his own contributions a new publication, then on foot in Holland, and complaining of his finances in a style calculated to console his friend for renouncing the haunts of the Muses, for the thorny but more productive field of the law.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Nov. 13.

As I have a few minutes of leisure this evening, can I employ them better than in writing to my friend? I hasten, my dear Lord, to impart to you the

the pleasure I received to-day, from seeing a series of experiments exhibited by Mr. Walsh on the American eel, by which he clearly proved that the animal has a sensation wholly distinct from any of the five senses. When he announced the proposition to be demonstrated, I thought it might possibly be true, but could not conceive how a new sense could be made perceptible to any sense of mine, as I imagined it would be like talking to a deaf man of harmonic sounds, or to one who had no palate, of nectarines and pine-apples; but he produced the fullest conviction in me, that his position was in a degree just. His first experiment was by fixing four wires, about two inches in the water where the fish was swimming, one in each quarter of the elliptical trough; each of these wires communicated with a large glass of water placed on a table at a little distance, though the distance signified

nified nothing, for the experiment, had the wires been long enough, might have been conducted in another room; while the four glasses remained separate, the gymnotus (for that is his technical name) was perfectly insensible of the wires, but in the very instant when a communication was made by an instrument between any two of the glasses, he seemed to start, and swam directly to the wires which were thus joined, paying no attention to the others, till a junction was made between them also. This could not be sight, because he did not see the wires while they were insulated, though they were equally conspicuous; it could not be feeling (at least not like our feeling) because the water was not in the least agitated; still less could it be hearing, and least of all smell, or taste. It was therefore a distinct electrical sense of feeling, or power of conceiving any stronger conductor than the water around him, for

which reason he did not perceive the wires till their junction, because they were at the extremities of the tub, and so little in the water, that they were less powerful conductors. Several other experiments were exhibited with equal success; one of them only I will mention. A triangular instrument of brass was held over the tub, and one of the legs placed gently in the water, to which the fish was wholly inattentive, though he swam close to it; but when the other leg was immersed to complete the circulation, he instantly started. It is by this faculty that the wonderful animal has notice of his prey, and of his enemies. These are pleasant amusements, and objects of a just curiosity when they fall occasionally in our way; but such experiments might have been exhibited at Paris, Madrid, or Petersburgh, where the philosophers, who are discovering new senses in other animals, are not permitted to use

their own freely; and believe me, my dear Lord, it is not by electrical experiments, nor by triangular instruments, nor by conductors of wire, that we shall be able to avert the black storm which hangs over us. Let you and me, therefore, be philosophers now and then, but citizens always; let us sometimes observe with eagerness the satellites of Jupiter, but let us incessantly watch with jealousy the satellites of the King. Do you hear any certain intelligence concerning America? Mr. Owen Cambridge has just informed me, that a New York Gazette is brought over, in which the late uncertain accounts are confirmed in their full extent, with this important addition, that three counties of Maryland have offered not only submission, but assistance to General Howe. This may, or may not be true.—Farewell.

Mr. JONES to LORD ALTHORPE.

November 22.

I rejoice, my dear friend, that you have acquired that ingenuous distrust, which Epicharmus calls *a sinew of wisdom*. It is certain that doubt impels us to enquire, and enquiry often ends in conviction. You will be able when you come to London, to examine with the minutest *scrupulosity*, as Johnson would call it, the properties of that singular animal, who is in the rivers of South America, what Jupiter was feigned to be among the gods, *a darter of lightning*, and should be named ἀστραπηφόρος, instead of gymnotus. He certainly has (if an academic may venture to affirm any thing) a mode of perception peculiar to himself; but whether that perception can properly be called *a new sense*, I leave you to determine: it is a modification indeed of feeling, but are not all our senses so? I desire however,

ever. that in this and in every thing, you will form your own judgment. As to the παλιγγενεσία of our noble Constitution, which has happily presented itself to your imagination, the very idea fixes me with rapture. No, my dear Lord, never believe that any thing is impossible to virtue; no, if ten such as you conceive such sentiments as your letter contains, and express them as forcibly, if you retain these sentiments, as you certainly will, when you take your place in parliament, I will not despair of seeing the most glorious of sights, *a nation freely governed by its own laws.* This I promise, that, if such a decemvirate should ever attempt to restore our constitutional liberty by constitutional means, I would exert in their cause, such talents as I have, and, even if I were oppressed with sickness, and torn with pain, would start from my couch, and exclaim with Trebonius, "If "you mean to act worthily, O Romans!

"I am

"I am well." The speech, you find, was composed and delivered without my news about Maryland, it is* λόγος μάλα μοναρχικὸς καὶ στρατιωτικὸς, and breathes a deliberate firmness. Lord Chatham spoke with a noble vigour for a veteran orator, and your bishop pronounced an elegant harangue; I wish Lord Granby had more courage as a public speaker; all men speak highly of him, but he will never be eloquent, till he is less modest. Charles Fox poured forth with amazing rapidity a continued invective against Lord G. Germaine, and Burke was so pathetic, that many declare they saw him shed tears. The ministers in both houses were sullen and reserved, but Lord Sandwich boldly contradicted the Duke of Richmond on the state of the navy. I grieve that our senate is dwindled into a school of rhetoric, where men rise to display their abilities rather than to deliberate,

* Too despotic and military.

and

and wish to be admired without hoping to convince. Adieu, my dear Lord; I steal these few moments from a dry legal investigation; but I could not defer the pleasure of answering a letter, which gave me inexpressible delight.

† H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

May 1777.

I know not how to express my delight at the receipt of your short, but very friendly and obliging letter. I take shame to myself at having so long delayed the acknowledgement of it, and you might indeed justly censure me, for an apparent forgetfulness of your kindness towards me. This would indeed be a most serious accusation, which I cannot in any degree admit; I wish I could as fairly exculpate myself from the charge of negligence. You have now, my friend, my

† Appendix, No. 33.

confession,

confession, but you will pardon me in consideration of my promise to be more attentive in future. I may indeed plead occupations so incessant, that they scarcely allow me time to breathe, and have often compelled me to defer writing to you, when I most seriously intended it; you will the more readily admit this apology, when I tell you, that for five months I have never once thought of Meidani.

I have now a little respite, and mean soon to resume my work, which has been so long interrupted; the singular kindness of the superintendants of the library at Leyden, by permitting me to take home for my use, and retain as long as I please, not only the manuscript of Meidani, but any others which I may want, will much diminish the weight of my labour. With this assistance, I shall proceed as fast as my other employments allow to copy the manuscript, finish the indexes (which are absolutely

absolutely necessary to such a work), and add whatever is wanted to render it as elegant and complete as possible;—it gradually advances. I most heartily wish it were in my power to bestow upon this favourite occupation, those hours which I am obliged most reluctantly to give to my various public and private lectures; but I foresee that it will still require three or four years of hard labour to collect such an ample stock of materials, as will enable me to deliver my lectures fluently without much previous study, or "to shake them out of a bag," as the phrase is. In the mean time, Hariri lies untouched, the Arabic poets are neglected, and the soft and elegant literature of Persia, which above all I sincerely regret, remains unexplored; such however is the ardour with which you have inspired me, that I am determined, if I enjoy life and health, at all hazards, and at the risk of singularity,

to

to devote myself to the acquisition of it. I almost however despair of publishing Hariri. I had determined to give the text only from the best procurable manuscripts, annexing to it the translation of my grandfather, which is complete. This I should be able to accomplish with little sacrifice of time; and without neglecting other business, I could give the public an useful work. But there are some, to whose judgement as well as inclination I owe much deference, who disapprove of this plan, and advise me not to publish the work, without extracts from Tebrizi and other grammarians, nor even without my own annotations. Though I do not agree with them, I must submit to their authority, at the necessity of protracting the publication, till I can give it as they wish.

Scheidius has lately published the first part of Jaohari's Lexicon, consisting of about two hundred pages. He calculates that

that the whole work will not be comprised in less than ten volumes, of a thousand pages each. Opinions about it are various. He himself foresees so little impediment in completing this immense undertaking, that he even talks of publishing Phiruzbadi, &c.; but others consider the obstacles so insuperable, that they think it never will be finished, unless it should rain gold upon him. This is all relating to the Arabic that is now going on amongst us, excepting a glossary to Hariri, Arab Shah, and the Coran, which Mr. Wilmot, a young, but learned theologian has undertaken. It will be very useful to beginners, who from the difficulty and expense of procuring Golius, are deterred from the study of the language. Latin and Greek literature receive more encouragement here. This neither excites my envy nor surprise; but I should be still more reconciled to it, if some small part of

this

this patronage were to overflow upon the Orientalists. Ruhnkenius is at work upon Velleius Paterculus, Burman on Propertius, Wyttenbach on Plutarch, Tollius upon the Homeric Lexicon of Apollonius, an edition of which has been published by Villoison in France. The epistles of Phalaris, respecting the author of which your countrymen, Boyle and Bentley, had such a controversy, will soon be published. Have you seen the very elegant Essay of Ruhnkenius on the Life and Writings of Longinus? Many copies have been sent to England;—if you wish to have one, I will take an opportunity of procuring it for you. In the course of a few weeks, a critical miscellany will appear, and it is intended to publish two or three numbers of it annually. This publication has a double view; to notice the best new books on every subject which relate to learned antiquity,

quity, and to introduce occasionally new and unpublished compositions. The authors are unknown, or, rather, wish to be so; for some of them will certainly be discovered by their superior erudition, and uncommon elegance of style. I am sufficiently acquainted with them, to affirm confidently that the work will please you. With some of the persons concerned in it, I am intimately connected, and they have requested me to recommend to them some London bookseller, to whom a few copies may be sent for sale. For this purpose I have thought of Elmsley, who will probably have no objection to try the success of the work in England, by taking twenty or even fewer copies. I wish however in the first place to mention the business to you, that Elmsley, or some other by your interest, may be the more readily induced to undertake it. There is also another favour of more importance, which my

friends, through my agency, anxiously hope to obtain from you; the circumstance is this: upon their expressing a wish that their miscellany should contain extracts from Oriental authors, particularly Persic and Arabic, I recommended to them, as there are but few works of this nature, and still fewer worthy of notice, that they should leave a space for short dissertations, under the heads of tracts, or essays, or any other title, by which they may be communicated, as a means of promoting these studies. I promised, for my own part, to contribute some biographical memoirs from Eben Cháli Khán, if they should have nothing better to insert. They approved my advice, and earnestly entreated me to prevail upon you to furnish them with some essays of this kind; adding, that they would prove the greatest ornament and recommendation of this part of the work, and that if I really enjoyed your friendship,

friendship, which I was perpetually asserting, I could not fail of obtaining this favour from you. You see, my friend, to what I have been led, by boasting of your regard for me. I have yielded the more readily to their solicitations, in the hopes of retrieving by it, in some degree, the heavy loss which we sustained in you. I therefore most earnestly entreat and beseech you, by your ancient love of the Oriental muses, who so feelingly and fondly regret you, not to omit any convenient opportunity of gratifying our wishes. Examine your shelves;—you will find many things ready, and sufficiently perfect for publication. Whatever you send, will be most acceptable, and it shall appear in our miscellany with or without your name, as you may think proper. If you have any thing in English, and want time to turn it into Latin, I will readily undertake the translation of it, and submit it to the examination

amination of others who are better scholars than myself, that your reputation may suffer no impeachment from it. Nothing shall be added, omitted, or changed; but it shall appear exactly as you send it; to this if you think it necessary, I will pledge my word. I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to favour me with an early reply to this letter, and I rely upon your obliging acquiescence in our request.

I congratulate you upon your new office, as an introduction to something more honourable and lucrative; and as to the loss of your liberty, I regret it rather on my account, than on yours. No one, not even an Englishman, can object to service for the public good, which is the just recompence of virtue and merit. To me, however, your confinement is grievous; for, if I was disappointed in the expectation of seeing you, when you were your own master, I can scarcely now indulge a distant

hope

hope of that pleasure. Do not however leave me in despair: you have fifty-nine associates; some interval of leisure may occur, and if it should, do not neglect it, but run over and make us happy by the enjoyment of your company and conversation. It is not from want of inclination that I do not pay you another visit; the recollection of the pleasure I had in your society, is so strongly impressed upon me, that I have nothing more anxiously at heart, than to fly over to you with all speed, that I may again enjoy it. Neither is it want of time, that detains me; for my office, which exclusively occupies me for nine months, leaves me at liberty the remaining three. What is it then? I will tell you the truth, nor blush to reveal to my friend, "that, when my purse is heavier, I "shall find the journey to you lighter*."

* An Arabic proverb, adapted to the situation of the writer.

The soil of Oriental literature in Holland, as elsewhere, is barren; it produces only the mere conveniences of life, but no superfluities whatever. I must therefore defer all hope of accomplishing a journey to England, without some unexpected improvement of my circumstances. I shall however bear my lot, whatever it may be, with patience. Having mentioned this subject to you, I will add something in which you may essentially serve me. With a view to improving my fortune, and procuring that affluence, which, though it may be dispensed with, is most acceptable to those who possess it, I have determined to undertake the charge of a pupil, to receive him into my house, and superintend his morals and education. I am particularly anxious, however, that he should be of your country, not only because the system of private education is little known or followed here, but because it would be more agree-

able to me to part with my liberty to an Englishman, (you see how openly I speak,) from whom I might expect a more substantial recompence. My paper will not allow me to say much more. Oblige me with a few lines in reply; I am certain you will willingly assist me as far as you can, and you may depend upon the strictest attention on my part, to any request from you which I can possibly execute. My wife sends her best compliments to your excellent mother and sister. Farewell, my dear Jones; and continue to honour me with your esteem.

H. A. Schultens.

* * * * * *

At an interval of more than twenty-five years from the date of this letter, I cannot but acknowledge a disposition to sympathize with the feelings of the learned writer, and participate the regret which he expresses, at the deprivation of the society

of his friend, from his want of means to defray the expence of a journey to England. At this period, Schultens enjoyed an extensive reputation, and was perhaps the object of envy to many, who, without any claim to distinction, possessed that opulence, which, with all his indefatigable labours in cultivating and promoting literature, he had not been able to procure. We feel the more for him, because his complaints, (if the confidential communication of his circumstances authorize the expression,) are neither deficient in dignity, nor resignation. In truth, the tract of literature which he had chosen to cultivate, was more calculated to produce a harvest of celebrity, than profit.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

July 1777.

I should have great pleasure in complying with your kind and friendly

* Appendix, No. 34.

request,

request, by furnishing my contribution to the new work which is soon to appear amongst you, and would exert myself for this purpose, but the absolute want of leisure makes it impossible. My law employments, attendance in the courts, incessant studies, the arrangement of pleadings, trials of causes, and opinions to clients, scarcely allow me a few moments for eating and sleeping. I thank you sincerely for your very entertaining account of your own occupations, and of what is going on in your country. If I should hear of any wealthy English gentleman, who wishes to send his son as a pupil to Holland, to study literature, you may rely upon my recommendation of your merits, as well as upon my assistance on all occasions. I must however at the same time tell you, that an opportunity of this nature is very uncertain.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

MY DEAR LORD, *Bath, Dec. 26, 1777.*

I told you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that it was doubtful whether I should pass my vacation at Amsterdam or at Bath; the naiads of the hot springs have prevailed, you see, over the nymphs of the lakes, and I have been drinking the waters for a month, with no less pleasure than advantage to my health; the improvement of which I ascribe, however, in great measure, to my regular exercise on the downs, and to abstinence from any study that requires too much exertion of the mind. I should have scated indeed in Holland from town to town, and a little voyage would have dissipated my bile, if I had any: but that scheme I must postpone till another winter, and have sent an excuse to my Dutch friend who expected me.

As

As I came hither entirely for the purpose of recreating my exhausted spirits and strengthening my stomach, I have abstained with some reluctance from dancing, an amusement which I am as fond of as ever, but which would be too heating for a water-drinker; and as for the idler diversions of a public place, they have not the recommendation of novelty, without which they cannot long please. You, my dear friend, are in the mean time relaxing yourself, from the severer pursuits of science and civil knowledge, with the healthy and manly exercise of the field, from which you will return with a keener appetite to the noble feast which the Muses are again preparing for you at Cambridge. And here, by way of parenthesis, I must tell you that I joined a small party of hunters the other morning, and was in at the death of a hare; but I must confess, that I think hare-hunting a very dull exercise,

cise, and fit rather for a huntress than a mighty hunter, rather for Diana than Orion. Had I the taste and vigour of Actæon, without his indiscreet curiosity, my game would be the stag or the fox, and I should leave the hare in peace, without sending her to her many friends. This heresy of mine may arise from my fondness for every thing vast, and my disdain of every thing little, and for the same reason I should prefer the more violent sport of the Asiatics, who inclose a whole district with toils, and then attack the tigers and leopards with javelins, to the sound of trumpets and clarions. Of music, I conclude, you have as much at Althorpe, as your heart can desire; I might here have more than my ears could bear, or my mind conceive, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini; but, as I live in the house of my old master, Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, which

which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as much as I prefer Wales to ancient or modern Egypt.

I was this morning with Wilkes, who shewed me a letter lately written to him from Paris, by Diderot; as I have you know a quick memory, I brought away the substance of it, and give it to you in a translation almost literal:—"Friend Wilkes, "it delights me to hear that you still have "sufficient employment for your active "mind, without which you cannot long be "happy. I have just read the several "speeches which you have delivered on the "subject of your present war against the "provincials; they are full of eloquence, "force, and dignity. I too have composed "a speech on the same subject, which I "would deliver in your senate, had I a "seat in it. I will wave for the present, "my countrymen, all consideration of the "justice or injustice of the measures you

"are

" are pursuing; I well know that to be " an improper topic at the time when the " public welfare is immediately concerned. " I will not even question at present your " power to reduce an exasperated and " desperate people; but consider, I en- " treat you, that you are surrounded by " nations by whom you are detested; and " say, for Heaven's sake, how long you " will give them reason to laugh at the ri- " diculous figure you are making. This " is my harangue; it is short in words, but " extensive in meaning."—So far, my dear Lord, we have no reason to censure the thoughts or expressions of the learned Encyclopedist; what follows is so profligate, that I would not transcribe it, if I were not sure; that you would join with me in condemning it. " As to yourself, (he adds,) " be cheerful, drink the best wines, keep " the gayest company, and should you be " inclined to a tender passion, address

" yourself

" yourself to such women as make the " least resistance; they are as amusing and " as interesting as others. One lives with " them without anxiety, and quits them " without regret."—I want words, Diderot, to express the baseness, the folly, the brutality of this sentiment. I am no cynic, but as fond as any man at Paris of cheerful company, and of such pleasures as a man of virtue need not blush to enjoy; but if the philosophy of the French academicians be comprised in your advice to your friend Wilkes, keep it to yourself, and to such as you. I am of a different sect. He concludes his letter with some professions of regard, and with a recommendation of a young Frenchman, who told Wilkes some speeches of Diderot, to the Empress of Russia, which you shall hear at some other time. I am interrupted, and must leave you with reluctance till the morning.

* * * * *

An

An apology, I trust, will not be thought necessary for introducing that passage in Diderot's letter, which Mr. Jones reprobates in terms of asperity and indignation suitable to the rectitude of his own mind. His remarks upon it will serve to explain, if it be at all necessary, certain expressions in his letters, which may be thought to border upon a levity, that never entered into the composition of his character. His mind was never tainted with vice, nor was the morality of his conduct ever impeached. He valued the pleasures of society, and enjoyed them as long as they were innocent, whilst he detested the principles and practice of the debauchee and sensualist, and, like his favourite Hafez, could amuse his leisure hours with poetical compositions in praise of love or beauty, without sacrificing his health, his time, or his virtue. His censure of Diderot is equally a proof of his own abhorrence of vice, and of his anxiety

to impress it strongly on the mind of his friend and late pupil*.

In

* Of Diderot, thus casually introduced to the notice of the reader, it may not be irrelevant to give a short account. His works I have never read, nor, from the character of the man, have any wish to peruse them. Diderot (I take my information from the Abbé Barruel) was one of the gang of conspirators against the Christian Religion. He not only professed Atheism, but made a boast of it, and inculcated it in his writings. He was invited to Russia by the Empress Catharine, who at first admired his genius, but soon found sufficient reason in his conduct and principles to send him back to France.

There were moments in which this professed friend and admirer of Voltaire, notwithstanding his avowed impiety, seems to have been compelled by the force of truth to pay homage to the New Testament. An acquaintance found him one day explaining a chapter of it to his daughter, with all the apparent seriousness and energy of a believer. On expressing his surprise, Diderot replied, "I understand your meaning; but after "all, where is it possible to find better lessons for her "instruction?" The devils believe, and tremble.

At the close of a life of profligacy and impiety, consistent with the sentiments expressed in his letter to Wilkes, Diderot shewed some signs of contrition, and even went so far as to declare an intention of publicly recanting his errors. But the barbarity of his *philosophic friends*

In 1778, Mr. Jones published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, with a prefatory discourse, notes critical and historical, and a commentary.

The works of Isæus had long been neglected; the subject of them was dry, and his technical language, as Mr. Jones observes, was unintelligible to the herd of grammarians and philologers, by whom the old monuments of Grecian learning were saved from destruction. To rescue them from obscurity, and to present them to the student of our English laws in his native language, was a task which required the united qualifications of classical eru-

friends interfered to prevent it, and they resolved as far as they could, that he should die without repentance. Under the pretence that a change of air would promote his restoration to health, they secretly removed him into the country, and never left him until he expired, in July 1784.

dition

dition and legal knowledge, and which he discharged with equal pleasure and success.

"There is no branch of learning, from "which a student of the law may receive "a more rational pleasure, or which seems "more likely to prevent his being dis- "gusted with the dry elements of a very "complicated science, than the history of "the rules and ordinances by which na- "tions, eminent for wisdom, and illus- "trious in arts, have regulated their civil "polity: nor is this the only fruit that "he may expect to reap from a general "knowledge of foreign laws, both ancient "and modern; for whilst he indulges the "liberal curiosity of a scholar in examin- "ing the customs and institutions of men, "whose works have yielded him the highest "delight, and whose actions have raised "his admiration, he will feel the satisfac- "tion of a patriot, in observing the prefe-

"rence

"rence due in most instances to the laws "of his own country above those of all "other states; or, if his just prospects in "life give him hopes of becoming a legis- "lator, he may collect many useful hints, "for the improvement even of that fa- "bric, which his ancestors have erected "with infinite exertions of virtue and ge- "nius, but which, like all human systems, "will ever advance nearer to perfection, "and ever fall short of it."

I quote the preceding observations from his prefatory discourse, which is written with uncommon elegance, and particularly interesting, not only from the information which it contains respecting the author whose works he illustrated, but for its critical remarks on the comparative merits of the Grecian orators, and for his dissertation on the Attic laws of succession, and the forms of pleading in the Athenian courts. It was no small credit to Mr.

Jones

Jones to have successfully accomplished what Sir Mathew Hale, " to whose learn-" ing and diligence the present age is no " less indebted, than his contemporaries " were to his wisdom and virtue," had unsuccessfully attempted.

The works of Isæus are dedicated to Earl Bathurst; and Mr. Jones takes occasion in the epistle dedicatory to inform the public, that, although he had received many signal marks of friendship from a number of illustrious persons, Lord Bathurst had been his greatest, his only benefactor; that, without any solicitation, or even request on his part, his Lordship gave him a substantial and permanent token of regard, rendered still more valuable by the obliging manner of giving it, and literally the sole fruit which he had gathered from an incessant course of very painful labour. He adds his further acknowledgements for the more extended intentions of his Lordship,

although he had not then derived any benefit from them.

This was the only publication of Mr. Jones, in 1778; which, however it might tend to increase his reputation, did not perhaps much advance his professional success. He had however every reason to be satisfied with the proportion of business that fell to his share, during the circuits which he regularly attended.

Mr. Jones had transmitted a copy of his translation to Edmund Burke; and the following letter contains his acknowledgement of the favour. The opinion of a great orator on any subject connected with that of his constant meditations, will not be read without interest.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 12, 1779.

I give you many thanks for your most obliging and valuable present, and feel myself extremely honoured by this

 mark

mark of your friendship. My first leisure will be employed in an attentive perusal of an author, who had merit enough to fill up a part of yours, and whom you have made accessible to me with an ease and advantage, which one so many years disused to Greek literature as I have been, could not otherwise have. Isæus is an author of whom I know nothing but by fame; I am sure that any idea I had from thence conceived of him, will not be at all lessened by seeing him in your translation. I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators, than even the poets; I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers I think somewhat less;—but he suffers greatly; so much, that I must say, that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators. I am satisfied

that there is now an eminent exception to this rule, and I sincerely congratulate the public on that acquisition. I am, with the greatest truth and regard, my dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged
humble servant,
EDMUND BURKE.

Of the incidents in the life of Mr. Jones during the years 1778 and 1779, I have no particular information; we may suppose his time and attention to have been principally engrossed by his professional duties and studies, and the political circumstances of the times. His own letters, always interesting, and often instructive, with those of his correspondents, contain all that I know of him during this period; the latter afford additional evidence of the esteem in which his learning, abilities, and principles were held by men of high reputation in the rank of literature.

Mr.

Mr. SWINNEY to Mr. JONES.

Pera of Constantinople, January 1, 1778.

SIR;

So high an opinion do I entertain of your humanity and politeness, as to persuade myself you will readily pardon the liberty I have taken, of sending you a Persian and Grecian manuscript. If, on perusal of one or the other book, you shall meet with a single passage that may contribute either to your instruction or amusement, my purpose will be fully answered.

Among the real curiosities I have seen at Constantinople, is a public museum, erected at the sole expence of a most learned Grand Visir, whose name and title was Rajib Pacha. This collection contains about two thousand Arabian, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, which, the learned say, contain vast stores of erudition.

tion. It is not improbable but I may be able, on some favourable occasion, to procure you a copy of the catalogue; and then, should you be disposed to have any of the manuscripts copied, I intreat you will confer the honour upon me, of executing the commission. People assure me, but I dare not say whether with good authority or no, that the entire Decades of Livy, and the complete History of Curtius, are contained in that very precious repository: if so, who knows but majesty itself (so superlatively happy are we in a monarch who favours the arts and sciences!) may graciously condescend to command a copy of them?

Be pleased to accept of my warmest wishes for your health, prosperity, and very long life: and believe me to be (what I sincerely am) a lasting admirer of your abilities; and at the same time, dear Sir, &c.

SIDNEY SWINNEY.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR; *3d October*, 1778.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your most obliging letter. It is impossible for me to express the value in which I hold the favourable sentiments you have conveyed to me; and above all, that strain of cordiality and friendship which accompany them. The loss of that long letter, or dissertation, into which my performance was about to entice you, is a matter of infinite regret to me: but I hope that the object which then engaged more particularly your attention, and which was so worthy of it, is now within your reach; that the fates are to comply with your desires, and to place you in a scene where so much honour and so many laurels are to be won and gathered.

It affects me with a lively pleasure, that your taste has turned with a peculiar fond-

ness

ness to the studies of law and government on the great scale of history and manners. They have been too long in the management of enquirers, who were merely metaphysicians, or merely the retainers of courts. Their generous and liberal nature has been wounded and debased by the minuteness of an acute but useless philosophy, and by a mean and slavish appetite for practice and wealth. It is now fit that we should have lawyers who are orators, philosophers, and historians. . . . . .

But while I entreat you to accept my best thanks for your excellent letter, and express my approbation of those studies of which you are enamoured, permit me, at the same time, to embrace the opportunity of making known to you the bearer of these lines. Dr. Gillies, of whom you may have heard as the translator of Lysias, has been long my warm friend; and I have to recommend him to you as the

the possessor of qualities which are still more to his honour than extensive learning and real genius. Men who leave their compatriots behind them in the pursuits of science and true ambition, are of the same family, and ought to be known to one another.

Do me the favour, my dear Sir, to continue to afford me a place in your memory and believe me that I shall always hear of your prosperity, your reputation, and your studies, with a peculiar and entire satisfaction.

I am now, and ever, yours, &c.

GILB. STUART.

P. S. In January or February, I am to send into the world a new work, in which I treat of the *public law*, and the *Constitutional History of* SCOTLAND. And, wherever you are, I am to transmit you one of the first copies, by Mr. Murray, of Fleet-Street.

Dean

Dean TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR;

Gloucester, September 21, 1778.

When you first honoured me with your acquaintance, perhaps you was not aware what a troublesome correspondence you was bringing yourself into. Be that as it may, I will now beg leave to avail myself of the permission which you kindly granted me of consulting you on some points. Several copies of my last tract have been in the University upwards of a fortnight; and it is probable that by this time some have vouchsafed to read it. What therefore I wish to know is, whether, in the judgment of those who have given it a perusal, I have confuted Mr. Locke's system in such a manner, that they are convinced his must be *wrong*, whatever else may happen to be *right*. If this is not the case, that is, if I have not totally con-

futed

futed Mr. Locke, I need proceed no farther, for mine can have no chance to be true, if his is still supposed to be the only true one; and I shall very willingly give up the pursuit. But, if I have demolished his scheme, I have so far cleared the way to make room for my own; and, in that case, I have one or two points to consult you about.

I am,

J. TUCKER.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Oct. 13, 1778.

My dear Lord, captain, and friend, (of all which titles no man entertains a juster idea than yourself,) how shall I express the delight which your letter from Warley camp has given me? I cannot sufficiently regret, that I was so long deprived of that pleasure; for, intending to be in London soon after the circuit, I had neglected

neglected to leave any directions here about my letters; so that yours has lain almost a month upon my table, where I found it yesterday on my return from the country. I ought indeed to have written first to you, because I was a rambler, you stationary: and because the pen has been my peculiar instrument, as the sword has been yours this summer: but the agitation of forensic business, and the sort of society in which I have been forced to live, afforded me few moments of leisure, except those in which nature calls for perfect repose, and the spirits exhausted with fatigue require immediate reparation. I rejoice to see that you are a votary, as Archilocus says of himself, both of the Muses and of Mars; nor do I believe that a letter full of more manly sentiments, or written with more unaffected elegance, than yours, has often been sent from a camp. You know I have set my mind on your being a fine speaker in next

 parliament,

parliament, in the cause of true constitutional liberty, and your letters convince me that I shall not be disappointed. To this great object, both for your own glory and your country's good, your present military station will contribute not a little: for, a soldier's life naturally inspires a certain spirit and confidence, without which the finest elocution will not have a full effect. Not to mention Pericles, Xenophon, Cæsar, and a hundred other eloquent soldiers among the ancients, I am persuaded that Pitt (whom by the way I am far from comparing to Pericles) acquired his forcible manner in the field where he carried the colours. This I mention in addition to the advantages of your present situation, which you very justly point out: nor can I think your summer in any respect uselessly spent, since our constitution has a good defence in a well-regulated militia, officered by men who love their country: and a militia

so

so regulated, may in due time be the means of thinning the formidable standing army, if not of extinguishing it. Captain * * * is one of the worthiest, as well as tallest men in the kingdom; but he, and his Socrates, Dr. Johnson, have such prejudices in politics, that one must be upon one's guard in their company, if one wishes to preserve their good opinion. By the way, the Dean of Gloucester has printed a work, which he thinks a full confutation of Locke's Theory of Government; and his second volume will contain a new Theory of his own: of this, when we meet. The disappointment to which you allude, and concerning which you say so many friendly things to me, is not yet certain. My competitor is not yet nominated: many doubt whether he will be; I think he will not, unless the Chancellor should press it strongly. It is still the opinion and wish of the bar, that I should be the man. I believe, the

minister

minister hardly knows his own mind. I cannot legally be appointed till January, or next month at soonest, because I am not a barrister of five years standing till that time: now many believe that they keep the place open for me till I am qualified. I certainly wish to have it, because I wish to have twenty thousand pounds in my pocket before I am eight-and-thirty years old; and then I might contribute in some little degree towards the service of my country in Parliament, as well as at the Bar, without selling my liberty to a patron, as too many of my profession are not ashamed of doing; and I might be a Speaker in the House of Commons in the full vigour and maturity of my age; whereas, in the slow career of Westminster-Hall, I should not perhaps, even with the best success, acquire the same independent station, till the age at which Cicero was killed. But be assured, my dear lord, that if the minister be

offended

offended at the style in which I have spoken, do speak, and will speak, of public affairs, and on that account should refuse to give me the judgeship, I shall not be at all mortified, having already a very decent competence, without a debt, or a care of any kind. I will not break in upon you at Warley unexpectedly; but whenever you find it most convenient, let me know, and I will be with you in less than two hours.

DEAN TUCKER to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, December* 31, 1778.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that your packet and letter arrived safe last night; for both which, I am very much obliged to you. I cannot say that your remarks have wrought much conviction in me, (in some places they have,) but they have had what I esteem a better effect, that is, they will make me more cautious

cautious and circumspect in some of my expressions; and they will oblige me to bring more proofs and illustrations of some points than I thought were needful. In all these respects, your friendly remarks have done me much greater service than unmeaning compliments; and as to your differing so widely in opinion from me, your frank declaration of this difference proves you the honester man, and the more to be esteemed. I am, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *Warsaw, Nov. 26, 1778.*

It is the fate of those who, like you, are an ornament to the literary world, to be known to those who are perfectly unknown to them; each is entitled to call to them for light, and this I hope will be a sufficient apology for my intruding upon you, and interrupting those stu-

dious hours which you consecrate with so much success to the instruction of your readers.

I was happy enough of late to hit upon your Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations, and your History of the Persian language. I found that you had made up in these two works a quarrel of a very old standing between erudition and taste: you have brought them to meet together in such a friendly manner, that one who had never read but your writings, would be apt to think they always went hand in hand.

I have been applying myself since a few years to the study of Eastern languages; though I cannot flatter myself with having made as yet any considerable progress in that branch of learning. Your most excellent Grammar of the Persian language, which gave birth to Mr. Richardson's one of the Arabic, executed upon the same plan, are the agreeable guides which

which I follow in that difficult journey; to them I owe to be rescued out of the hands of Erpenius, Guadagnola, and the rest of those unmerciful gentlemen who never took the least trouble about clearing the road, or plucking out one single thorn from the many with which the paths of the study of Eastern languages are covered. Give me leave to be still more beholden to you; and as you learned men are the leading stars of the unlearned, I beg you'll bestow a few moments of your leisure upon answering some questions which may perhaps appear very trifling in the eyes of a man of your extensive knowledge.

I have always been at a loss to form any conjecture upon the following subject, which is, by what chance so many words from other European languages, or at least used in our European languages, are got into the Persian; as for instance, jivân,

pudder, mâder*, the English, *bad*, the German, *dochter*, *der*, *bend*, together with a deal of our Sclavonian, especially in the arithmetical numbers, which, even in the manner of pronouncing them, are exactly the same, such as *pendsed*, *schesked*†, &c. I should be greatly obliged to you likewise, if by your means I could be informed, whether the Dictionary of Meninski, proposed to be reprinted at Oxford, is already come out; whether it contains a great many additions which are not to be found in the edition of 1680; lastly, whether Mr. Richardson has published the second volume, English and Arabic, of his Dictionary. As to our poor countryman, Meninski, he has not met with the reward which he had a right to expect‡; after having

* Youth, father, mother. † 500 and 600.

‡ From the short account given of Meninski in the Biographical Dictionary, it appears, that he was no less distinguished for his extensive erudition and profound knowledge

having wasted his health and fortune in the finishing of his work, he died unnoticed at Vienna; and his daughter ended her life in the same city a few years ago, very ill used by those who had advanced money to her father, for the publishing of his work. You live in a country where such a sin would be ranked among the mortal ones. Baron Reviczki, so justly and honourably mentioned in your works, has been residing here for several years, as minister of the Court of Vienna: we have often made the wish, that something could

knowledge of languages, particularly Oriental, than by the propriety of conduct, and abilities displayed by him in various official situations to which he had risen by his merit. His first station was that of first interpreter to the Polish embassy at the Porte, and from this he was gradually advanced to the rank of a counsellor of war to the Emperor at Vienna, and first interpreter of Oriental languages. He died at Vienna at the age of 75, in 1698, eighteen years after the publication of his famous and useful work, the Oriental Thesaurus. The compilers of this account do not notice the circumstances mentioned by Prince Czartoryski.

tempt

tempt you to take our part of the world in your way. If that should ever happen, I would consider it as a most agreeable circumstance for me, if you could be prevailed upon to accept of my house during your stay, and consider it as your own. I know what advantages we might reap from so useful and agreeable an intercourse, and would make it our business not to let time lay heavy upon your hands. I must (before I end) express to you the sense of pleasure which I felt as a Pole, in reading that passage of your preface which concerns our country: it bears the stamp of humanity and spirit. Now, after having repeated my excuses for having been so forward, and perhaps so tedious,

I am, with all possible regard, &c.

ADAM PRINCE CZARTORYSKI,

General of Podolia.

Mr. JONES to PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, London, Feb. 17, 1779.

Nothing could be more honourable to me than your letter, nothing more flattering than the sentiments which you express in it; but I am so little used to converse or correspond with Princes, and have so long been accustomed to the plainness of the ancients, that I should address your Highness with more facility in Latin than in any modern idiom. Yet as you not only perfectly understand my native language, but even write it (I speak sincerely) with elegance, I will try to answer you in English, with Roman simplicity.

It gives me great pleasure, that my juvenile compositions have been at all useful or entertaining to you. What higher reward can a writer desire, than the approbation of such a reader? In supposing,

posing, however, that you interrupt my studious hours which I am consecrating to literature, allow me to say, that, unhappily for me, you are a little mistaken. My last four years have been spent in forensic labours, which, however arduous, are no less pleasing than reputable, and would be perfectly congenial with my temper and disposition, if they did not wholly preclude me from resuming my former studies. It is possible, however, that I may soon succeed to a high judicial office in Bengal, where the vacations will give me leisure to renew my acquaintance, which I now am obliged to intermit, with the Persian and Arabian classics. Should my appointment take place, I shall set a high value on your correspondence, and will not fail to send both your Highness, and my friend, Baron Reviczki, (to whom I will write very soon,) some wreaths of flowers from the banks of the Ganges.

In

In answer to your questions, I must inform your Highness, that the project of reprinting Meninski here is entirely dropt; but Richardson is indefatigable, and advances as expeditiously as possible with the second part of his dictionary. How so many European words crept into the Persian language, I know not with certainty. Procopius, I think, mentions the great intercourse, both in war and peace, between the Persians and the nations in the north of Europe and Asia, whom the ancients knew by the general name of Scythians. Many learned investigators of antiquity are fully persuaded, that a very old and almost primæval language was in use among these northern nations, from which not only the Celtic dialects, but even the Greek and Latin, are derived; in fact we find πατὴρ and μητὴρ in Persian, nor is θυγατὴρ so far removed from dockter, or even ὄνομα and nomen from nâm, as to make it

ridiculous

pher of Scotland. With a thousand people, these things are the greatest of all crimes. It is in England, and not in this country, that I am to find those readers who will be perfectly impartial. I entreat you to accept my most sincere wishes for your prosperity, and that you will believe me, with the most entire respect, my dear Sir, &c.

GILB. STUART.

Dr. STUART to Mr. JONES.

Dr. Stuart presents his best compliments to Mr. Jones.

I beg to have the pleasure to submit to your inspection a small Treatise, which I have published a few years ago, as an introduction to an extensive work on the laws and constitution of England, which I have long meditated, and have in part executed. If you like my ideas, I shall account myself extremely fortunate. If they do not strike

strike you as of importance and interesting, I shall think that I have employed my leisure without advantage. Your line of study has led you to enquire into the history of English manners and jurisprudence. The little work which accompanies this note, is perfectly within this line; and, as I have the most entire confidence in your penetration and candour, I should be happy to know your opinion of it. I should then be in a state to form a resolution, whether I ought to give order and method to the materials I have collected in the view of prosecuting a subject, which I may perhaps have undertaken without having properly consulted my forces. You will do me the favour to excuse this trouble.

C. RE-

* C. REVICZKI to Mr. JONES.

Warsaw, March 17, 1779.

I lately received through Mr. ——— your two last learned publications; a most agreeable and convincing proof of your affectionate remembrance of me. The singular erudition with which your works abound, not only delighted me exceedingly, but almost excited my inclination to resume those studies which I had almost forgotten. Prince Adam Czartoryski, who has cultivated Oriental literature not unsuccessfully, had already afforded me an opportunity of perusing your life of Nadir Shah. He particularly pointed out the passages in the dissertation, in which you make such honourable mention of me, and for which I am indebted to your partiality alone. I regret the loss which the republic of letters must

* Appendix, No. 35.

suffer from your desertion, and determination to devote yourself to the altar of Themis: but I trust that Melpomenè, under whose auspices you were born, will compel you to return to your allegiance. I am heartily tired with a residence of seven years on the banks of the Vistula: but the termination of the German war will, I hope, restore me to a more pleasing situation. How much more agreeable would it be to me, if fortune would allow me to gratify my inclinations, by passing my days in England, near you! But to whatever place my destiny may lead me, my affection for you will continue unabated. Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Temple, Feb. 4, 1780.

The public piety having given me this afternoon what I rarely can obtain, a short intermission of business; can I employ

ploy my leisure more agreeably than in writing to my friend? I shall send my letter at random, not knowing whether you are at Althorpe or at Buckingham, but persuading myself that it will find you without much delay. May I congratulate you and our country on your entrance upon the great career of public life? If there ever was a time when men of spirit, sense, and virtue, ought to stand forth, it is the present. I am informed, that you have attended some country meetings, and are on some committees. Did you find it necessary or convenient to speak on the state of the nation? It is a noble subject, and with your knowledge as well as judgment, you will easily acquire habits of eloquence; but *habits* they are, no less than playing on a musical instrument, or handling a pencil: and as the best musicians and finest painters began with playing sometimes out of tune and drawing out of proportion,

proportion, so the greatest orators must begin with leaving some periods unfinished, and perhaps with sitting down in the middle of a sentence. It is only by continued use that a speaker learns to express his ideas with precision and soundness, and to provide at the beginning of a period for the conclusion of it; but to this facility of speaking, the habit of writing rapidly contributes in a wonderful degree. I would particularly impress this truth upon your mind, my dear friend, because I am fully convinced that an Englishman's real importance in his country, will always be in a compound ratio of his virtue, his knowledge, and his eloquence; without all of which qualities little real utility can result from either of them apart; and I am no less persuaded, that a virtuous and knowing man, who has no natural impediment, may by habit acquire perfect eloquence, as certainly as a healthy man who has the use

of his muscles, may learn to swim or to scate. When shall we meet, and where, that we may talk over these and other matters? There are some topics which will be more properly discussed in conversation than upon paper, I mean on account of their copiousness; for believe me I should not be concerned, if all that I write were copied at the post-office, and read before the King in council. * * * * * *

At the same time I solemnly declare, that I will not enlist under the banners of a party; a declaration which is I believe useless, because no party would receive a man, determined as I am, to think for himself. To you alone, my friend, and to your interests, I am firmly attached, both from early habit and from mature reason, from ancient affection unchanged for a single moment, and from a full conviction that such affection was well placed. The views and wishes of all other men, I will

analyze

analyze and weigh with that suspicion and slowness of belief, which my experience, such as it is, has taught me; and to be more particular, although I will be jealous of the *regal* part of our constitution, and always lend an arm towards restraining its proud waves within due limits, yet my most vigilant and strenuous efforts shall be directed against any oligarchy that may rise; being convinced, that on the popular part of every government depends its real force, the obligation of its laws, its welfare, its security, its permanence. I have been led insensibly to write more seriously than I had intended; my letters shall not always be so dull: but with so many public causes of grief or of resentment, who can at all times be gay?

* * * * * *

In the memoirs of Mr. Jones, the year seventeen-hundred-and-eighty forms an interesting æra, in which his occupations

were diversified, his prospects extended, and his hopes expanded, more than at any former period of his life. His professional practice had greatly increased, and suggested the fairest hopes of progressive enlargement, and augmented profit: but as his views were more particularly directed to the vacant seat on the bench of Fort William, in Bengal, and as, from the kindness of Lord North, he was authorized to expect the early attainment of it, he was less solicitous to procure an augmentation of business, which, in the event of success in his India pursuits, he must altogether abandon. In this state of suspense, the political events of the times, received a more than ordinary share of his attention: he did not however enrol himself with any party; but looking up to the constitution and liberty of his country, as the objects of his political adoration, he cultivated an extensive acquaintance with men of all parties,

parties, and of the first rank and talents, without any sacrifice of principle or opinion. No man had ever more right to apply to himself the character of "nullius "addictus jurare in verba magistri." With respect to the American war, he early adopted sentiments upon it unfavourable to the justice of the British cause, and this opinion, once formed, would naturally acquire strength from the protraction of the contest, which he lamented with the feelings of a true patriot and friend to humanity. These reflections dictated a very animated and classical Ode to Liberty, which he composed in Latin, and printed in March; it strongly displays his genius, erudition, feelings, and political principles*.

* Works, vol. iv. p. 581. This ode was published under the title of Julii Melesigoni ad libertatem. The assumed name is formed by a transposition of the letters of Gulielmus Jonesius.

Sir

Sir Roger Newdigate having declared his intention of vacating his seat in parliament, as representative of the University of Oxford, Mr. Jones was induced by a laudable ambition, and the encouragement of many respectable friends, to come forward as a candidate. The following letters will explain his hopes, his conduct, and disappointment on this occasion.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT to Mr. JONES.

SIR; *May* 8, 1780.

It is with pleasure I observe the public papers mention you as one of the candidates to represent the University of Oxford at the ensuing election. As a literary society, the rank you hold in the republic of letters ought certainly to point you out as one of the first objects of her choice. But it is not merely upon this principle that I feel myself interested in your success: exclusive of that veneration with

with which I look up to superior talents, I have an additional motive (which indeed ought to supersede every other) in the very high opinion I have formed of your integrity. If in this opinion I should be mistaken, your own writings have greatly contributed to mislead me. You will perceive, Sir, my reason for troubling you with this letter is to desire that when you make out a list of your friends upon this occasion, my name may be admitted into the number. I am, Sir, with truth, your very sincere well-wisher, &c.

EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

Mr. JONES to the Rev. E. CARTWRIGHT.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, May 16, 1780.

DEAR SIR;

Since my friends have declared me a candidate for the very honourable seat which Sir Roger Newdigate intends

tends to vacate, I have received many flattering testimonies of regard from several respectable persons; but your letter, dated May 8th, which I did not receive till this morning, is, without a compliment, the fairest and most pleasing fruit of the competition in which I am engaged. The rule of the University, which is a very noble one, forbidding me to solicit votes for myself, I have not been at liberty even to apply to many persons whom it is both a pleasure and honour to know. Your unsolicited approbation is a great reward of my past toil in my literary career, and no small incentive to future exertions. As to my integrity, of which you are pleased to express a good opinion, it has not yet been tried by any very strong temptations: I hope it will resist them if any be thrown in my way. This only I may say (and I think without a boast) that my ambition was always very much bounded, and that

my

my views are already attained by professional success adequate to my highest expectations. Perhaps I shall not be thought very unambitious, if I add, that my great object of imitation is Mr. Selden, and that if I could obtain the same honour which was conferred on him, I should, like him, devote the rest of my life to the service of my constituents and my country, to the practice of an useful profession, and to the unremitted study of our English laws, history, and literature. To be approved by you, and such men as you (if many such could be found), would be a sufficient reward to, &c.

W. JONES.

Permit me to add an ode printed (but not published) before the present competition, and at a time when I should have been certainly made a judge in India, by the kindness of Lord North, if any appointment had taken place. It proves sufficiently

ficiently that no views or connections can prevent me from declaring my honest sentiments when I think they may be useful to my country.

Mr. BURROWS to Mr. JONES.

Hadley, near Barnet, May 23, 1780.

SIR,

For the first time I am sorry I did not take all my degrees. I should have been happy to have given the testimony of an individual to a merit, which I have long considered as the reproach, as well as ornament of this age and country: I must add, it would have given me particular pleasure to have expressed my gratitude to one who has so much contributed to my instruction and amusement.

* * * * * *

I most heartily wish you success, as the republic seems in great danger of taking some harm from the weakness of her friends, and

and the vigour of her foes, and never in any time of her life stood in more need of the attracting and repelling powers of men of ability. I must own too, I have an additional reason for wishing you seated in the British parliament, as I shall take great satisfaction in seeing the dull of all denominations convinced, that men of wit and learning are as capable of excelling in public business, as they call it, as the most illiterate of them all.

I am, &c.

J. Burrows.

Mr. JONES to Dr. MILMAN.

Sir, *May* 30, 1780.

Although I have not yet the honour, to which I have long aspired, of your acquaintance and friendship, yet I am persuaded that the bond which ought in this crisis to unite all honest men is, *idem sentire de republicâ*; and my friend, Mr.

Mr. Milles, having imparted to me the contents of your yesterday's note, I beg leave to assure you, that I never imagined it possible, in this metropolis, at the busiest time of the year, for professional men to attend a committee of canvassers, and never thought of soliciting the attendance or exertions of my friends, any farther than might be consistent with their engagements and avocations. Accept, Sir, my very warm and very sincere thanks (and when I have the honour of being known to you, you will find that my warmth and my sincerity are perfectly undissembled) for the sentiments which you express to Mr. Milles in regard to me. Whatever be the event of the competition in which I am engaged, I shall certainly reap the most pleasing fruit from the kindness of many excellent persons, by whom it is an high honour to be esteemed.

* * * * * *

This

This only I can say, that my friends having nominated me, I have nothing to do but to *steer right onward*, as Milton says, to a poll. The voyage will probably last a twelvemonth at least; and though I began to sail after the Monsoon, yet I am by no means in despair of reaching the port with flying pennons, how unfavourably soever some few breezes may blow. Without an allegory, it will necessarily take up much time for my friends to canvass nine hundred voters, a great majority of whom is dispersed in various parts of the kingdom. As to my competitors, I know them both, and respect the benevolence of Sir W. Dolben as much as I admire the extensive erudition and fine taste of Dr. Scott: but their political principles are the reverse of mine.

H. A.

* H. A. SCHULTENS to Mr. JONES.

Leyden, June 2, 1780.

Although increasing, and, at this particular time, incessant occupation reluctantly compels me, in some measure, to forego the pleasure of corresponding with my friends, yet the subject of your last letter appears to me so important, that I am determined to hazard an immediate answer to it in three words, rather than, by waiting for a more favourable opportunity, run the risk of exciting a suspicion of any want of regard and affection for you, by an apparent inattention to your interest. I should be as happy to promote it as my own, although I am unfortunately deficient in the means of doing it.

The situation for which you are canvassing, my friend, is most honourable and

* Appendix, No. 36.

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important; and if it be attainable by merit, not favour, I know no person more worthy of it than yourself, none who has higher pretensions to genius, none who possesses a greater extent of useful knowledge, nor a more powerful and commanding eloquence, none who exceeds you in love for liberty and your country, none more capable of applying a remedy to the disastrous situation of affairs by wise counsels, prudence, fortitude, and integrity; none therefore to whose care our alma mater (allow me to evince my affection to the University by this expression) can more safely trust her interests and prosperity.

Have you however no apprehension that your enthusiasm for liberty, which is so generally known, may, in these unpropitious times, injure the success of your cause? Will those upon whose votes your election depends, allow the University to be represented in parliament by Julius Melesigonus?

nus? My countrymen have adopted an opinion, that, in the present situation of affairs, no man who publicly avows his attachment to liberty, can be employed in the administration.

This you will say is no concern of mine; be that as it may, no exertions on my part shall be wanting to promote your success, and I wish you would inform me how they can be directed to your advantage. Have I the power of sending a vote in your favour? I much doubt it. Shall I apply to any of my friends at Oxford who are well disposed towards me; for instance, Messrs. Kennicot, White, and Winstanley? Write to me without delay, and inform me what I shall do, that I may convince you of my zeal and sincerity to serve you.

I am at present at Leyden, having succeeded my father, who died about six months ago, in the professorship of Oriental literature. I have much to say upon this subject,

subject, and hope shortly to write fully to you about it. I long to know how you are, as well as that best of women your mother, and your sister, (to whose friendship I am so much obliged). Present my affectionate regards to them. Farewell, and remember me.

Some catalogues of my father's library, which is to be sold in September, have been forwarded, I think, to Elmsley, and I have ordered one to be sent to you.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WHEELER.

MY DEAR SIR; *September 2, 1780.*

The parliament being suddenly dissolved, I must beg you, as one of my best and truest friends, to make it known in the University, that I decline giving the learned body any further trouble, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them. It is needless to add, what you well know, that I should

never have been the first to have troubled them at all. I always thought a delegation to parliament from so respectable a society, a laudable object of true ambition; but I considered it as a distant object, as the reward of long labour and meritorious service in our country; and I conceived, that, had I filled a judge's seat in India, with the approbation of my countrymen, I might on my return be fixed on as a proper representative of the University. Had not that happened which you know, I should no more have thought of standing now, than of asking for a peerage. As to principles in politics, if my success at Oxford, at any future time, depend upon a change of them, my cause is hopeless: I cannot alter or conceal them without abandoning either my reason or my integrity; the first of which is my only guide, and the second my chief comfort in this passage through life. Were I inclined

to

to boast of any thing, I should certainly boast of making those principles my rule of conduct, which I learned from the best of men in ancient and modern times; and which, my reason tells me, are conducive to the happiness of mankind. As to *men*, I am certainly not hostile to the *ministers*, from whom I have received obligations; but I cannot in conscience approve their *measures*.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *September* 4, 1780.

Permit me again to express (what I can never express too often, or too warmly) my very sincere thanks for your kind letter, dated May 8, and to assure you, as I may with the greatest truth, that I am just as much obliged to you as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success; but as my strength in the great elective body of our Univer-

sity, (which strength, all circumstances considered, was very respectable,) lay chiefly among the non-resident voters, it would be unpardonably ungrateful in me were I to give my friends the trouble of taking long journeys, without a higher probability of success than my late enquiries have left me room to expect. I therefore decline giving any farther trouble to the learned body, and am heartily sorry for that which has already been given them, though not originally by me or my friends. I am perfectly conscious that had I been so fortunate as to succeed at Oxford, I should not have advanced, nor wished to advance, a single step in the career of ambition, but should cheerfully have sacrificed my repose and peace of mind to such a course as I conceived likely to promote the public good; and this consciousness cannot but prevent me from being in the least depressed by my

failure

failure of success. I should never repent of this little struggle, if it had produced no other fruit than the testimony of your approbation. The hurry of the general election to a professional man, has obliged me to suspend till another long vacation, two little works, which I hoped to finish in the remainder of this. The first is a treatise *On the Maritime Jurisprudence of the Athenians*, illustrated by five speeches of Demosthenes in *commercial* causes; and the second, a dissertation *On the Manners of the Arabians before the Time of Mahomet*, illustrated by the seven poems, which were written in letters of gold, and suspended in the temple at Mecca, about the beginning of the sixth century. When they are printed, I shall be proud in submitting them to your judgment, as their excellence is well known.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

Sept. 4, 1780.

The intelligence which you so kindly sent me, my dear Lord, and which was perfectly unexpected, has suspended for a short time my excursion to Passy; for though I have not received any positive retainers for election business, yet there will be some contests in Wales, where I may *possibly* be employed; and, though the whole system of election-laws, and of elections themselves, (I always except the Grenville judicature) is quite repugnant to my ideas of the constitution, yet it would be thought unprofessional to be absent from England at such a time; nor ought indeed any Englishman to be absent when the question to be decided is, "Whether his country shall be free in form only, or in substance." I have therefore postponed my expedition for a fortnight at

at least, in which time all the borough elections will, I suppose, be over; and by that time, I shall be able to form a tolerable judgment of the counties. In the several counties through which I lately passed, I received (what I did not ask or desire) much praise from many worthy men for my plan to prevent the *necessity* of making a standing army *perpetual*; but the uniform objection which I heard was, "the plan is legal and constitutional, but "this is *not the time for it.*" Lord Mansfield himself thought otherwise, when he said in the House of Lords, that no time was to be lost in giving strength to the civil power; but let the objectors beware, lest by refusing to adopt such a plan while they are able, because they think the time improper, they should not, when the proper time shall come, be allowed to adopt it. We had some entertaining causes on the circuit, particularly a singular indictment

ment for alarming a village on the coast of Pembrokeshire, with a report that a hostile ship of war was approaching. The prosecutors were two magistrates (one of whom was an Indian ———) who were angry at having been *made fools of*, a point however which they could not easily have proved, inasmuch as they were fools already made. I defended the prosecuted man with success, and mingled in my speech many bitter reflections on the state of this country at the time of the alarm, and on the attempt, because the English laws were not relished in India, to import the Indian laws into England, by imprisoning and indicting an honest man, who had done no more than his duty, and whose only fault was fear, of which both his prosecutors were equally guilty. On my return through Oxford, I was convinced by undoubted authority, that although I had been continually gaining ground,

ground, and had collected no fewer than ten or twelve votes on the circuit, yet I had no chance of success against Sir W. D., and any attempt to shake Mr. Page would have been not only consummate rashness, but even inconsistent with my repeated declarations.

Let me request you to give my very sincere thanks to Dr. Preedy for his kind promise and assistance, assuring him (which is very true) that I am just as much obliged to him, as if his kindness had been attended with success, and desiring him to thank his friend Dr. Ruding in the same terms, and with the same sincerity. Must I add this trouble to that which you have already taken? I will make no apologies after a friendship of fifteen years, uninterrupted even for a single moment. How shall I conclude? by wishing you *prosperity* in the Greek, or *health* in the Roman form?

No

No man, my dear Lord, wishes you both more ardently than I do. Farewell.

Mr. JONES to Dr. WETHEREL.

SIR; *Sept. 6, 1780.*

It having been suggested to me by a most respectable friend, that it would be proper, and was in fact *the due form*, to apprise you and the Vice-Chancellor as soon as possible, of my being no longer a candidate for the University, I sent to the houses of those gentlemen who honoured me with forming my committee, thinking it more regular, that they should make the declaration of my having declined a poll; but as they are out of town, I am necessitated to trouble you with this letter. If Dr. Scott should stand the poll, I am ready to perform my promise of giving him my vote, as I am no more his competitor. Since I have taken up my pen (which it was by no means my intention to do)

do) I cannot help saying that the conduct of some of my friends in respect of me gives me surprise, and (for their sakes rather than my own) uneasiness. If I have not been able to *prove* my attachment to my fellow-collegiates, it is because they never called for my service; if they had, they should have found that no man would have exerted himself with more activity to serve them; nor was I deficient in zeal, I well remember, when you in particular required my exertions. I am conscious of having deserved very well of the college; and if any of its members are so unkind as to think otherwise, I will shew my sense of their unkindness by persisting till my last hour in deserving well of them. After this, I should little have expected, that my letters, couched in the most sincere and affectionate terms, and absolutely unexceptionable, if they had been fairly represented, would have been repeated by detached

tached sentences (which might have made no small alteration in the sense) in several companies in the University. Still less should I have expected to find myself charged with *misrepresenting* (a serious word!) facts, of which I would, if necessary, make a deposition, and with writing what it must have appeared from strong internal evidence, that I could not have written; because it contained a mistake as to the number of our lay-fellows, which I (who know and esteem Mr. *Ray*) could never have made. Least of all could I have expected to be accused of wishing to *overturn* a constitution, which I prize, because I understand it, and which I would sacrifice my life to *preserve*. All these charges, God and my conscience enable me to bear with the coolest indifference, and with little abatement of that respect with which I ever have been, &c.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 8, 1780.

Your last favour I have this instant received, and am obliged to answer it in the greatest haste. I hope you have by this time received my letter, in which I informed you that I had declined a poll at Oxford, but was as much obliged to you and my other friends as if your kindness had been attended with the most brilliant success. I saw an advertisement also in the paper, that Dr. Scott had declined.

* * * * * *

I have been told, that the very ode to which you are so indulgent, lost me near twenty votes; this, however, I am unwilling to believe. I am, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

The conduct of Mr. Jones, throughout the business of the election, displays his characteristical integrity and manly prin-

principles. To have succeeded, would have been most honourable to him; his failure was attended with no disgrace. From the letters written or received by him on this occasion, a much larger selection might have been made, and many persons of the first respectability named, as the unsolicited supporters of Mr. Jones. It was greatly to his credit, that with no other influence than that of his character and abilities, he should have been deemed worthy of being nominated a candidate to represent the University of Oxford, one of the most distinguished in the world for science and virtue. His affectionate attachment to this seat of learning, and his respectful veneration for it, were known and admitted, as well as the spirit of independence which at all times, and under all circumstances, marked his character. His opinion respecting the effect of his Ode to Liberty, on the disposition of some of the

voters, countenances the suspicions of his friend Schultens; it is certain, however, that if he had succeeded in his election he would have employed all the superior talents which Schultens justly ascribes to him, with zeal and assiduity, in discharging the duties of a senator. To obtain it was his highest ambition, and he would have cheerfully sacrificed to it (to repeat his own words) "not only an Indian Judgeship of six thousand a year, but a Nabobship with as many millions."

Notwithstanding the various occupations attending the Oxford election, Mr. Jones found time to publish a small pamphlet, intitled, *An Enquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a constitutional Plan of future Defence.* This publication was suggested by the unfortunate necessity of calling in military assistance to suppress the riots, which, from the second to the eighth of June of that year, had desolated the capital.

capital. He had unhappily been, as he observes, a vigilant and indignant spectator of those abominable enormities: he had also seen, with a mixed sensation of anguish and joy, the vigorous and triumphant exertions of the executive power; and though he admitted the necessity of those exertions, he deplored it.

Impressed with the fullest "conviction, "that the common and statute laws of the "realm then in force, give the civil state "in every county a power, which, if it "were perfectly understood and continu- "ally prepared, would effectually quell "any riot or insurrection, without assist- "ance from the military, and even with- "out the modern Riot-Act," he undertook to demonstrate it; and the labour of less than a month, produced the occasional tract which he published in July.

Of the plan which he then proposed, it is sufficient to say, that during late years the

the *principle* of it has been advantageously adopted; and that, while the internal peace of the country has been preserved, its defence against external aggression has been no less consulted by the armed associations which, under different names, have been legally established in every county of Great Britain.

On the ninth of September of this year, Mr. Jones met the freeholders of Middlesex assembled for the purpose of nominating two representatives in the new parliament. The circumstances of the meeting afforded him no opportunity of addressing them on the general state of the nation; but he amused himself with drawing up a discourse, containing the purport of what he would have spoken, if an opportunity for this purpose had occurred.

This speech is strikingly characteristic of his principles and feelings; he condemns in unqualified terms the American war, and

the conduct of the late parliament, in supporting it. He takes a summary review of the state of the nation, and delivers his opinion upon it without reserve, in that strong language which was so often heard in the parliamentary debates of 1780, and read in the petitions from the associated counties. I shall select from it two passages only, which have no reference to the political discussions of that period; one, in which Mr. Jones expresses his sentiments on the African slave trade, and the second containing an honourable declaration of that conduct which he would have pursued, if good fortune had placed him in the House of Commons.

"I pass with haste by the coast of Africa, "whence my mind turns with indignation "at the abominable traffic in the human "species, from which a part of our country-"men dare to derive their most inauspicious "wealth. Sugar, it has been said, would

"be

" be dear if it were not worked by *Blacks*
" in the Western islands; as if the most
" laborious, the most dangerous works,
" were not carried on in every country, but
" chiefly in England, by *free* men; in
" fact they are so carried on with infi-
" nitely more advantage, for there is an
" alacrity in a consciousness of freedom,
" and a gloomy sullen indolence in a con-
" sciousness of slavery; but let sugar be
" as dear as it may, it is better to eat none,
" to eat honey, if sweetness only be pala-
" table; better to eat aloes or coloquintida
" than violate a primary law of nature,
" impressed on every heart not imbruted
" by avarice, than rob one human crea-
" ture of those eternal rights, of which no
" law upon earth can justly deprive him.

" Had it been my good or bad fortune,
" to have delivered in the great assembly
" of representatives the sentiments which

"this bosom contains, I am sensible that "my *public* course of speaking and voting "must have clashed in a variety of in- "stances with my private obligations; and "the conflict of interfering duties consti- "tutes, in my opinion, the nicest part "of morality, on which however I have "completely formed my system, and trust "that no views of interest will ever prevent "my practice from coinciding with my "theory."

Professions of this nature are sometimes made and forgotten, when the end, which they were meant to serve, has been attained; but sincerity was ever a prominent feature in the character of Mr. Jones, and he was more disposed to overstep the bounds of prudence by adhering to it, than to violate what he always deemed a primary law of morality.

In the autumn of this year, I find Mr. Jones at Paris. He had in the preceding summer

summer made a short excursion to that capital; but the occurrences of these journeys are not of sufficient importance to engage the reader's attention. I recollect to have heard him mention, in answer to a question which I once put to him, whether he had seen Monsieur du Perron at Paris, that this gentleman studiously avoided meeting him during his residence there.

The following letters written by Mr. Jones after his return to England are interesting, as descriptive of his occupations and sentiments, and as announcing his intention of writing an important historical work, which he never found time to execute.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

I thought myself peculiarly unfortunate last Friday in my way to London; at Chatham, where I had the pleasure indeed of seeing Lady Rothes restored to perfect health, I sought in vain for Mr. Langton

Langton among the new ravelines and counterscarps; and at Dartford I had the mortification to find, that you, my dear Lord, were not in camp, where I was not without hope of passing an evening, which I am persuaded would have been equally agreeable to us both. After a very tedious and uncomfortable passage, I arrived at Margate on Wednesday night, having been out of England a month exactly, half of which time I spent at Paris. In this interval I have seen, not indeed so many men or so many cities as the hero of the Odyssey, but a sufficient number of both to have enlarged very considerably the sphere of my knowledge. I have heard much and thought more; but the result of all I have heard and thought is, that the war, which I have invariably and deliberately condemned as no less unjust than impolitic, will continue very long to desolate the country of our brethren, and exhaust our

own,

own. The principal object of my late excursion has been completely answered; and I had more success than I at first expected in one or two subordinate pursuits, professional and literary. I attended some causes at the *palais*, and have brought with me the works of a most learned lawyer, whose name and merit I shall have the honour of making known to our countrymen. I obtained access also to a fine manuscript in the royal library, which has given me a more perfect acquaintance with the manners of the ancient Arabians; and how little soever I may value mere *philology*, considered apart from the knowledge to which it leads, yet I shall ever set a high price on those branches of learning, which make us acquainted with the human species in all its varieties. Paris itself, and all the roads to it are so perfectly known to you, that an account of my journey would be superfluous; and as to politics, I would rather

rather converse than write on a subject so very serious; not that I have any apprehensions, as you well know, of the least danger, or even inconvenience, to myself; but many accidents happen to letters, and in times like these, the post is hardly to be trusted. This however I will say, that as it is my fixed design, if I live to see a peace, to write an impartial history of the war, I was desirous in France to be acquainted with as many of the American leaders as I could meet with; and the same desire would have carried me to Amsterdam, if the season had not been so far advanced. All the intelligence that I collected, and all the observations that I made, you should have heard on Friday evening had you been in camp, and shall hear in the course of conversation when we meet. I rejoice to hear since my return, that Lord Spencer is much better. Farewell, my dear Lord, you are more fully

assured

assured than formal words can express, how sincerely I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 12, 1780.

You have so fully proved the favourable opinion, which you do me the honour to entertain of me, that I am persuaded you acquit me of any culpable neglect in delaying for more than two months to answer your very obliging letter. The truth is, that I had but just received it when I found myself obliged to leave England on very pressing business; and I have not long been returned from Paris. The hurry of preparing myself for so long a journey at such a season, left me no time for giving you my hearty thanks, which I now most sincerely request you to accept, both for your kind letter, and for the very elegant sonnet, with which you have rewarded me abundantly for my humble

ble labours in the field of literature. I give you my word that your letters and verses have greatly encouraged me in proceeding as expeditiously as I am able, to send abroad my *seven Arabian poets;* and I propose to spend next month at Cambridge, in order to finish my little work, and to make use of a rare manuscript in the library of Trinity College; my own manuscript, which was copied for me at Aleppo, is very beautiful, but unfortunately not very correct. You may depend on receiving a copy as soon as it can be printed.

How happy I shall be if I should be able to wait upon you in Leicestershire, or to see you in London, and assure you in person that I am,

With the greatest sincerity, &c.

W. Jones.

* * * * * *

From

From the public occurrences in which Mr. Jones was engaged, I now turn to a domestic calamity, the death of his mother, which involved him in the deepest affliction. If, as a parent, she had the strongest claims upon the gratitude and affection of her son, the obligations of filial duty were never more cheerfully and zealously discharged than by Mr. Jones. To her able instruction he was indebted for the first rudiments of literature; she directed his early studies, formed his habits and his taste; and, by the closest attention to economy, was enabled to promote his progress in learning by supplying the funds for this purpose. From the period of his obtaining a fellowship, he had declined receiving any assistance from her purse; and as his professional profits increased, his own was ever at her disposal. During his residence at Oxford, the time which he did not employ in study or college duties,

was devoted to her: his attention was equally the result of principle and affection. She was the confidant of his plans, hopes, and occupations, and he invariably consulted her on all occasions, where his more important interests were concerned. The kindness, as well as the sincerity of his affection, was shewn in numberless instances, which never failed to attract the observation of his friends and associates, although they are too minute to be particularized, and the satisfaction which he derived from the distinction to which his abilities had raised him, was redoubled from the consideration that his mother participated in it. I regret that none of his letters to his mother have been preserved, as they would have exhibited an amiable and striking part of his character*.

The

* I transcribe the following memorandum from the hand-writing of Mr. Jones:

Anno Ætat: 33.

Resolved

The remaining correspondence of this year between Mr. Jones and his friends, is not important: I select from it only two letters, which cannot fail to please, although they may not be particularly interesting.

Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to *perfect* myself in,

First, 12 languages, as the *means* of acquiring accurate knowledge of the

I. HISTORY

of

1. Man. 2. Nature.

II. ARTS.

1. Rhetorick. 2. Poetry. 3. Painting. 4. Music.

III. SCIENCES.

1. Law. 2. Mathematics. 3. Dialectic.

N. B. Every species of *human* knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even *law* belongs partly to the History of Man, partly as a science, to dialectic.

The 12 languages are,

Greek,
Latin,
Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese,
Hebrew, Arabic,
Persian,
Turkish,
German, English,

1780.

Mr. JONES to the Bishop of St. ASAPH.

MY LORD, *November* 23, 1780.

Had I not been prevented by particular business from writing to your lordship on Tuesday evening and yesterday, I would have informed you before, that we had done ourselves the honour (and a very great one we shall ever esteem it) of electing your lordship a member of our club*. The election was of course unanimous, and it was carried with the sincere approbation and eagerness of all present. I am sorry to add, that Lord Camden and the Bishop of Chester were rejected. When Bishops and Chancellors

* Generally known by the name of the *Turk's-Head Club*, held in Gerrard Street, Soho. The establishment of this club was first proposed by Sir Joshua Reynolds to Burke and Johnson, and the original members of it were the friends of these three. The number of members was gradually increased to forty, comprehending men of the most distinguished characters, and eminent for their learning, talents, and abilities.

honour

honour us with offering to dine with us at a tavern, it seems very extraordinary that we should ever reject such an offer; but there is no reasoning on the caprice of men. Of our club I will only say, that there is no branch of human knowledge, on which some of our members are not capable of giving information, and I trust that as the honour will be ours, so your lordship will receive some pleasure from the company once a fortnight, of some of our first writers and critics, as well as our most virtuous senators and accomplished men. I think myself highly honoured in having been a member of this society near ten years, and chiefly in having contributed to add such names to the number of our friends as those of your lordship and lord Althorpe. I spoke yesterday in Westminster-Hall for two hours and a half, on a knotty point of law, and this morning for above an hour, on a very interesting pub-

lic

lic question; to-morrow I must argue a great cause, and am therefore obliged to conclude with assuring

Your lordship, that I am,

With the highest, &c.

W. JONES.

The Bishop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *November 27.*

You was prevented by Sir Joshua Reynolds in your kind intentions of giving me the earliest notice of the honour you have done me. I believe Mr. Fox will allow me to say, that the honour of being elected into the Turk's-Head Club is not inferior to that of being the representative of Westminster or Surry. The electors are certainly more disinterested, and I should say they were much better judges of merit, if they had not rejected Lord Camden and chosen me. I flatter myself

myself with the hopes of great pleasure and improvement in such a society as you describe, which indeed is the only club of which I ever wished myself a member.

Though I am much flattered with hearing from you, I was delighted with the cause of your delaying to write. Your talents have found means, by their own weight, to open the way to public notice and employment, which could not long be shut against them. Your pleadings for the *nephew* against the *daughter* promise something very curious in the particulars of the case, which seems to call for great abilities to defend it.

I would not neglect the first opportunity of answering your very obliging letter, though it being early post day, I am forced to write in a greater hurry than I could wish.

I am, &c.

J. St. A.

After an interval of six years, we find Mr. Jones retracing his favourite haunts with the Arabian muses. He devoted the leisure hours of the winter of 1780-1 to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest repute in Arabia*: Literature,

* At the beginning of the seventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection, by a sort of poetical academy, that used to assemble at stated times in a place called Ocadh, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon Egyptian paper, and hung up in the Temple of Mecca, whence they were named Mozahebat, or *golden*, and Moallakat, or *suspended*: the poems of this sort were called Casseidas or Eclogues, seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time of Mohammed.

Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern nations.
Works, vol. xiv. p. 535.

It may be satisfactory to the reader who does not possess the works of Sir Wm. Jones, to read his metrical imitation of a passage in the 4th Eclogue.

But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play,
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;

Gay

Literature, politics, professional studies and practice, all had a share of his attention; but the principial object of his hopes and ambition was the vacant seat on the bench in India, to which he looked forward with increasing anxiety. The marriage of Lord Althorpe with Miss Bingham, daughter of Lord Lucan, was too interesting an event to pass unnoticed by Mr. Jones; and he celebrated the nuptials of his friend in a very poetical ode, under the title of the *Muse recalled**. This composition, the dictate of friendship, and offspring of genius, was written in the course of a few hours. His poetic talents were

Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
We sipp'd till morning purpled every plain;
The damsels slumber'd, but we sipp'd again;
The waking birds, that sung on every tree
Their early notes, were not so blythe as we.

* Works, vol. iv. p. 563.

 also

also exerted in a cause ever nearest to his heart, that of liberty: he restrung the lyre of Alcæus, and produced a short ode* in the genuine spirit of the patriot and poet, whom he imitated. These were his amusements. The result of his professional studies was an Essay on the Law of Bailments. He divided and treated the subject under the distinct heads of analysis, history, and synthesis; and intimates an intention, if the method used in this tract should be approved, and on the supposition of future leisure, to discuss in the same form every branch of English law, civil and criminal, private and public; and he concludes the Essay with the following just and elegant reflections.

"The great system of jurisprudence, like "that of the Universe, consists of many su- "bordinate systems, all of which are con- "nected by nice links and beautiful depen-

* Works, vol. iv. p. 571.

"dencies;

" dencies; and each of them, as I have fully
" persuaded myself, is reducible to a few
" plain *elements*, either the wise *maxims* of
" national policy and general convenience,
" or the *positive* rules of our forefathers,
" which are seldom deficient in wisdom or
" utility; if LAW be a *science*, and really
" deserve so sublime a name, it must be
" founded on principle, and claim an ex-
" alted rank in the empire of *reason*; but
" if it be *merely* an unconnected series of
" decrees and ordinances, its use may re-
" main, though its dignity be lessened;
" and he will become the greatest lawyer
" who has the strongest habitual, or artifi-
" cial *memory*. In practice, law certainly
" employs *two* of the mental faculties;
" *reason* in the primary investigation of
" points *entirely new*, and *memory*, in trans-
" mitting the reason of sage and learned
" men, to which our own ought invariably
" to yield, if not from a becoming modesty,

" at

"at least from a just attention to that ob-
"ject, for which all laws are framed, and
"all societies instituted, THE GOOD OF
"MANKIND."

Nothing can more strongly evince the predilection of Mr. Jones for his professional studies, and his anxiety to acquire a knowledge of the general principles and practice of law, than a work which he undertook about this period, the translation of an Arabian poem on the Mohammedan law of succession to the property of intestates*. The subject of the original is dry, the diction obscure; it exhibits no rhetorical flowers, no poetical ornament; and even the partiality of Mr. Jones for Eastern literature could never have induced him to engage in a work of this nature, if he had not thought it connected with objects of information and utility. In the expectation of obtaining the situation of

* Works, vol. iii. p. 489.

an

an Indian judge, this law tract probably recommended itself to his notice, as he could not but foresee that a knowledge of Mohammedan law would be essential to the performance of the duties of that station.

The reader will recollect how much the public attention was occupied in the year 1782, with the attempts to procure, by constitutional means, a reformation of parliament. It would have been surprising if Mr. Jones had remained an idle spectator on an occasion, which of all others was most interesting to his feelings. Led by his professional studies to an enthusiastic veneration for the principles of the constitution of his country, he was anxious that the form of it should in all respects correspond with them; "but, as the form in a "course of years is apt to deviate widely "from the spirit, it became (in his opi-"nion) expedient almost every century to

" restore its genuine purity and loveliness." These sentiments he expressed in a speech to the inhabitants of the counties of Middlesex and Surry, the cities of London and Westminster, and the borough of Southwark, assembled at the London Tavern on the 26th of May, 1782, to consider on the means of procuring a reformation of parliament. The first resolution adopted by the meeting, and in which he expressed his most sincere concurrence, was, that petitions ought to be prepared for a more complete representation of the people; and the position which he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his audience was this, that the spirit of our constitution requires a representation of the people, nearly equal, and nearly universal. This speech has long been before the public, and I shall therefore only notice his declaration in the advertisement prefixed to it, that, " what offence the publication

" might

"might give, either in part, or in the "whole, was the last and least of his "cares: his first and greatest was to speak "on all occasions what he conceived to "be just and true;" and the conclusion, in which he tells his audience that "the "people of England can only expect to "be happy, and most glorious, while they "are the freest, and can only become the "freest, when they shall be the most vir- "tuous and most enlightened of nations." It was about the same period that he composed a very spirited ode, in imitation of Callistratus, which has appeared in a variety of periodical publications, and is published in his works*.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Jones again visited France, in the intention of proceeding thence to America. The object of this journey was professional, to procure the restitution of a very large

* Vol. iv. p. 573.

estate

estate of a client and friend, which had been attached by an order of the States, who had threatened the confiscation of the property, unless the owner appeared in person to claim it. This object is mentioned by Mr. Jones in his correspondence, and his own evidence will be conclusive against some surmises and insinuations, which were propagated respecting the motives of his intended journey. The irresolution of his friend, increased by indisposition, prevented the execution of the plan; and Mr. Jones, after having procured a passport from Franklin, the American minister at the court of France, returned to England through Normandy and Holland.

For other details relating to his life, during the years 1781 and 1782, I refer to his correspondence.

Mr.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR, *May* 1, 1781.

I take the liberty to send you (as my *Arabian* poets are not yet ready to wait upon you) a paraphrase of a Greek fragment, which came into my head this spring in my way to Wales*. I make no doubt

* In his journey through life, Mr. Jones seldom overlooked the opportunities of gathering the flowers which chance presented, or of displaying, for the entertainment of his friends, the stores which he had collected. A variety of poetical compositions was produced by him during his circuits, to enliven the intervals of legal labour. Of these a few have been preserved, and amongst them the following elegant song, the offspring of genius and innocent gaiety. It was written by Mr. Jones, some years before the period of his life at which I am now arrived, when he was a very young man, during one of his first circuits, for the express purpose of being sung at a kind of fête champêtre, which the barristers held on the banks of the Wye.

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!

Yet

doubt of your continuing to cultivate the Muses, by whom you are so highly favoured,

Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *prospects* can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant * fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith† auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which *odours* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent; be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the *muses* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran‡ o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where

* The seat of W. Brigstocke, Esq.
† The seat of Thos. Lloyd, Esq.
‡ A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.

voured, and hope you will from time to time transmit the fruit of their favours to, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *friendship* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatham or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey-bearded sages;
Be nature and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *learning* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor*, Slebeck†, and Coidsmore‡ were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *riches* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or

* Seat of Lord Dinevor's, near Landelo, in Carmarthen.
† Seat of —— Philips, Esq. near Haverford West.
‡ Seat of Thomas Lloyd, Esq. near Cardigan.

From the Bishop of St. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR, *May* 28, 1781.

You have my best and earliest thanks for your ode in the true Grecian taste and spirit. I remember to have seen a fragment of Alcæus, but I cannot find it in Aristides, of whom I have only Cantern's small edition. The seed you found there you have quickened by the warmth of true genius into a noble production. I cannot help observing that Alcæus, like other good poets and patriots, was condemned for life to be in the minority. I am, &c.

J. ST. ASAPH.

Or say, that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that *honours* can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

I hope

I hope you will not forget, that when you have leisure, your friends at Twyford will be very happy to see you.

Mr. BURKE to Mr. JONES.

I do not know how I can justify myself in the liberty I take with you, but confiding in your humanity and condescension, I beg, if you have leisure for it, that you would be so kind as to breakfast with me, and assist me with your opinion and advice on the conduct of the Bengal Bill. The natives of the East, to whose literature you have done so much justice, are particularly under your protection for their rights. I have the honour to be, with the highest esteem and regard, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient
humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

Mr.

* Mr. JONES to H. A. SCHULTENS.

June, 1781.

You are not ignorant of my sentiments on this most abominable war; the enclosed imitation of an ode of Alcæus will clearly prove my detestation of tyranny, my zeal and exertions in the cause of liberty. Literature, which is, and ought to be, ever connected with humanity, will never, I trust, be degraded by a fratricidal war between the learned, particularly those who pursue the same studies. Do you therefore, though a native of Holland, preserve that affection for me, which I, an Englishman, have, and shall ever retain for you.

I have translated into English, without the omission of a single line, the seven *suspended* poems of our Arabs, and mean to publish the whole with notes, and a dis-

* Appendix, No. 37.

sertation

sertation on the ancient monuments of Arabia, in the next summer vacation.

I possess the Commentary of Tabrizi; and I have been obligingly furnished from Trinity College, Cambridge, with the Paraphrase of Zouzini, and his short and excellent notes. At Oxford, we have the notes and Persic version of Sadi, the Scholia of Ansari, and the fine edition of Obeidolla; but I am anxious to inspect all editions and commentaries. Your illustrious grandfather, for whose memory, as in duty bound, I preserve the greatest respect, pronounces these poems worthy of immortality, and says, if I do not mistake, that he transcribed the manuscript of Nahasi, at Leyden, for his own use. I also observed in the copious catalogue of the Schultensian library, (one copy of which I delivered to my friend Hunter) these words, "6990. The seven Moallakat "Arabic, most beautifully written." Has

this been purchased by any one? at what price will it be disposed of? I lament that I did not buy it, but being *tied up* at that time myself, by various important occupations, I could not bestow a thought on the *suspended* poems.

Assist me, I beseech you, in the name of the Muses, with materials for perfecting my work; collect from your stores any notes, or various readings which you may possess, and communicate them to me. I have mentioned in my preliminary discourse, your Philarabic family*, and have more

* Albert Schultens the grandfather, and J. J. Schultens, the father of the person to whom this letter is addressed, were both distinguished for their knowledge of Oriental, particularly Arabic, literature. The former was a German divine, born at Groningen, and taught Hebrew and the Oriental languages at Leyden, with great reputation for many years before his death, which happened in 1741. He composed many works which shew profound learning and just criticism. *Biog. Brit.* He translated and explained the fifty dissertations of Hariri, although he sent abroad but few of them, and published Ancient

more to say about it both true and honourable. I wish particularly to know whether any of the seven poems, excepting those of Amr'olkais and Tarafa, will be published in Holland. You shall receive my book, which will be elegantly bound by Baumgarten.

My mother, whom I most tenderly loved, was ever in my opinion the best of women; I trust she is now the happiest. But my affliction for her loss is inconsolable. I shall be most happy to hear that you and your wife are well, and the

Ancient Memorials of Arabia, which Sir William Jones notices in an anniversary discourse delivered before the Asiatic Society, in Calcutta, as the most pleasing of all his works. Of J. J. Schultens his son, I have little information. In Reiske's correspondence, published by his widow, there is one letter from him dated Herborn, 1748, which manifests no ordinary zeal in the writer for the promotion of Arabic literature. I have no account of any publications by him, excepting two academical dissertations. The learning and labours of H. A. Schultens, are sufficiently apparent from his own letters and those of Mr. Jones.

early gratification of my wishes will be an additional pleasure.

The Bishop of ST. ASAPH to Mr. JONES.

DEAR SIR; *Nov. 3, 1781.*

A letter from you is always welcome, come sooner or later; yet I cannot help rejoicing at that ceaseless hurry of business, which occasioned your delay in writing, and made me lose a very valuable visit. Riches and reputation, after shewing a little coyness at first, are now making their advances at a very great rate, and will soon be as lavish of their charms as you could wish; yet I know you think too liberally, to let either your friends or your liberty suffer by their engrossing you too much.

I thank you for the nuptial ode, which, notwithstanding its incorrectness, which you need not complain of, is the most genuine

nuine imitation of Pindar I have ever seen. I don't know whether I can assent to your criticism on the word *replete*, that it is never used in a good sense. Were it left to me, I would use it in no sense. It has but little meaning. It was never naturalized in conversation, or in prose, and I think makes no figure in verse.

I have another present of value to thank you for,—your essay on the Law of Bailments. To own the truth, your name to the advertisement made me impatient, and I had sent for it and read it before. It appears to me to be clear, just, and accurate, I mean as clear as the subject will permit. My want of law language, and perhaps of a legal understanding, made me feel great difficulty in following you through your very ingenious distinctions and consequences, of which I thought I could perceive the solidity. I foretell that this will be your last work. For the future

ture your business and the public will allow you to write no more.

Though I fear it will not be consistent with your employment in Westminster-Hall, I cannot help telling you, that for as many days as you can spare between this time and the meeting of parliament, you will find a warm bed, and a hearty welcome at Chilbolton. Mrs. Shipley and her daughters desire their compliments, and join in the invitation. I am, &c.

J. St. Asaph.

Mr. JONES to Mr. CARTWRIGHT.

DEAR SIR; *Dec.* 20, 1781.

Since I received your obliging letter an interval of six months has elapsed, but in all that interval, I have either been deeply engaged in professional labours, or confined by illness: I have enjoyed no rest. At this moment I am slowly recovering from a severe inflammatory disorder;

order; yet your letter and your fine sonnets have remained constantly on my mind, and I now take up my pen to thank you most warmly for the pleasure which they have given me. I hope my friend Watson has seen the noble wreath of laurel which your animated muse has woven for him. I entreat you to send me the two others, which I long to see. The few copies which were printed of the Latin ode are so dispersed, that I have not one for myself, and would print a few more, if a learned friend of mine had not engaged to publish it with notes, historical and critical, for want of which, it is in some parts obscure. You may depend on receiving one of the first copies that can see the light, and my seven *Arabian* poets will wait upon you as soon as the European dresses are finished. I take the liberty to enclose an ode composed without preparation, and almost without any premeditation: it is the work

of

of a few hours. In truth, when I attended the wedding, I had no thought of writing, but the young ladies would not hear of an excuse: you must therefore make all due allowance for poetry by compulsion.

I am, &c.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

January 5, 1782.

O la bella cosa il far niente! This was my exclamation, my dear Lord, on the 12th of last month, when I found myself, as I thought, at liberty to be a rambler, or an idler, or any thing I pleased: but my *mal di gola* took ample revenge for my abuse and contempt of it, when I wrote to you, by confining me twelve days with a fever and quinsey: and I am now so cramped by the approaching session at Oxford, that I cannot make any long excursion. I enclose my tragical song of "a shepherdess going," with Mazzanti's music,

music, of which my opinion at present is, that the modulation is very artificial, and the harmony good; but that Pergolesi (whom the modern Italians are such puppies as to undervalue) would have made it more pathetic and *heart-rending*, if I may compose such a word. I long to hear it sung by Mrs. Poyntz. Pray present the enclosed, in my name, to Lady Althorpe. I hope that I shall in a short time be able to think of you, when I read these charming lines of Catullus*:

And soon to be completely blest,
Soon may a young Torquatus rise;
Who, hanging on his mother's breast,
To his known sire shall turn his eyes,
Out-stretch his infant arms awhile,
Half-ope his little lips and smile.
(Printed Translation.)

* The original is quoted by Mr. Jones:—
Torquatus volo parvulus,
Matris è gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem,
Semi-hiante labello.

What

What a beautiful picture! can Dominichino equal it? How weak are all arts in comparison of poetry and rhetoric! Instead however of *Torquatus*, I would read Spencerus. Do you not think that I have discovered the true use of the fine arts, namely, in relaxing the mind after toil? Man was born for *labour;* his configuration, his passions, his restlessness, all prove it; but labour would wear him out, and the purpose of it be defeated, if he had not intervals of *pleasure;* and unless that pleasure be *innocent*, both he and society must suffer. Now what pleasures are more harmless, if they be nothing else, than those afforded by polite arts and polite literature? Love was given us by the Author of our being as the reward of virtue, and the solace of care; but the base and sordid forms of *artificial*, (which I oppose to *natural*,) society in which we live, have encircled that heavenly rose with so many

thorns,

thorns, that the wealthy alone can gather it with prudence. On the other hand, mere pleasure, to which the idle are not justly entitled, soon satiates, and leaves a vacuity in the mind more unpleasant than actual pain. A just mixture, or interchange of labour and pleasures, appears alone conducive to such happiness as this life affords. Farewell. I have no room to add my useless name, and still more useless professions of friendship.

* * * * * *

The sentiments expressed in this letter do credit to the heart and understanding of Mr. Jones; they exhibit the pure feelings of an uncorrupted mind; but in giving them to the public, I deem it a duty to observe, that though a just mixture of labours and pleasures, (such innocent pleasures as Mr. Jones describes, and such only as he ever enjoyed,) is greatly conducive to the happiness of this life, the true found-

foundation of real happiness must be sought in a higher source. In the unpremeditated effusions of friendly correspondence, expressions are not to be scrupulously weighed, nor rigorously criticised; but I feel a confidence, which the reader, if he peruses the whole of these memoirs, will participate with me, that Mr. Jones would have himself approved the observation which I have made upon his letter.

In March of this year, a proposal was made to Mr. Jones, to become a member of the society for constitutional information, and it appears from a letter which he wrote to the secretary of the society, in reply, that he readily accepted it. To prove that he was not regardless of the objects of the society's institution, a short time afterwards he addressed a second letter to the secretary, for the express purpose of confuting some doctrines in the writings of the celebrated Fielding, which

he

he thought dangerous to the constitution of England; I insert both from a periodical publication of 1787, in which they have been preserved.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

SIR; *Lamb's Buildings, April 25, 1782.*

It was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th of March, which, had I been so fortunate as to receive earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately. The society for constitutional information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude. I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so useful an institution by an offer of my humble service

in

in promoting it, if I had not really despaired in my present situation of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent constitution, which it is the object of your society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connections, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me.

A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the Community, must be admired as soon as it is understood, and if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest by reducing the regal power to its just level, we raise the aristocratical

to

to a dangerous height; since it is from the people that we can deduce the obligation of our laws, and the authority of magistrates.

On the people depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government; in the people must reside all substantial power; and to the people must all those, in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power with which they are for a time entrusted.

If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our limited republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the crown, wisdom of the aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the people.

May justice and humanity prevail in them all!

I am, Sir,

Your very faithful and obedient servant,

W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

Lamb's Buildings, Temple, June 7, 1782.

SIR,

I lately met with some dangerous doctrine concerning the constitution of England, in the works of an admired English writer; the doctrine so dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it seems highly necessary, and the writer so admired, that his opinions, good or bad, must naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in short, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the constitution of this island was no-"thing fixed, but just as variable as its "weather," and he treats the contrary notion

notion as a ridiculous error: now if this doctrine be well founded, our society will soon, I imagine, think it wise to dissolve themselves, since it is hardly consistent with the gravity of sensible men to collect and impart information like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing so uncertain as the weather; if on the other hand, the error be palpably on the side of Mr. Fielding, you will not only proceed with assiduity in your laudable design of rendering our constitution universally known, but will be at least equal in usefulness and true dignity to any society that ever was formed. His words are these, in the preface to his tract, "On the In-"crease of Robberies," dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is no-"thing so much talked of and so little "understood in this country, as the consti-"tution. It is a word in the mouth of "every man; and yet when we come to

"discourse of the matter, there is no sub-
"ject on which our ideas are more con-
"fused and perplexed. Some, when they
"speak of the constitution, confine their
"notions to the law; others to the legisla-
"ture; others, again, to the governing or
"executive part; and many there are who
"jumble all these together in one idea.
"One error however is common to them
"all; for all seem to have the conception of
"something uniform and permanent, as
"if the constitution of England partook
"rather of the nature of the soil than of the
"climate, and was as fixed and constant
"as the former, not as changing and
"variable as the latter. Now in this
"word, the constitution, are included the
"original and fundamental law of the king-
"dom, from whence all powers are de-
"rived, and by which they are circum-
"scribed; all legislative and executive au-
"thority, all those municipal provisions,

"which

" which are commonly called laws; and
" lastly, the customs, manners, and habits
" of the people. These joined together
" do, I apprehend, form the political, as
" the several members of the body, the
" animal economy, with the humours and
" habit, compose that which is called the
" natural constitution."

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant, but idle allusions to the Platonic philosophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the days of William the Norman. Now of all words easy to be comprehended, the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word constitution; it is the great system of public in contra-distinction to private and criminal law, and comprises all those articles which Blackstone arranges in his first volume, under the rights of persons, and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons, either ab-

solute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call the constitution. Of those magistrates some are subordinate, and some supreme; as the legislative or parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive or the king, whose legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The people are the aggregate body or community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

This constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written or enacted by the legislative power, but the unwritten or common law contains the true spirit of our constitution: the written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it: the common

common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations, but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men; and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them; lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the written generally hostile to the absolute rights of persons.

But though this inestimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing preserved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may indeed change the form of the constitution; but as in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament, (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature,) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the

the spirit of the constitution, may be corrected agreeable to that very spirit, by the people or nation at large, who form as it were, the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them.

I am, Sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

W. JONES.

Mr. JONES to the Bishop of St. ASAPH.

Wimbledon Park, Sept. 13, 1782.

MY LORD,

If your Lordship received my letter from Calais, you will not be much surprised to see the date of this, and the place where I now am writing, while Lady Spencer is making morning visits. Mr.

and

and Mrs. Poyntz have this instant left us. Lord Althorpe being in Northamptonshire, I must give myself some consolation for my disappointment in missing him, by scribbling a few lines to him, as soon as I have finished these with which I now trouble your lordship. My excursion to the United *Provinces* (which has been the substitute for my intended expedition to the United *States*) was extremely pleasing and improving to me. I returned last Monday, and finding all my friends dispersed in various parts of England, am going for a few days into Buckinghamshire, whence I shall go to Oxford, and must continue there till the Sessions. Should your lordship be in Hampshire any time in October, and should it be in all respects convenient to you, I will accept this year, with great pleasure, the obliging invitation to Chilbolton, which I was unfortunately prevented from accepting last

last year. I lament the unhappy dissentions among our great men, and clearly see the vanity of my anxious wish, that they would have played in tune some time longer in the political concert.

The delays about the India judgeship have, it is true, greatly injured me; but with my patience and assiduity, I could easily recover my lost ground. I must however take the liberty here to allude to a most obliging letter of your lordship from Chilbolton, which I received so long ago as last November, but was prevented from answering till you came to town. It was inexpressibly flattering to me, but my intimate knowledge of the nature of my profession, obliges me to assure you, that it requires the *whole man*, and admits of no concurrent pursuits; that, consequently, I must either give it up, or it will engross me so much, that I shall not for some years be *able to enjoy the society of my friends, or*

the

the sweets of liberty. Whether it be a wise part to live uncomfortably, in order to die wealthy, is another question; but this I know by experience, and have heard old practitioners make the same observation, that a lawyer who is in earnest, must be chained to his chambers and the bar for ten or twelve years together. In regard to your lordship's indulgent and flattering prediction, that my Essay on Bailment would be my last work, and that for the future, business and the public would allow me to write no more, I doubt whether it will be accomplished, whatever may be my practice or situation; for I have already prepared many tracts on jurisprudence; and when I see the volumes written by Lord Coke, whose annual gains were twelve or fourteen thousand pounds, by Lord Bacon, Sir Matthew Hale, and a number of judges and chancellors, I cannot think that I should be hurt in my professional

fessional career, by publishing now and then a law tract upon some interesting branch of the science; and the science itself is indeed so complex, that, without *writing*, which is *the chain of memory*, it is impossible to remember a thousandth part of what we read or hear. Since it is my wish therefore to become in time as great a lawyer as Sulpicius, I shall probably leave as many volumes of my works, as he is said to have written. As to politics, I begin to think, that the natural propensity of men to dissent from one another, will prevent them, in a corrupt age, from uniting in any laudable design; and at present I have nothing to do but to *rest on my oars*, which the Greek philosophers, I believe, called ἐπέχειν, a word which Cicero applies in one of his letters to the same subject.

My best respects to the ladies, for whom I would certainly have brought some Virginia

ginia nightingales, if my western expedition had taken place, since I was informed by the captain, with whom I should have sailed, that they might have been kept in the cabin without any danger.

Mr. JONES to Mr. Baron EYRE.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 2, 1782.

I have been in England about a fortnight, and was made happy by learning in John Street, that you had long been restored to health from the illness which confined you, to my inexpressible concern, at the time when I set out for the Continent. The cause of my return is, in few words, this; I ought to have foreseen, what I nevertheless did not expect, that the same timidity or imbecility, which made my unhappy friend declare, that he neither could nor would go to Virginia without me, would make him declare, when he saw the sails and the waves,

waves, that he neither would nor could go at all. A dread of some imaginary danger so enervated him, that he kept his bed, and wrote me word, that if he staid a week longer at Nantes, he should lose his reason or his life. My expostulations had some little effect, but there was no dependence, I found, on a man who had none, he confessed, upon himself; and when I discovered, that no ship, with even tolerable accommodation, would sail till September, so that I could not keep my word with my friends in England, by returning from America before the new year, I came back through Normandy about the middle of August, and having a few weeks to spare, made a very pleasant and improving excursion into Holland, which I traversed from South to North. The detail of my expedition may not perhaps be unentertaining to you, when I have the pleasure of conversing

with

with you at your leisure; and I am not without hope of enjoying that pleasure, if you continue at Ruscombe, before the term begins. I stay here till the Sessions are over, and would immediately after take my chance of finding you in Berkshire, but am called upon to keep an old promise of visiting the Bishop of St. Asaph near Andover, and must spend a day or two with my friend Poyntz. I can easily conceive how little time you can have to write letters, yet if you could find a moment to let me know how long you propose to remain in the country, I would not be in your neighbourhood without paying my respects to you, and I would indeed have taken Ruscombe in my way to Oxford, if I had not been engaged to make a visit in Buckinghamshire. As to myself, I find such distraction among my political friends, that I should be glad (if I had no other motive)

to

to be fixed in India, at the distance of 16,000 miles from all their animosities, but I am unhappily more unsettled than ever; for * * * * writes me word, that he has nothing more at heart than *to open some* situation for me in India. What this means I know not, but it looks like some new plan, which may probably hang undecided from session to session. On the whole I greatly fear, that it would have been happy for me, and perhaps for millions, if India had never existed, or if we had known as little of it as of Japan.

Mr. JONES to Lord ALTHORPE.

MY DEAR LORD, *Oct.* 5, 1782.

Your friendly letter caught me in Buckinghamshire, before I came to college, where I have been for some days sole governor, and almost sole inhabitant of Alfred's peaceful mansion, till Mr. Windham surprised me agreeably, by coming

coming with a design of passing some time in this academical retreat. You, in the mean while, are taking healthful and pleasing exercise in Norfolk, where Mr. Fox, I understand, is also shooting partridges; and you are both ready, no doubt, to turn your firelocks against the Dutch, should they make their appearance in your fields: when I was in Zealand they expected us, and if they stand upon the ceremony of the first visit, we shall not, I imagine, meet very soon.

In regard to my expectation of seeing a little good attained for our miserable country, I am not apt to be sanguine, but rather inclined to fear the worst than to expect the best. I rejoice, however, at the *distrust* conceived by many honest men of those now in power; my opinion is, that *power* should always be *distrusted*, in whatever hands it is placed. As to America, I know not what ***** thinks: but this I know,

I know, that the sturdy transatlantic yeomanry will neither be dragooned nor bamboozled out of their liberty. His principles in regard to our internal government are, unless I am deluded by his professions, such as my reason approves, and which is better, such as I know to be approved in clear terms by our *recorded* constitution. The friends of ***** were too monarchical, and those of **** far too aristocratical for me; and if it were possible to see an administration too democratical, I should equally dislike it. There must be a mixture of all the powers, in due proportions weighed and measured by the laws, or the nation cannot exist without misery or shame. I may write all this consistently with good manners and with friendship, because I know the excellence of your understanding and soundness of your principles; and independently of my presumption that all your actions

actions must be wise and just, I see and applaud the motive which must have induced you to resign an office, which you were not at first much inclined to accept. I am confident also, that you would as little endure a Swedish *monarchy*, as a Venetian *aristocracy*. I enclose a little *jeu d'esprit** which I wrote at Paris. It was printed here by a society, who, if they will steer clear of party, will do more good to Britain, than all the philosophers and antiquaries of Somerset House. But to

* The *jeu d'esprit* mentioned here, is the Dialogue between a Farmer and Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government. In Dr. Towers' Tract on the Rights of Juries, the following passage relating to it occurs:

"After a Bill of Indictment had been found against "the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of the "edition which was printed in Wales, Sir William "Jones sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then Chief Jus- "tice of Chester, in which he avowed himself to be the "author of the dialogue, and maintained that every po- "sition in it was strictly conformable to the laws and "constitution of England." p. 117.

speak the truth, I greatly doubt, whether they, or any other men in this country, can do it substantial good. The nation, as Demosthenes said, will be fed like a consumptive patient, with chicken-broth and panada, which will neither suffer him to expire, nor keep him wholly alive. As to myself, if my friends are resolved to assail one another, instead of concurring in any great and laudable effort for the general safety, I have no course left, but to act and speak rightly to the best of my understanding; but I have an additional motive for wishing to obtain an office in India, where I might have some prospect of contributing to the happiness of millions, or at least of alleviating their misery, and serving my country essentially, whilst I benefited my fellow-creatures.

When the sessions are over, I shall hasten to Chilbolton, and perform an old promise of passing a few days with the best

best of Bishops; after which I shall take Midgham, and Baron Eyre's at Ruscombe, in my way to London, where I must be at the beginning of the term. A Persian book is just printed here, said to have been composed by Tamerlane, who confesses, that he governed men by four great arts, bribing, dividing, *amusing*, and *keeping in suspence*. How far it may be an object with modern Tamerlanes, or sultans of India, to govern me, I cannot tell; but as I cannot be *bribed*, without losing my senses, nor divided, without losing my life, I will neither be *amused*, nor *kept* long *in suspence*; and, indeed, I have so high an opinion of Lord Ashburton, who never professes more than he means, that I do not suspect any artifice in that business.

Mr. JONES to Lady SPENCER.

MADAM, *Chilbolton, Oct.* 21, 1782.

Though I wrote so lately to your Ladyship, and cannot hope by any thing I can now say to make amends for the dulness of my last letter; yet, as some of the ladies here are this moment writing to St. James's Place, I cannot prevail on myself to decline joining so agreeable a party, especially as the very favourable accounts which were last night received of Lord Spencer's health have given me spirits, and made me eager to offer my sincere congratulations. Yes; I rejoice with the truest sincerity, that his Lordship's health is so likely to be re-established, for I cannot name a man of rank in the nation, in whose health the public and all mankind, as well as his family and friends, are more truly interested. I have passed my time at Chilbolton so

agreeably,

agreeably, that ten days have appeared like one; and it gives me concern that the near approach of the term will oblige me to leave so charming and improving a society at the end of this week: after which I shall hope to find my friends at Midgham in perfect health; and then farewell, a long farewell to all my rational and interesting pleasures, which must be succeeded by the drudgery of drawing bills in equity, the toil of answering cases, the squabbles of the bar, and the more vexatious dissentions and conflicts of the political world, which I vainly deprecated, and now as vainly deplore. How happy would it be, if statesmen had more *music in their souls*, and could bring themselves to consider, that what harmony is in a concert, such is union in a state; but in the great orchestra of politics, I find so many musicians out of humour, and instruments out of tune, that I am more tormented

by

by such dissonance than the man in Hogarth's print, and am more desirous than ever of being transported to the distance of five thousand leagues from all this fatal discord. Without a metaphor, I lament with anguish the bitterness and animosity with which some of my friends have been assailing others; as if empty altercation could be the means of procuring any good to this afflicted country. I find myself in more instances than one, like poor Petrarch, wishing to pass my days

> Fra' magnanimi pochi; à chi 'l ben piace,
> Di lor chi m' assecura?
> Io vo gridando *pace, pace, pace.*

—but I shall not be heard, and must console myself with the pleasing hope, that your Ladyship, and the few friends of virtue and humanity, will agree in this sentiment with, &c.

WILLIAM JONES.

From the Duchess of DEVONSHIRE to Mr. JONES.

Plimton, Oct. 28, 1782.

MY DEAR MR. JONES,

I am very happy that the fear of losing a privilege, which you are so good as to say is precious to you, has induced you to write to me, for I assure you, that your letters give me very great pleasure, and that they, as well as the few times in which we meet, make me regret very much, that the turn of your public engagements take you so much from societies where you are wished for.

I agree with you, that the political world is strangely torn. If you had been in parliament at this crisis, you would have felt yourself in an uncomfortable situation, I confess; but I cannot think, that with the good Whig principles you are blessed with, private friendships or con-

connections would have prevailed on you to remain silent or inactive.

Chi vuol Catone amico,
Facilmente l'avrà: Sia fido a Roma.

This I think would have been the test of your political friendship.

I am rejoiced that there is a chance of your returning to poetry. I had a very valuable present made me by Dr. Blagden, physician to the camp, of your ode in imitation of Callistratus. I wish I understood Greek, that I might read something Mr. Paradise has written at the top of it. I will attempt to copy it; and after the various characters I have, *in days of yore*, seen you decipher, I will not despair of your making out Greek, though written by me.

Αἱ Χαρίτες, τέμενός τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ ἀκὶ πεσεῖται
Ζητῆσαι, ψυχὴν εὗρον Ἰωνίου*.

* The Graces, seeking a shrine that would never decay, found the soul of Jones.

I shall

I shall expect to see the poem something sooner than the rest of your friends; and I assure you, the having so seldom the pleasure of meeting you, does not diminish the sincerity, with which I shall ever retain that title.—If you are still at Chilbolton, pray give my love to the family there, and tell Miss Shipley to write to me.

My seal is a talisman, which if you can send me the explanation of, I shall be much obliged to you.

* * * * * *

In the beginning of 1783, Mr. Jones published his translation of the seven Arabian poems, which he had finished in 1781. It was his intention to have prefixed to this work, a discourse on the antiquity of the Arabian language and characters, on the manners of the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of Mohammed, and other interesting information respecting the poems, and the lives of the authors,

with

with a critical history of their works; but he could not command sufficient leisure for the execution of it. Some of the subjects intended for this dissertation, appeared in a discourse on the Arabs, which he composed some years afterwards, and from the manner in which it was written, it is impossible not to regret the irrecoverable loss of the larger discussion which he originally proposed. The poems present us with a curious specimen of the manners of the natives of Arabia, and on this account, must be particularly interesting to those, who consider the study of human nature in all its varieties, as an instructive subject of contemplation. "They exhibit (to use the words of Mr. Jones) "an "exact picture of the virtues and vices "of the Arabs in the age of the seven "poets, their wisdom and their folly, and "shew what may be constantly expected "from men of open hearts, and boiling "passions,

" passions, with no law to control, and " little religion to restrain them."

The period was now arrived, when Mr. Jones had the happiness to gain the accomplishment of his most anxious wishes. In March 1783, during the administration of Lord Shelburne, he was appointed a judge of the supreme court of judicature at Fortwilliam at Bengal, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; and, in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph. I have remarked the early impression made upon the affections of Sir William Jones by this lady, and the honourable determination which he formed upon that occasion, and if I should have succeeded in imparting to my readers any portion of that interest, which I feel in his personal concerns, they will see him

with

with pleasure receiving the rewards of principle and affection.

The Bishop of St. Asaph, of whose respectable character and high literary reputation it is unnecessary to remind the public, possessed too enlightened an understanding not to appreciate the early distinguished talents and virtues of Sir William Jones, and their friendship was cemented by an union of political principles, and the zealous admiration each felt for the constitution of their country. The Bishop, in the choice of a son-in-law, had every reason to indulge the pleasing hope that he had consulted, as far as human foresight can extend, the happiness of his beloved daughter; nor were his expectations disappointed.

For his appointment to India, Mr. Jones was indebted to the friendship of Lord Ashburton: in October 1782, I find a

letter from his Lordship to Mr. Jones, with the following words: "You will give me "credit for not being indifferent about the "important stake still left in India, or your "particular interest in it, in which I con- "sider that of the public so materially in- "volved." The intelligence of his success was communicated to Mr. Jones, in the following letter of congratulation, to which I subjoin one from the celebrated Franklin on the same occasion.

MY DEAR SIR, *March* 3, 1783.

It is with little less satisfaction to myself than it can give you, that I send you the inclosed, and I do assure you there are few events, in which I could have felt so sensible a mortification, as in that of your finally missing this favourite object. The weather suggests to me as no slight topic of congratulation, your being relieved from such a journey and under such

such circumstances, as your last favour intimates you had in contemplation for Wednesday; but when I consider this appointment as securing to you at once, two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of ambition and love, I feel it a subject of very serious and cordial congratulation, which I desire you to accept, and to convey accordingly.

I am, with every good wish, dear Sir,
Your faithful humble servant,

ASHBURTON.

DEAR FRIEND,

Paisy, March 17, 1783.

I duly received your obliging letter of Nov. 15. You will have since learnt how much I was then and have been continually engaged in public affairs, and your goodness will excuse my not having answered it sooner. You announced your intended marriage with my much respected

spected friend Miss Anna Maria, which I assure you gave me great pleasure, as I cannot conceive a match more likely to be happy, from the amiable qualities each of you possess so plentifully. You mention its taking place as soon as a prudent attention to worldly interests would permit. I just now learn from Mr. Hodgson, that you are appointed to an honourable and profitable place in the Indies; so I expect now soon to hear of the wedding, and to receive the profile. With the good Bishop's permission, I will join my blessing with his; adding my wishes that you may return from that corrupting country, with a great deal of money honestly acquired, and with full as much virtue as you carry out with you.

The engraving of my medal, which you know was projected before the peace, is but just finished. None are yet struck in hard metal, but will in a few days. In

the

the mean time, having this good opportunity by Mr. Penn, I find you one of the Epreuves. You will see that I have profited by some of your ideas, and adopted the mottos you were so kind as to furnish.

I am at present quite recovered from my late illness, and flatter myself that I may in the ensuing summer be able to undertake a trip to England, for the pleasure of seeing once more my dear friends there, among whom the Bishop and his family stand foremost in my estimation and affection.

I thank you for your good wishes respecting me. Mine for your welfare and prosperity are not less earnest and sincere; being with great truth, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,
and most obedient servant,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

* * * * *

I have

I have mentioned the literary productions of Sir William Jones in the order in which they were published. I observe however two compositions which had escaped my attention; an abridged History of the Life of Nadir Shah, in English, and a History of the Persian Language, intended to be prefixed to the first edition of his Persian Grammar.*

A long

* The reader will peruse with pleasure the following lines from the Arabic, written by Sir William Jones, in 1783, and addressed to Lady Jones.

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours thro' the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

A long list might be formed of works which he meditated at different periods. He had projected a Treatise on Maritime Contracts; and with a view to the completion of this work, he commissioned a friend to purchase for him the Collections of Heineccius, containing the Dissertations of Stypman and Kerrick, with any other works that could be procured on the same subject. It was also his intention to republish Lyttleton's Treatise on Tenures, from the first edition of 1482, with a new translation, explanatory notes, and a commentary; and to prefix an Introductory Discourse on the Laws of England. He had made a considerable progress towards the completion of this work, which still exists, but not in a sufficient degree of advancement for publication.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling sorrows to appease:
She comes—ah! no: the sound they heard
Was but a whisper of the breeze.

I have

I have remaked the extraordinary avidity with which he availed himself of every opportunity to acquire knowledge: but I have omitted to mention his attendance during a course of anatomical lectures, by the celebrated Hunter: and amongst other sciences which he diligently and successfully cultivated, I have still to mention the Mathematics, in which he had advanced so far, as to read and understand Newton's Principia.

The review of the various acquisitions of Sir William Jones in science and literature, will be introduced in another place; and having brought to a close that portion of his life, which was passed in England, I must now prepare the reader to transport himself with him to Hindustan.

END OF VOL. I.

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